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MEMOIRS

CONCERNING

THE REIGN OF THE STUARTS.

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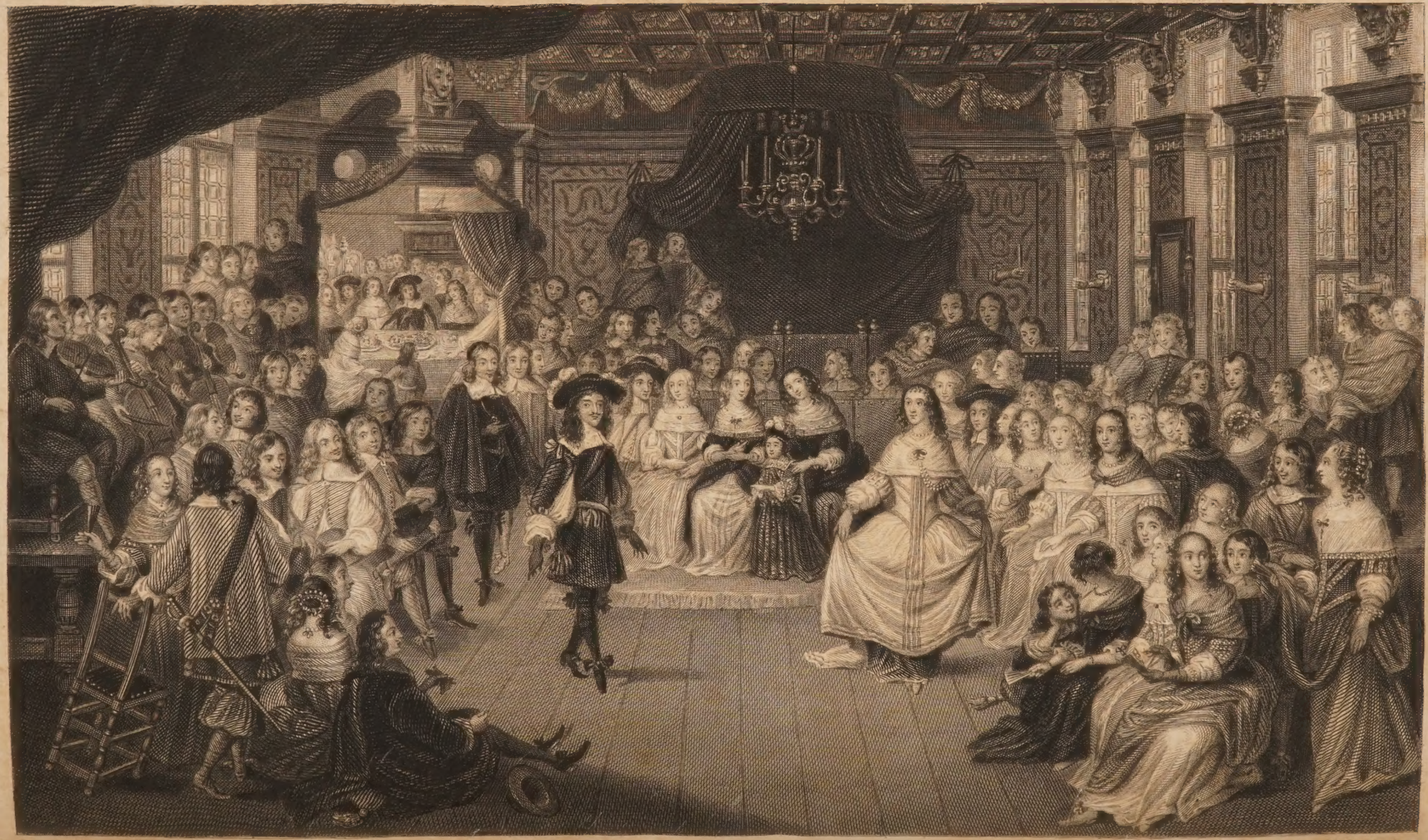

G. P. Harding F.S.A. del.

W. Greatbach sc.

MEMOIRS

OF

THE COURT OF ENGLAND

DURING

THE REIGN OF THE STUARTS,

INCLUDING

THE PROTECTORATE.

BY JOHN HENEAGE JESSE.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
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This ill-fated personage was as remarkable for the smiles which were lavished on him in his lifetime, as for the tears which have been showered on his grave. There was a grace in his manners, and a charm even in his countenance, which gained imperceptibly on all hearts. He was a staunch friend, an enemy to oppression, and a firm adherer to his word. His courage almost amounted to rashness. Gay and gallant with one sex, and easy

and affable with the other; joyous, unaffected, and obliging; no wonder that he was the greatest favourite of the Court, nor that rank, grace, and surpassing beauty, rendered him its chiefest ornament.

But Monmouth was not without faults. Weak and vain of his accomplishments; heated by the applause of the vulgar, and mistaking their empty clamours for substantial fame, he imagined himself the leader of a party, while in fact he was but their tool. Overmatched and mystified by the subtle Shaftesbury, the visionary subverter of a government was in fact but the foil of that unprincipled statesman. Formed by nature to figure in the silken pageants of an almost Paphian Court, and to bask in the sunshine of prosperity, his genius was unequal to his ambition, and in the end he found himself in a vortex of difficulties from which he was totally unable to retreat. Though impetuous and high-spirited, he appears throughout to have been fanciful in his projects, rash in his undertakings, and irresolute in his conduct.

James Duke of Monmouth was the eldest son of Charles the Second, by Lucy Walters, a beautiful woman of dissolute morals. He was born at Rotterdam on the 9th of April 1649. His guardian was Lord Crofts, whose surname he bore till the Restoration. His childhood was passed at Paris, under the eye of the Queen-mother, Henrietta Maria. King James tells us that he was bred

up a Catholic under the tuition of Father Gough, English Oratorian; and Algernon Sydney, who had made love to Monmouth's mother previous to her intimacy with Charles, gives the same account: "By the direction," he says, "of Lord Crofts, he was brought up under the discipline of the Pères de L'Oratorie."* "I was placed," says the Duke of Berwick, in his Memoirs, "by Father Gough, priest of the Oratorie, at Jully, a college of his society, where the Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles the Second, had also studied." The good fathers apparently paid but little attention to his education, and in after-life Monmouth bitterly lamented how much it had been neglected.

In July 1662 he arrived with the Queen-mother at the voluptuous Court of his father, and was received by Charles at Hampton Court with evident pride and gratification. "The Duchess of Cleveland," says De Grammont, "was quite out of humour with the King: the children she had by his Majesty were like so many little puppets, compared with this new Adonis." Though only in his fourteenth year, his appearance at Court was extremely brilliant. The same year he was created Duke of Orkney, and on the 25th of February following, Duke of Monmouth. Apartments were prepared for him in the Privy gallery at White-

* Letters from Algernon Sydney to Henry Saville, p. 68.

hall; he was allowed a retinue and equipages befitting an heir apparent; he took his seat in the House of Peers, and in April 1663 was solemnly installed a Knight of the Garter.

His appearance at this period is thus described by the fastidious De Grammont. "His figure and the external graces of his person were such, that nature, perhaps, never formed anything more complete. His face was extremely handsome, and yet it was a manly face, neither inanimate nor effeminate, each feature having its peculiar beauty and delicacy. He had a wonderful genius for every sort of exercise, an engaging aspect, and an air of grandeur. The astonishing beauty of his outward form excited universal admiration: those who before were looked upon as handsome, were now entirely forgotten at Court; and all the gay and beautiful of the fair sex were at his devotion. He was particularly beloved by the King, but the universal terror of husbands and lovers. This, however, did not long continue; for nature not having endowed him with qualifications to secure the possession of the heart, the fair sex soon perceived the defect." The accomplishments of the new Adonis are painted in no less glowing colours by Madame Dunois. "It was impossible," she says, "to know the Duke of Monmouth, and not to allow him the character which his perfections challenge from all his acquaintance. He was very handsome, extremely

well made, and had an air of greatness answerable to his birth. He was brave, even to a fault, and exposed himself in the service abroad with a courage not to be excelled. He danced extremely well, and with an air that charmed all that saw him. His heart was always divided between love and glory. He was rich, young, gallant, and, as I have before said, the handsomest and best shaped of men. It will not after this appear strange that many ladies made it their business to engage his heart. This good fortune he was sensible of and knew how to make use of it; but never had so delicate a taste of love to be strongly engaged to any one in particular. He was incapable of confining himself to one intrigue, there being hardly a day in which he got not a new mistress; and there appeared more affectation and vanity, than love or sincerity, in all his intrigues." To this we may add a remark of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, that "he was always engaged in some amour." Dryden's beautiful description of him in Absalom and Achitophel, shall complete the picture.

Of all the numerous progeny were none
So beautiful, so brave as Absalom.
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states allied to Israel's crown.
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seem'd as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please.

His motions all accompanied with grace,
And Paradise was opened in his face.
With secret joy indulgent David viewed
His youthful image in himself renewed.
To all his wishes nothing he denied,
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had—for who from faults is free?
His father could not, or he would not see!
Some warm excesses, which the law forebore,
Were construed youth that purged by boiling o'er;
And Amnon's murder, by a specious name,
Was called a just revenge for injured fame.

The allusion to "Amnon's murder" in the last couplet is far from clear. Sir Walter Scott, in his notes on Dryden, supposes it to allude to the slitting of Sir John Coventry's nose, by Monmouth's agency, in consequence of a disrespectful allusion in the House of Commons to the King's amours. With this explanation we shall scarcely be satisfied, however much we may be at a loss for another. Monmouth, who was foremost in all the wild frolics and debaucheries of the period, certainly appears, in 1671, to have caused the death of a fellow creature. Andrew Marvell writes, on the 28th of February in that year, — "On Saturday night last, or rather Monday morning at two o'clock, some persons reported to be of great quality, together with other gentlemen, set upon the watch and killed a poor beadle, praying for his life upon his knees, with many wounds: warrants are out for apprehending some of them, but they are fled."

Again he writes a short time afterwards, — "Doubtless you have heard before this time, how Monmouth, Albemarle, Dunbane, and seven or eight gentlemen, fought with the watch and killed a poor beadle: they have all got their pardon for Monmouth's sake, but it is an act of great scandal." This explanation, however, is quite as much open to exception. Dryden would scarcely have dignified a beadle as Amnon; and instead of being in "revenge for injured fame," the affair appears to have originated in a street squabble. In the State Poems there are some verses "on the three Dukes killing the beadle on Sunday morning, February 26th 1670-1."

On the 20th of April 1663 his father married him to Lady Anne Scott, sole daughter of Francis, Earl of Buccleugh, and the greatest heiress in the three kingdoms. Monmouth was only fourteen at the time, the bride a year younger. The lady possessed some estimable qualities besides her wealth, but they were unable to attach the heart of her fickle husband. She was certainly gifted with taste and was a friend to genius. Dryden does honour to her as the "patroness of his poor unworthy poetry,"*

* Sir Walter Scott assures us, that it was "her patronage which *first* established Dryden's popularity, a circumstance too honourable to her memory to be here suppressed. This is high praise, and if true does great credit to the duchess's taste and judgment. But it is a pity Sir Walter does not state his authority. His natural partiality for the house of Buccleugh may have converted a pleasing impression into

and Gay the poet was for some time her Secretary. Madame Dunois says, "She had all that was to be wished for to make her agreeable. She had virtue, wit, riches, and birth, and though she was not extraordinarily beautiful, and was a little lame, yet in the main she was very desirable. The Duke thought it sufficient to keep up a fair correspondence with his wife, and she had a great deal of wit, and could easily discover her husband's inclinations, so hers became less vehement; and she contented herself, for her part, without being at the expense of a fruitless tenderness."—"His Duchess," says Evelyn, "was a virtuous and excellent lady, who brought him great riches and a second dukedom in Scotland." Fresh honours were heaped on him. In a few years he became master of the horse, a general in the army, gentleman of the bedchamber, captain of the life-guards,* Governor of Hull, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and, in right of his young duchess, Lord great Chamberlain of Scotland.

His ambition, which proved afterwards so fatal

positive fact. It is strange, that Dryden, in his dedication to the Duchess of the "Indian Emperor," does not allude to the circumstance. He seldom misses an opportunity for panegyric.

* The King appointed him to the first troop of Life-guards, on the 29th September 1668, in Hyde Park. He presented him at the same time with a saddle, which is still preserved in the family of Buccleugh. His late Majesty, William the Fourth, expressed a wish to see this interesting relic, and it was accordingly sent from Dalkeith to London for his inspection.

to him, appears to have satisfied itself originally with mere military distinction. When only sixteen he was present at the great sea-fight in 1665, when the Dutch Admiral Opdam was blown up in his ship. He early acquired a knowledge of military tactics, and in 1672 was appointed to an important command. Charles, by agreement with Louis the Fourteenth, had engaged to supply that monarch with six thousand men, for his service by land against the Dutch. These were placed under the command of Monmouth, who arrived with them at the French camp at Charleroi, in time for the commencement of the opening campaign. While on this service he was present at the taking of Orfoy, Rhineberg, Wesel, Emmerick, Doesburg, and Zutphen. He returned to England in July, and was received in London with joy and acclamations. The populace loved Monmouth even more than they disliked the war.

In 1676 he led the storming party at the siege of Maestricht, where he displayed great gallantry and discretion. His uncle, King James, mentions particularly the retaking of a half-moon, in which he valiantly distinguished himself. In 1678 he was employed with the Dutch against the French. At the attack on the Duke of Luxemburg's line before Mons, his conduct and courage won the entire satisfaction of the Prince of Orange, perhaps the best judge in Europe of military science.

His last professional service, with the exception of his fatal engagement at Sedgmoor, was in 1679,

when he was sent with full powers to quell the insurrection in Scotland. He performed the service with equal courage and humanity. On the 22nd of June, the Covenanters were entirely defeated at Bothwell Bridge, about eight hundred having been killed, and nearly twelve hundred taken prisoners. Monmouth distinguished himself by his endeavours to prevent the massacre of the poor wretches. A few, who were proved to have had a share in the murder of Archbishop Sharpe, were hung, and those only who refused to submit to the government were sent out of the country.

About this period, the unpopularity of James Duke of York, and the general outcry for a bill of exclusion, opened a wide field for Monmouth's ambition. The people loved him for his generosity and valour, and a thousand other brilliant and endearing qualities. His zeal, too, during the frenzy of the Popish Plot, and his friendship with the popular idols of the day, led him to be regarded as the champion both of Protestantism and of freedom. There was no single point in which the gloomy and detested James could bear the least comparison with his graceful rival. But what gave the greatest weight to his ambitious projects, was a general belief in his legitimacy. The report, which originated in a project of Shaftesbury's, was industriously circulated, and greedily devoured. The King, it was declared, had been married to his mother Lucy Walters when abroad, and a story

was ingeniously invented respecting a black box, in which the contract was stated to be preserved.

That much importance was attached at the time to this improbable tale, is evident from the length at which it is dwelt upon by James, the person most interested, in his memoirs. According to this account, Shaftesbury and his colleagues proceeded to great extremities. Dr. Cosin, Bishop of Durham, who had been acquainted with the beautiful courtezan at Paris, and had endeavoured to convert her from her mode of living, was actually applied to by one Ross, formerly a governor of Monmouth's, to sign a certificate of her marriage with Charles. To induce the Bishop to be guilty of this fraud, the advantages which would accrue to the Protestant interests were principally insisted upon, but the Bishop very properly communicated the whole to the King. Charles took considerable trouble in investigating the affair, and the only person who was said to have actually seen the contract was summoned before the Council. The man, however, on his examination, positively disavowed ever having seen the contract, or known anything of the matter. When Charles was himself pressed by the Earls of Carlisle and Shaftesbury to declare Montmouth legitimate, —"Much," he said, "as I love him, I had rather see him hanged at Tyburn, than I would confess him to be my heir." It was fortunate for James that the King preferred justice even to his darling first-

born. Had he yielded to the machinations of Shaftesbury, Monmouth might have succeeded to the throne, and his heirs might have sat on it at the present day.

About the time that these reports were in their busiest circulation, and about two months after Monmouth's success at Bothwell Bridge, when he was at the height of his popularity, Charles was seized with an alarming illness at Windsor. The friends of the rival dukes were of course on the alert, and had the King died at that juncture, there would at least have been a struggle for the succession. But Charles, in his danger, was not forgetful of his brother's interests, and with his permission, James was secretly sent for by his party from Brussells, in order to be ready for any emergency. He arrived with the utmost despatch at Windsor, and fortunately found the King out of danger. On this it was endeavoured to give the visit the appearance of accident, and Charles affected to express surprise when his brother entered the apartment. The design, however, was seen through, and considerably disconcerted the opposite party.

But this was not the only blow to Monmouth's ambition. Charles, in order to satisfy his brother, went so far as publicly and solemnly to deny his marriage with Lucy Walters, and made the following remarkable declaration, which was inserted in the Council book of 3rd March 1679.

" That to avoid any dispute which may happen in time to come, concerning the succession to the crown, he declares in the presence of Almighty God, that he never gave nor made any contract of marriage, nor was married to any woman whatsoever, but to his present wife Queen Catherine, now living, CHARLES REX."

" Whitehall, March 3rd 1679."

Again, three months afterwards, he records a protest in the Court of Chancery, that, " On the word of a King, and the faith of a Christian, he was never married to Mrs. Barlow, alias Walters, the Duke of Monmouth's mother, nor to any woman whatsoever, besides the now Queen."

In addition to these triumphs, for such they were to James, his influence appeared all-powerful at court, while Monmouth's perceptibly declined. It seems to have been the policy of Charles to balance the power of the one against the other, and to throw in his own influence, whenever either grew more powerful than suited his views. At all events, two persons of such opposite characters, at the head of the two principal factions of the Court, and of whom the friends of the one were the enemies of the other, could never have breathed the same air in quietness.* At this juncture

* Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, in his memoirs, throws some light on the misunderstanding between James and the Duke of Monmouth. The passage is curious as casting some slight doubt over the purity of the Duchess of Monmouth's conduct, the only instance, however, in which we have found

it was the policy of Charles to throw his weight into his brother's scale; and accordingly Monmouth, having been deprived of his post of captain-general, and the governorship of Hull, was ordered to withdraw himself into Holland. The spoiled child of splendour was extremely unwilling to submit. It was thought, however, by his friends, that as soon as Parliament should meet they would vote an address to the King for his recall; and moreover, as his banishment would be attributed to the machinations of James, that he would be amply requited for present inconvenience, by an accesssion of popularity and applause.

it impugned. "There was yet one thing more, which in exactness I must not omit, that much constituted to this young man's advancement; I mean the great friendship which the Duke of York had openly professed to his wife, a lady of wit and reputation, who had both the ambition of making her husband considerable and the address of succeeding in it, by using her interest in so friendly an uncle, whose design I believe was only to convert her. Whether this familiarity of theirs was continued, or only connived at by the Duke of Monmouth himself, is hard to determine. But I well remember, that after these two princes had become declared enemies, the Duke of York one day told me, with some emotion, as conceiving it a new mark of his nephew's insolence, that he had forbidden his wife to receive any more visits from him, at which I could not forbear frankly replying, that I, who was not used to excuse him, yet could not withhold from doing it in that case; wishing his Highness might have no juster cause to complain of him; upon which the Duke, surprised to find me excuse his and my own enemy, changed the discourse immediately."—*Duke of Buckingham's Works,* vol. ii. p. 13.

CHAPTER II.

Monmouth returns to England without Leave. — Joy of the Populace on his entering London — his magnificent Progress through the disturbed Districts — he mingles in the Sports of the Peasantry — is arrested in the Town of Stafford by Order of the King — wins the Prize at a Horse-race near St. Germain en Lai — his share in the Rye-House Plot — conceals himself—is reconciled to the King.—Joy of Charles on Monmouth's Return to Court — again banished — resides at the Hague, and is hospitably entertained by the Prince and Princess of Orange.—Extracts from Monmouth's Diary. — Death of Charles II. — James II. procures Monmouth's Dismissal from the Hague — he retires to Brussells with his Mistress — persuaded though unwillingly to invade England —sails from the Texel — lands at Lyme — takes the title of King.

The following year, 1680, having in vain solicited his recall, Monmouth returned to England without leave. Such was his popularity, that although it was midnight when he entered London, the watch having communicated the news, the bells were instantly rung, and bonfires blazed in the streets. Charles immediately sent him a message to return to Holland, but instead of obeying, he set out on a magnificent progress through the disturbed counties of Lancashire, Staffordshire, Worcestershire, and Cheshire. His retinue con-

sisted of a hundred persons armed and splendidly accoutred. In a scarce memoir of the Duke, published in his life-time, there is an account of his journey to the west at this period. "At Exeter," says the writer, "he was met by the citizens and the people of all the adjacent parts, to the number of twenty thousand persons; but that which was most remarkable, was the appearance of a brave company of brisk stout young men, all clothed in linen raiments and drawers, white, and harmless, having not so much as a stick in their hands. They were in number about nine hundred or a thousand. They went three miles out of the city to meet his Grace, where they were drawn up all on a little hill and divided into two parts, in which order they attended the Duke's coming, who rid up first between them, and then round each company. After which they united, and went hand in hand in order before, where he was no sooner arrived but a universal shout from all parts echoed forth his welcome." *

During his progress to the midland counties he was received at different places by the Lords Macclesfield, Brandon, Rivers, Colchester, Delamere, Russell, and Grey, Sir Gilbert Gerard, and other principal land-holders at the head of their tenantry. These were on many occasions armed,

* "An historical account of the heroic life and magnanimous actions of the most illustrious Protestant Prince, James Duke of Monmouth, 12mo. 1683."

according to a feudal custom not then extinct. But a passage in Dalrymple's Memoirs will convey the best picture of this remarkable progress, as also of the nation's extraordinary fondness for the misguided Duke. "When he approached a town," says that writer, "he quitted his coach and rode into it on horseback. The nobility and gentry went foremost in a band. At a distance and single rode the Duke, and at a distance behind him the servants and tenants. When he entered the towns, those who received him formed themselves into three ranks; the nobility, gentry, and burghers being placed in the first, the tenants in the next, and the servants in the last. He gave orders for two hundred covers to be prepared wherever he dined. At dinner two doors were thrown open, that the populace might enter at the one, walk round the table to see their favourite, and give place to those that followed, by going out at the other. At other times he dined in an open tent in the fields, that he might the more see and be seen. At Liverpool he even ventured to touch for the king's evil. He entered into all country diversions, and, as he was of wonderful agility, even ran races himself upon foot. And when he had outstripped the swiftest of the racers, he ran again in his boots, and beat them though running in their shoes. The prizes which he gained during the day, he gave away at christenings in the evening. The bells were rung, bonfires made,

and volleys of fire-arms discharged; wherever he came, the populace waiving their hats in the air, shouted after him, a Monmouth, a Monmouth! and all promised him their votes in future elections to parliament. Informations of these things were sent hourly to court, by the spies who were sent out for that purpose; and the King and his brother were the more alarmed, because they knew that the royalists had held their consultations for the restoration of the royal family at horse-races and cock-matches, upon which account Cromwell had forbid those diversions."

In the midst of this triumphant popularity, Monmouth was arrested by order of the King. On that very day he was to have been entertained by the inhabitants of Stafford, in one of their principal streets. A single Sergeant-at-arms entered the town, and being admitted to Monmouth's presence, produced his writ. Neither the Duke nor his friends offered the slightest resistance. The former despatched Sir Thomas Armstrong for a *habeas corpus,* which was immediately granted, and he proceeded to the metropolis. Dryden, in his Absalom and Achitophel, has celebrated the regal progresses of Monmouth.

> The crowd, that still believe their kings oppress,
> With lifted hands their young Messiah bless:
> Who now begins his progress to ordain,
> With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train;
> From east to west his glories he displays,
> And, like the sun, the promised land surveys.

Fame runs before him as the morning-star,
And shouts of joy salute him from afar;
Each house receives him as a guardian god,
And consecrates the place of his abode.

During the two years subsequent to his progress we know little of Monmouth's proceedings. His conduct, however, continued so far from satisfactory, that in 1682 the King expressed his pleasure to the University of Cambridge that they should choose another chancellor in his room; and accordingly his former wild companion, Christopher Duke of Albemarle, was selected to succeed him. The University volunteered the unworthy insult of removing his picture from the public schools and committing it to a bonfire. Bishop Kennet styles it an "eager and ridiculous" act, and it was not overlooked by the lampooners. Stepney wrote,—

Yes, fickle Cambridge, Perkins found this true,
Both from your rabble and your doctors too;
With what applause you once received his grace,
And begged a copy of his god-like face!
But when the sage Vice Chancellor was sure
The original in limbo lay secure;
As greasy as himself, he sends a lictor,
To vent his loyal malice on the picture.

In 1683 we find Monmouth distinguishing himself on a different field. On the 25th of February in that year, was contested in the neighbourhood of the French capital, perhaps the most famous horse-race of modern times. Louis the

Fourteenth had sent to different countries, inviting the owners of the swiftest horses to try their fortune upon that day. The plate, which he himself presented, was valued at a thousand pistoles, and the race-course was the plain d'Echère, near St. Germain en Lai. The honour of England was sustained by the Duke of Monmouth, who carried away the prize in the presence of Louis and the French Court.

The celebrated Rye-house plot, for which Russell and Algernon Sydney lost their heads, followed shortly after this event. Monmouth's share in the conspiracy was at least equal to that of his unfortunate friends, and as he seems to have had an eye to the crown, his guilt was undoubtedly more flagrant: more successful, however, than his colleagues, he contrived to escape.

Burnet relates a strange story connected with Monmouth's flight. As soon as the council which had declared Sydney to be a traitor had broken up, Charles, he says, hastened to the Duchess of Monmouth, and wept while he discoursed with her of her misguided husband. Her house, he told her, would shortly be searched, but, as he had given orders that her private apartments should be held sacred, he suggested that she might easily conceal the Duke in them, if she wished. Monmouth, adds the Bishop, "distrusted the King's word, and concealed himself elsewhere; a fortunate circumstance, as it happened,

since the Duchess's apartments were the first that were searched."

The Bishop tells us that this story was related to him by Lord Cutts, who had it from Monmouth himself. But Lord Dartmouth adds a curious note on the passage. "Mr. Francis Gwin," he says, "secretary at war in Queen Anne's time, told me, that as soon as this book was published, he asked the Duchess of Monmouth if she remembered anything of this story: she answered it was impossible she should, for there was not one word of it true." Indeed, so desirous was Charles of being reconciled to Monmouth, and such was his affection for his rebellious son, that during the whole time he was supposed to be concealed, and even while there was a proclamation out against him, he not only sent him the kindest messages, but admitted him to secret interviews on several occasions. "The night," says Welwood, "that the Duke first appeared at court upon his reconciliation, King Charles was so little master of himself, that he could not dissemble a mighty joy in his countenance, and in everything he did or said, insomuch that it was the public talk about town, and strongly insinuated to the Duke of York, that all the King's former proceedings against the Duke of Monmouth were but grimace."

The reconciliation had been principally effected by a penitent letter which Monmouth ad-

dressed to the King. "There is nothing," he wrote, "under Heaven has struck me so much to the heart, as to be put into a proclamation for an intention of murdering you, Sir, and the Duke. I do call God Almighty to witness, and I wish I may die this moment I am writing, if ever it entered into my head, or ever I said the least thing to anybody that could make them think I could wish such a thing: I am sure there cannot be such villains upon earth to say I ever did." Charles was sensibly affected at the perusal of this letter, which Monmouth took care to follow up with another even more tender and submissive. In his second appeal he describes himself as the "most miserable disconsolate creature now living." But his pride must have suffered a severe struggle, when his fortunes compelled him to humble himself to the Duke of York. "Neither," he writes, "do I imagine to receive your pardon otherwise than by the intercession of the Duke, whom I acknowledge to have offended, and am prepared to submit myself in the humblest manner." It was one of the conditions on which he was received into favour, that he should ostensibly owe his pardon to the intercession of James; Monmouth, however, stipulated on his part, that on no account should he be brought as a witness against his friends. These arrangements having been privately made, Charles summoned an extraordinary

council, at which he expressed his firm conviction of his son's penitence and remorse; and Monmouth was once more received into favour, and permitted to attend the Court.

But this happy posture of affairs was of short duration. Monmouth still suffered his old friends, men hostile to the Court and to the tranquillity of the nation, to flock to his presence, and the fact of his having admitted his errors was confidently denied. Nothing could be more mild than the line of conduct adopted by Charles. He spoke considerately to Monmouth of the prevailing reports; he dwelt on his own anxiety lest he should hereafter relapse into his former errors; and implored him, as far as he could with honour, to make the same admission to the public, which he had already made to him in private. Charles himself drew up the draft of a letter, which Monmouth unhesitatingly signed. Indeed, if his contrition were really sincere, there was nothing in it to which he need have blushed to subscribe. It merely admitted his well-known share in the late conspiracy, while it denied all intention of assassinating his Majesty; concluding with a hope that his offences would be pardoned, and with a promise never again to be guilty of similar indiscretions.

The submission of Monmouth was a severe blow to his party, but fortunately they had a remedy in his unsteady mind. He was instantly

assailed with every specious and pernicious argument. They implored him to continue faithful to his old friends; they inflamed him with hopes of future sovereignty; they even hinted at forfeited honour, and called on him to retreive it, and their own fortunes, by the only means he possessed. Monmouth listened and was undone. He hastened to the King, and vehemently requested that the paper might be returned. Charles answered him kindly, that he should never have occasion to say he was forced into what he had done, and that he would not therefore retain the document against his will: he warned him, however, to consider seriously on the step which he was taking, and gave him till the following morning to deliberate farther. The next day, the same on which Sydney was beheaded, the request was renewed even with increased earnestness. Charles sorrowfully put the letter into his hands, while at the same time he banished him from his presence and the Court.

During the two next years, which preceded the death of Charles, Monmouth resided principally in Holland, where he was treated with hospitality and respect. The Prince and Princess of Orange admitted him to the closest intimacy, and encouraged every kind of entertainment in the gloomy apartments of the Hague, in order to render their Court the more agreeable to their animated guest. The Prince even persuaded his

consort to learn to skate, for the purpose of gratifying a whim of the Duke.

The King frequently wrote at this period to his misguided son: he supplied him also privately with money, and checked the malevolent insinuations of his enemies, when they spoke of his disobedience with undue severity. He still loved him beyond all other beings, and in his heart probably cherished the same view of his conduct, which Dryden in his apologetical verses on Monmouth, has so beautifully introduced.

> Unblamed of life, ambition set aside,
> Not stained with cruelty, not puffed with pride;
> How happy had he been, if destiny
> Had higher placed his birth, or not so high!
> His kingly virtues might have claimed a throne,
> And blest all other countries but his own:
> But charming greatness since so few refuse,
> 'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.

At the close of the King's life, his fondness for his wayward son had revived to such a degree that it is evident he intended to recall him. Of this, Monmouth's own Diary, which was found on his person after the battle of Sedgmoor, affords undeniable proof. This curious document was perused by Welwood, and contained, he says, passages of so delicate a nature, that King James ought in justice to have committed it to the flames. However, Welwood obtained permission to copy it, and so far availed himself of the favour as to transcribe the following extract.

The names are throughout in cipher. Of these, 29 is evidently Charles, and 39 the Duke of York. Mr. Fox conceives that the mediator, L, was Lord Halifax, and as that nobleman was similarly employed in a former misunderstanding between the King and Monmouth, his conjecture is probably the true one.

"13 *October* [1684]. L came to me at eleven at night from 29. Told me 29 would never be brought to believe that I knew anything of that part of the plot that concerned Rye-house; but as things went he must behave himself as if he did believe it, for some reasons that might be to my advantage. L desired me to write to 29, which I refused; but afterwards told me 29 expected it: and I promised to write to-morrow if he could call for the letter at S. L shewed a great concern for me, and I believe him sincere, though 3 is of another mind."

"*Oct.* 14. — L came as he promised, and received the letter from 3 sealed, refusing to read it himself, though I had left it open with S for that purpose."

"*Oct.* 20. — L came to me at S, with a line or two from 29, very kind, assuring me he believed every word in my letter to be true; and advised me to keep hid till he had an opportunity to express his belief of it some other way. L told me he was to go out of town next day,

and that 29 would send 80 to me in a day or two, whom he assured me I might trust."

"*Oct.* 25. — L came for me to ——, where 29 was with 80. He received me pretty well, and said 30 and 50 were the causes of my misfortunes, and would ruin me. After some hot words against them, and against S, went away in a good humour."

"*Oct.* 26. — I went to E —— and was in danger of being discovered by some of Ogelthorp's men, that were accidentally at the back door of the garden."

"*Nov.* 2. — A letter from 29 to be to-morrow at seven at night at S, and nobody to know it but 80."

"*Nov.* 3. — He came not, there being an extraordinary council. But 80 brought me a copy of 50's intercepted letter, which made rather for me than against me. Bid me come to-morrow at the same hour, and to say nothing of the letter except 29 spoke of it first."

"*Nov.* 4. — I came and found 29 and L there. He was very kind, and gave me directions how to manage my business, and what words I should say to 39. He appointed 80 to come to me every night till my business was ripe, and promised to send with him directions from time to time."

"*Nov.* 9. — L came from 29 and told me my business should be done to my mind next week; and that Q* was my friend, and had spoke to

* Evidently Queen Catherine.

39 and D* in my behalf; which he said 29 took very kindly, and had expressed so to her. At parting he told me there should be nothing required of me but what was both safe and honourable. But said there must be something done to blind 39."

"*Nov.* 15. — L came to me with the copy of a letter I was to sign to please 39. I desired to know in whose hands it was to be deposited, for I would have it in no hands but 29. He told me it should be so, but if 39 asked a copy, it could not well be refused. I referred myself entirely to 29's pleasure."

"*Nov.* 24. — L came from 29, and ordered me to render myself to-morrow. Cautioned me to play my part, to avoid questions as much as possible, and to seem absolutely converted to 39's interest. Bad me bear with some words that might seem harsh."

"*Nov.* 25. — I rendered myself. At night 29 could not dissemble his satisfaction; pressed my hand, which I remember not he did before, except when I returned from the French service. 29 acted his part well, and I too. 39 and D seemed not ill-pleased."

"*Nov.* 26. — 29 took me aside, and falling on the business of L. R. [Lord Russell,] said he inclined to have saved him, but was forced to it, otherwise he must have broke with 39. Bid me

* This appears to be the Duchess of York, Mary D'Este.

think no more on it. Coming home L told me he feared 39 began to smell out 29's carriage. That —— said to 39 that morning, that all that was done was but sham."

"*Nov.* 27. — Several told me of the storm that was brewing. Rumsey was with 39, and was seen to come out crying, that he must accuse a man he loved."

"*Dec.* 29. — A letter from 29, bidding me stay till I heard further from him."

"*Jan.* 5. — I received a letter from L, marked by 29 in the margin, to trust entirely in 10; and that in February I should certainly have leave to return. That matters were concerting towards it; and that 39 had no suspicion, notwithstanding, of my reception here."

"*Feb.* 3. — A letter from L that my business was almost as well as done: but must be so sudden as not to leave time for 39's party to counterplot. That it is probable he would chuse Scotland rather than Flanders or this country;* which was all one to 29."

"*Feb.* 16. — The sad news of his death by L: O cruel fate!"

The King had died on the 6th of February previous, thus eliciting from Monmouth this melancholy expression. It is remarkable, that on his death-bed Charles should have made no allusion to his favourite son.

* Holland.

James, on his accession to the throne, had influence enough with his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, to procure Monmouth's expulsion from Holland, and accordingly he withdrew with his paramour, Lady Henrietta Wentworth, to Brussels. He seems at this period to have determined on leading a retired life, and in order to supply the deficiencies of his education applied himself closely to study. It was not without great difficulty that he could be persuaded to his rash invasion of England, an event which followed only four months after the death of Charles. When the project was first communicated to him, no one could express himself more forcibly on the rashness and desperation of the undertaking. But he was surrounded by Protestant zealots, and unfortunately his vanity and weakness of mind were little proof against their animating arguments. In the end, he himself adopted their tone of religious enthusiasm, and notwithstanding the moral irregularities of his mode of life, believed himself to be the adopted champion of Protestantism, and the predestined hero of a new crusade. His alleged apology for the insanity of his conduct is more creditable to him:—"He could not avoid," he said, "exposing his own person, when others were so forward in his cause."

That Monmouth, however, did not enter the lists with James, without due reflection and considerable hesitation, is evident from one of his letters

at this period. "Pray do not think," he says, "that it is an effect of melancholy, for that was never my greatest fault, when I tell you that in these three weeks' retirement in this place, I have not only looked back but forward: and the more I consider our present circumstances, I think them still the more desperate, unless some unforeseen accident fall out which I cannot divine nor hope for." And he concludes, — "For God's sake think in the mean time of the improbabilities that lie naturally in our way: and let us not by struggling with our chains, make them straiter and heavier. For my part, I'll run the hazard of being thought anything rather than a rash, inconsiderate man. And to tell you my thoughts without disguise, I am now so much in love with a retired life, that I am never like to be fond of making a bustle in the world again."

But, as usual, his worse genius prevailed, and on the 24th of May 1685 he sailed from the Texel on his unfortunate expedition. His force was as weak as the undertaking was rash. He was accompanied only by a frigate of thirty-two guns, three smaller vessels, and a body of eighty-two persons, though he brought with him arms for about five thousand. After tossing about at sea for nineteen days, encountering stormy weather and contrary winds, he landed at Lyme in Dorsetshire on the 11th of June. His first step

was to assemble his few followers around him, when, commanding silence, he fell on his knees on the beach, and prayed to Heaven to prosper his enterprise. He then drew his sword, and followed by his men, led the way to the town, where he fixed, without opposition, his blue standard in the market-place.

He had trusted to the popularity of his name to fill his ranks; nor was he greatly deceived in his expectations. The people flocked around their former idol, and in four days he reckoned an accession of two thousand followers. One of his first steps was to issue a printed declaration, addressed entirely to the passions of the bigoted and vulgar. In this inflammatory appeal, he spoke of James as his "mortal and bloody enemy," and accused him of every crime which could disgrace humanity, and of every project which was likely to make his subjects miserable. The burning of London, the Popish plot, the murder of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, the assassination of the late Earl of Essex, and even the poisoning of the late King were indiscriminately laid to his charge. James was styled throughout the Duke of York, and the people were called upon to defend themselves against his "idolatrous and bloody" designs.

In the mean time James was not idle, and, moreover, he was effectually supported by his Parliament. They presented to him an address, in which they bound themselves to assist and stand

by him with their lives and fortunes. A bill was passed attainting Monmouth of high treason; a reward of 5000*l.* was offered for his capture either alive or dead, and the Commons voted a supply of 400,000*l.* to the King, "for his present extraordinary occasions."

Monmouth had quitted Lyme on the fourth day, and was marching on his way to Axminster, when he was told that the Duke of Albemarle was in the neighbourhood with about four thousand of the Devonshire militia. This was the son of the great Monk, whom we have formerly seen engaged with Monmouth in a midnight brawl, and who now encountered his old friend under such different circumstances. They had advanced within a quarter of a mile of each other, when Albemarle, perceiving his followers to be disaffected, was compelled to retreat. That Monmouth neglected to pursue them was a fatal mistake. He would have gained arms and followers; the fame of his success would have advanced his cause; many influential persons would have joined him, and in two days he might have been at the gates of Exeter. But he intended to wait, he said, till his men were better disciplined, and till a more advanced progress had thickened his ranks.

He arrived at Taunton on the 18th of June, a week after his landing, having advanced only twenty miles. His reception in this town must have exceeded his most sanguine hopes. The

houses were everywhere hung with green boughs and flowers, and the streets were so thronged that he could with difficulty proceed. His colours had been woven by the young ladies of the town, and were solemnly presented to him by the hands of the fair enthusiasts. The gift was accompanied by a Bible, which their spokeswoman, with a drawn sword in her hand, also publicly delivered to him. The Duke expressed a transport which perhaps he really felt. "I have come into the field," he said, "to defend the truths contained in this book, and if there be occasion for it, to seal it with my blood." His followers had now amounted to six thousand, and he would even have been more formidable but for the want of arms. Intoxicated with his growing success, he had the folly to assume the title of King, and even went so far as to touch for the evil, and to set a price on the head of King James. From Taunton he proceeded to Bridgewater, Wells, and Frome, in all of which places he was solemnly proclaimed. Another fatal error consisted in these perpetual delays. The time which should have been spent in action was wasted in unprofitable parade.

CHAPTER III.

Monmouth's Affairs decline — his Despondency. — Battle of Sedgmoor. — Monmouth's Flight — Terrors of his Mind — his humble Submissions to the King — conducted to London — Colonel Legge ordered to stab him should his Rescue be attempted — his Interview with James at Whitehall — his extraordinary Superstition — his Interview with his Duchess on the Morning of his Execution — becomes reconciled to his Fate. — Bishop of St. Asaph's Account of his Behaviour.—Monmouth's Devotion to Lady Henrietta Wentworth — distressing Circumstances which attended his Execution. — Some Account of the Duchess of Monmouth. — Remainder of King Charles's natural Children: The Duke of Southampton — Duke of Grafton — Duke of Northumberland — Duke of St. Alban's — Duke of Richmond — Earl of Plymouth — Countess of Yarmouth — Countess of Sussex — Countess of Litchfield—Countess of Derwentwater—Barbara Fitzroy—Mary Walters.

While Monmouth was thus trifling with his fortunes, King James had assembled a considerable force to arrest his progress. The advance of this formidable body; the news of his friend Argyle's defeat in Scotland; and the want of artillery and money, completely changed the aspect of his affairs, and the elation consequent on his first success was converted into the deepest despondency. He had at one time half made up his mind to take ship at Pool, but unwilling, perhaps, to leave his followers

to their fate, he returned to the hospitable town of Bridgewater, with the intention of making a last desperate attempt to retrieve his fortunes.

The Earl of Feversham, who commanded the King's forces, had established himself in a weak position in the neighbouring village of Sedgmoor. Influenced by this circumstance, and by some prevailing reports of the remissness of the royalists, and their habitual nightly carousings, it was decided that a night attack should be made without loss of time on Feversham's quarters. "We have only," said Monmouth, "to lock the stable doors, and then seize the troopers in their beds." Accordingly, on the night of the 5th of July, about eleven o'clock, with all possible silence, and preceded by a trustworthy guide, the invaders commenced their hazardous march. About one in the morning they unluckily fell in with Lord Dunbarton's regiment, on which an attack commenced, which had the effect of putting the whole army on their guard. There was a small stream between the royalists and their opponents, over which their guide was to have conducted the latter by an easy ford; but as soon as Monmouth's undisciplined forces came in sight of their foes, it was found impossible to restrain them, and they rushed furiously and indiscriminately forward. This was an unfortunate movement. They were compelled to retrace their steps, and having in the mean time lost their guide, a considerable period elapsed be-

fore a fording-place was discovered. The royalists were now armed and prepared for them, and the fight commenced with extraordinary fury. At the head of the King's forces were Lords Feversham and Churchill, afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough, assisted by a singular but able coadjutor, the Bishop of Winchester,* who "performed singular service in the managing of the great guns." Monmouth fought with desperate courage at the head of his infantry, and at one moment the King's veteran forces were on the point of giving way. But the cowardice of Lord Grey, who commanded his horse, at length decided his fortunes. This despicable poltroon had fled with his cavalry at the first onset, leaving the enemy's cavalry to attack Monmouth's gallant peasantry in the rear. Thus, opposed on all sides, themselves undisciplined, and their ammunition expended, after an engagement of three hours, they were compelled to yield. About fifteen hundred were killed and as many taken prisoners, of whom Jeffreys was afterwards the merciless hangman. Mon-

* Mew, Bishop of Bath and Wells, had been translated to Winchester the previous year. He had been a captain in the army during the civil wars. Burnet, who is said to have been an expectant for his bishoprick, speaks disparagingly of him. "He knew very little of divinity, or of any other learning, and was weak to a childish degree; yet obsequiousness and zeal raised him through several steps to this great see." Mew lived to a great age. He imagined himself to be a natural son of Emmanuel Earl of Sunderland, who was killed at the battle of Newbury.

mouth himself fled with only two followers, from whom he afterwards separated himself, and took the way to Lymington in Hampshire, where he expected to find friends and means of escape. "The Duke of Monmouth," says Reresby, "had from the very beginning of this desperate attempt behaved with the conduct of a great captain, as was allowed even by the King, who, in my hearing, said he had not made one false step." The day that the news of his defeat reached London, his Duchess, with her two young sons, were unjustly sent to the Tower.

The unfortunate Monmouth had ridden about twenty miles when his horse sank beneath him from fatigue. He then changed clothes with a peasant and proceeded on foot. Two days after the battle he was discovered near Hollbridge in Dorsetshire, by one Perkin, a servant, in a dry ditch covered with fern-brakes. Evelyn says, "his beard was grown so long and so grey as hardly to be known, had not his George discovered him, which was found in his pocket." He is said to have offered no resistance, and Perkin calling for help, the speedy arrival of some soldiers decided his fate. He trembled violently when discovered, and, according to some accounts, burst into tears. His stock of provisions consisted of some peas, which he had gathered in a neighbouring field, and which were found in his pocket. He mentioned afterwards that he had never enjoyed a night's rest, nor

eat a meal in quiet, since the day of his invasion, and, it seems, he had not been in bed for three weeks. His capture is thus announced in the London Gazette :—

"Whitehall, July 8th, at twelve o'clock at night.

"His Majesty has just now received an account that the late Duke of Monmouth was taken this morning in Dorsetshire, being hid in a ditch, and that he is in the hands of my Lord Lumley."

By this nobleman Monmouth was conducted to Ringwood, where he remained two nights. His grief and the terrors of his mind are described as distressing. He had been nurtured too gently not to feel misfortune acutely, and he was too well aware of James's merciless disposition to hope for pardon. The gay and gallant Monmouth, who had sought and gained renown on the field of battle, was unable to anticipate without horror the solemnities of the scaffold.

From Ringwood he wrote to the King on the 8th of July, making the humblest submissions, and imploring him to consent to an interview. "I have that," he says, "to say to you, sir, that I hope may give you a long and happy reign : I am sure when you hear me, you will be convinced of the care I have of your preservation, and how heartily I repent of what I have done." He concludes with insisting on the same argument for their meeting. "I hope, sir, God Almighty will

strike your heart with mercy and compassion for me, as he has done mine with the abhorrence of what I have done. Wherefore, sir, I hope I may live to show you how zealous I shall ever be for your service, and could I say but *one word* in this letter you would be convinced of it; but it is of that *consequence* that I dare not do it. Therefore, sir, I do beg of you once more to let me speak to you, for then you will be convinced how much I shall ever be

"Your Majesty's most humble and dutiful

"MONMOUTH."*

It is clear from these passages, that King James's motive in consenting to the subsequent interview with his unfortunate nephew, was the hope of extracting a knowledge of his accomplices. It is chiefly in this light that they are curious.

The day after he had written to the King, Monmouth addressed the following appeal to the Queen Dowager, who had always been his friend.

"MADAM,

"Being in this unfortunate condition, and having none left but your Majesty that I think may have some compassion, and that for the last King's sake, makes me take this boldness to beg of you to intercede for me. I would not desire your Majesty to do it, if I were not from the bottom of my heart convinced how I have been deceived

* Echard, vol. iii. p. 771; Kennet, vol. iii. p. 442.

into it, and how angry God Almighty is with me for it. But I hope, Madam, your intercession will give me life to repent of it, and to show the King how really and truly I will serve him hereafter. And I hope, Madam, your Majesty will be convinced that the life you save shall ever be devoted to your service: for I have been, and ever shall be, Your Majesty's most dutiful and obedient servant,

"MONMOUTH."*

From Ringwood he was conducted by Lord Lumley, and a body of militia, to Winchester, and thence, by way of Farnham Castle and Guildford, to Vauxhall, where he arrived on the 13th of July. At Vauxhall he was received by Lord Dartmouth's regiment, who brought him by water to Whitehall, whence, the same evening, he was carried to the Tower. Lord Dartmouth informs us that his uncle, Colonel William Legge, who was in the same coach with him, had orders instantly to stab him, should his rescue be attempted by the populace.† He was allowed only two days to prepare himself for his end.

James, unless he had predetermined to save his life, should never have raised Monmouth's hopes by admitting him to an interview. This, it appears by the Stuart Papers, was afterwards allowed by James himself, but the stern bigot should have

* Lansdown MSS.; Ellis's Orig. Letters, vol. iii. p. 343.

† Burnet, vol. iii. p. 54, *note*.

discovered it earlier. The meeting was ostensibly granted to the entreaties of the Queen Dowager, but the hope of cheating Monmouth into a confession was obviously the motive. James and he had so recently been competitors for the same prize, and success had been at one period so doubtful, that the interview could not fail to be one of painful interest. Besides, great as their subsequent hostility might have been, they had formerly lived on terms of friendship and equality; they had mingled night after night in the same scenes of splendour and social revelry; and moreover, Monmouth was the nephew of James, and had once been selected by him to be the Godfather of his child.*

However, having acceded to the request of Monmouth, the unhappy criminal, previous to his being lodged in the Tower, was conducted to the apartment of Chiffinch at Whitehall, and carried after dinner into the presence of James and his Queen. His arms were tied behind him by a silken rope, leaving, however, his hands free. He had trusted perhaps to those powers of persuasion which had

* This child was Catharina Laura, christened by the Bishop of Durham at St. James's in 1674. The godmothers were the Princesses Mary and Anne, afterwards successively Queens of England.—*Medulla Hist. Anglic.* p. 261. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham attributes the original misunderstanding between James and the Duke of Monmouth to the inconstancy of one of their mistresses: unfortunately, however, he does not enter into particulars.—*Duke of Buckingham's Works*, p. 14.

so frequently softened his easy father, but which, with the stern and implacable James, proved entirely fruitless. On entering the apartment his behaviour is thus described in the Stuart Papers: — "When the Duke of Monmouth was brought before the King, he fell upon his knees crawling upon them to embrace those of his Majesty, and forgetting the character of a hero, which he had so long pretended to, behaved himself with the greatest meanness and abjection imaginable, omitting no humiliation or pretence of sorrow and repentance, to move the King to compassion and mercy." As this account seems to have been dictated by James himself, the pusillanimity of his suppliant is probably exaggerated. Monmouth, however, certainly fell on his knees at the King's feet, and passionately implored him for mercy. He confessed with many tears that he deserved to die, but conjured him to spare a life which henceforward should be ever dedicated to his service: he mentioned instances of other princes who had shown clemency, and who had never repented of their generosity, and concluded with a pathetic appeal to the near relationship which existed between them. "Remember," he said, "I am your brother's son, and if you take away my life you shed your own blood." Had Monmouth really made important disclosures his life might have been spared, but either he had little to communicate, or a dread of

sacrificing others kept him silent on the occasion. James required a more valuable consideration than the mere exhibition of human misery. However, he had the meanness to take advantage of their relative position, by extracting from Monmouth a declaration of his illegitimacy. According to Bishop Kennet, the Queen, Mary of Modena, who was present, insulted the fallen Duke in the most "arrogant and unmerciful manner:" the story, however, rests on his single authority. Finding further entreaty unavailing, Monmouth rose from his knees, and retired with a dignity he had not hitherto exhibited.

It was after this interview that James despatched a letter, of which the following is an extract, to his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange. It is dated the following day.

"Whitehall, July 14th, 1685.

"The Duke of Monmouth seemed more concerned and desirous to live, and did behave himself not so well as I expected, nor so as one ought to have expected from one who had taken upon him to be King. I have signed the warrant for his execution to-morrow."*

Even after the conclusion of his unsatisfactory interview, and after he had been reconducted to the Tower, hope scarcely appears to have deserted the unfortunate Monmouth. He was aware of the

* Dalrymple's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 25.

King's weak point, and is said to have led him to believe he would become a Catholic; but it was discovered, say the Stuart Papers, that "it was more to save his life than his soul." As, however, he had been bred in that faith, James entertained a hope that he might die in it, and with this view, sent his spiritual advisers to commune with him.

Monmouth, after his return to the Tower, is reported to have sent a letter to James, containing information of such vital importance as might be expected to save his life. This letter is said to have been intrusted by the Duke to Captain Scott, a connection of his Duchess, by whom it was delivered to Lord Sunderland, who destroyed it for his own ends.* Sir Walter Scott, in his notes on Dryden, curiously corroborates this report. "I have often," he says, "heard this anecdote mentioned by my father, who was curious in historical antiquities, and who gave it on the report of his grandfather, to whom Captain Scott told the story." Since Sir Walter wrote this passage, a letter, addressed by Monmouth to King James, the day previous to his execution, has been printed by Sir Henry Ellis. It is of itself of considerable interest, but contains no allusion to these private disclosures.

"Sir,

"I have received your Majesty's order this day that I am to die to-morrow. I was in hopes, sir,

* Dalrymple, vol. i. p. 187.

by what your Majesty said to me yesterday, of taking care of my soul, that I should have had some little more time; for truly, sir, this is very short. I do beg of your Majesty, if it be possible, to let me have one day more, that I may go out of the world as a Christian ought.

"I had desired several times to speak with my Lord Arundel of Wardour, which I do desire still: I hope your Majesty will grant it me; and I do beg of your Majesty to let me know by him if there is nothing in this world that can recal your sentence, or at least reprieve me for some time. I was in hopes I should have lived to have served you, which I think I could have done to a great degree, but your Majesty does not think it fit. Therefore, sir, I shall end my days with being satisfied that I had all the good intentions imaginable for it, and should have done it, being that I am your Majesty's most dutiful "MONMOUTH."

"I hope your Majesty will give Dr. Tennison leave to come to me, or any other that your Majesty will be pleased to grant me."

There is a circumstance which renders this earnest entreaty for a reprieve, even of a day, of additional interest. Monmouth is said to have placed considerable faith in the prediction of a fortune-teller, that should he out-live St. Swithin's day, he would be a great man: it is singular that it was the day on which he died. Nor is this the

only instance of his superstition. On the occasion of his capture, besides receipts and prayers, a manuscript was found on his person consisting of "spells, charms, and conjurations," written in his own hand; and Archbishop Tenison mentioned after his death, that a charm was found beneath the stone of his ring, which had been given to him by a German mountebank, and which was supposed to be a preservative in the day of battle or in any imminent danger.

The evening before his execution, his wronged and neglected Duchess expressed an earnest desire to be admitted to a parting interview. As another had long occupied her place in Monmouth's affections, and had even lived with him as his wife, the interview must necessarily have been a painful one. That other person was the Lady Henrietta Wentworth, of whom, as her connexion with the Duke was as romantic as it was criminal, and as her name was the last which fell from his lips, it may not be uninteresting to say a few words. She was the grand-daughter and sole heiress of Thomas Earl of Cleveland, by whose death, in 1667, she had become Baroness Wentworth in her own right, and mistress of the manor of Toddington in Bedfordshire. Here she had frequently resided with her unfortunate lover, and Lyson mentions a plan of the old manor house, in which two adjoining rooms were marked as the "Duke of Monmouth's parlour and

my lady's parlour." The Duke had always regarded her as his wife in the eyes of God, affirming that his almost infantine marriage, in which there was no choice of his heart, had dissolved him from its unpalatable ties. The lady Henrietta returned his affection. She survived his execution but a few months, dying, as it was said, of a broken heart. She is buried in the parish church of Toddington, where her mother raised a costly monument to her memory.

Notwithstanding, however, her many wrongs, the Duchess, by her repeated entreaties for mercy, and by her amiable commiseration, performed all that could have been expected from the most affectionate wife. Evelyn says, the Duke received her coldly, and for many reasons the interview proved anything but satisfactory. However, on the following morning, which was that of his execution, the Duchess was again admitted. She was accompanied by her young children, and on this occasion was received with more kindness by her unfortunate husband. From the Manuscript of one who was present we learn the following interesting particulars of what occurred. "His behaviour all the time," says the writer, "was brave and unmoved; and even during the last conversation and farewell with his lady and children, which was the movingest thing in the world, and which no by-stander could see without melting into tears, he did not show the least concernedness.

He declared before all the company how averse the Duchess had been to all his irregular courses, and that she had never been uneasy to him on any occasion whatever, but about women, and his failing of duty to the late King. And that she knew nothing of his last design, not having heard from himself a year before, which was his own fault, and no unkindness in her, because she knew not how to direct her letters to him. In that, he gave her the kindest character that could be, and begged her pardon of his many failings and offences to her, and prayed her to continue her kindness and care to her poor children. At this expression she fell down on her knees, with her eyes full of tears, and begged him to pardon her if ever she had done anything to offend and displease him, and embracing his knees, fell into a swoon, out of which they had much ado to raise her up, in a good while after. A little before, his children were brought to him, all crying about him; but he acquitted himself of these last adieus with much composure, showing nothing of weakness or unmanliness." *

Dalrymple mentions a family report, "that on the morning of her husband's execution, James sent a message to the Duchess that he would

* "Account of the actions and behaviour of the Duke of Monmouth, from the time he was taken to his execution, in a letter dated July 16, 1685, MS. in the Duke of Buccleugh's Library."—*Scott's Dryden*, vol. ix. p. 257.

breakfast with her, and that she admitted the visit believing a pardon would accompany it." James had generosity enough, however, to restore to her her husband's estate, which had been forfeited by his attainder. It was one of Monmouth's last requests, that his children at least might not be ruined by his delinquencies.

As soon as Monmouth perceived how inevitable was his fate, he roused himself from his despondency, and prepared for the last stroke with a spirit and fortitude worthy of his natural character. Tenison, Archbishop of Canterbury, then Vicar of St. Martin's, and the Bishops of Ely, and Bath and Wells, had been permitted to assist him in his devotions. The two latter sat up with him the whole night that preceded his execution, and watched while he slept. Of the effect of their conversation with him, we have some account from Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, who probably received it from one of his brother prelates, and who, the day after the execution, thus writes to the Bishop of Oxford. "They got him," he says, "to own that he and Lady Henrietta Wentworth had lived in all points like man and wife, but they could not get him to confess it was adultery. He acknowledged that he and his Duchess were married by the law of the land, and therefore his children might inherit if the King pleased. But he did not consider what he did when he married her. He confessed that he

had lived many years in all sorts of debauchery, but said he had repented of it, asked pardon, and doubted not that God had forgiven him."— "The next morning," adds the Bishop, "he told them he had prayed that, if he was in error in that matter, God would convince him of it; but God had not convinced him, and therefore he believed it was no error."* In this state of mind the Bishops declined administering the Sacrament to him, but he merely replied, that he was sorry for it. "He had lived dishonestly," says Evelyn, "with the Lady Henrietta Wentworth, for two years: he obstinately asserted his conversation with that debauched woman to be no sin, whereupon he could not be persuaded to his last breath: the divines, who were sent to assist him, thought not fit to administer the holy communion with him: for the rest of his faults he professed great sorrow." He acknowledged in writing, that the late King had confessed to him he was never married to his mother, and yet he refused to admit the sinfulness of his rebellion, and persisted in speaking of it as an invasion.

On the fatal morning he was visited by the pious Tenison, who has left us a brief but interesting account of their interview. "I was sent for," he says, "to the Duke of Monmouth in the Tower, on the day of his execution; the Duke knowing me better than the two prelates Bishop

* Aubrey, Letters of Eminent Men, vol. i. p. 18.

Ken and Bishop Turner. He took me aside to the window, and held a long conversation with me, too much upon his own follies. When, among other things, I mentioned a report of his Grace's preaching in the army: 'No,' said the Duke, 'I never preached; nobody preached but Ferguson, and he very foolishly many times. That man,' says he, 'is a bloody villain.' When I minded him of being better reconciled to his Duchess, he owned his heart had been turned from her, and he pretended the cause of it to be, that in his affliction she had gone to plays, and into public companies; 'by which,' said he, 'I knew she did not love me.' When I charged him with his conversation with Mrs. Wentworth, he freely owned it, and said he had no children by her; but he had heard it was lawful to have one wife in the eye of the law, and another before God. I then took a Bible, and laboured to convince him of the falsehood and the ill consequences of such a principle. 'Well,' says he, 'but if a man be bred up in a false notion, what shall he do when he has but two hours to live?' The Duke pulled out a gold watch, and pressed me to carry it in his name to Mrs. Wentworth; which I positively refused, and said, I could not be concerned in any such message or token to her. The Duke did not seem at all profane or atheistical, but had rather a cast of enthusiasm in him."

About ten o'clock in the morning he was con-

ducted, between an avenue of soldiers, to Tower-Hill. He was attended by a strong guard, who, if a rescue had been attempted, were prepared to shoot him. He mounted the scaffold without the least apparent fear, and amidst the tears of the populace, of whom he was still the idol. To these he addressed a brief farewell. After observing that he died in the faith of the Church of England, he turned to the subject nearest his heart, and spoke to them of his paramour. She was a person, he said, of great honour and virtue, "a religious godly lady." The bishops reminded him of the sin of adultery. "No," he replied, "for these two years last past, I have lived in no sin that I know of: I have wronged no person, and I am sure when I die I shall go to God: therefore I do not fear death, which you may see in my face." The bishops then commenced praying for him, and he knelt and joined them: they concluded with a short prayer for the King, at which he paused a moment, but at length said, Amen.

He sent his ring, watch, and toothpick case to the Lady Henrietta; in the latter were found some Scripture allusions, supposed to be charms. To the executioner he gave six guineas; intrusting four more to a by-stander who was only to part with them to the headsman, in the event of his performing his task with adroitness. He bid him be more merciful than he had been to

the late Lord Russell, whom he had murdered by repeated strokes. While he was undressing himself, the bishops exhorted him by their ejaculations: "God," they said, "accept your repentance! God accept your imperfect repentance! God accept your general repentance!" Then, refusing to have his eyes bandaged, he knelt down, and laying his head upon the block, gave the appointed signal. The executioner, however, either from dismay or pity, struck so feeble a blow, that Monmouth, to the horror of the spectators, raised his head from the block, and looked him, as if reproachfully, in the face. The executioner made two more ineffectual efforts, and then, throwing down the bloody instrument, declared his incapacity to complete the work. The sheriff, however, and others, compelled him to take up the axe, and at two strokes more he severed the head from the body. So enraged were the multitude at this miserable scene of butchery, that it was with difficulty they could be restrained from tearing the executioner to pieces. The head having been sewn to the body, the remains of the Duke were placed in a black velvet coffin, and conveyed in a hearse to the Tower chapel.

Thus, on the 15th of July 1685, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, fell the once brilliant and flattered Monmouth. His fond worshippers could scarcely believe that he had left them, and such was the credulity of the vulgar, that they imagined

the existence of as many as five persons, who exactly resembled him in person, each of whom had solemnly sworn to represent and die for him if necessity required: one of these they believed had perished on Tower Hill, a cheerful sacrifice to their idol.

James unworthily exulted over the fate of his victim. After his execution he caused two medals to be struck, in commemoration of the failure of his enterprise. One of these was sufficiently offensive. It represented the bust of Monmouth on one side, but without any inscription: on the reverse was seen a young man falling into the sea from a high rock, which he was vainly attempting to climb. On the summit of the rock were three crowns amidst thorns and brambles, with the words *Superi risere,* July 6th 1685. His memory in other respects was unnecessarily insulted. It appears by the records of the Order of the Garter, that in the presence of the garter king-at-arms and the heralds, his banner and the other insignia of the order were not only removed from St. George's chapel at Windsor, but were treated with every sort of indignity, and actually *kicked* into the castle ditch.

By his Duchess, Monmouth had six children, of whom but three survived their infancy, — James, Earl of Dalkeith, who died 14th of March 1705, aged twenty-one, leaving a son Francis, who became second Duke of Buccleugh; — Henry, crea-

ted, 29th of March 1706, Earl of Deloraine, who died 11th of April 1739; — and Lady Anne, who visited her father in the Tower, and was so affected by his misfortunes and death, that she survived him but a few days. She was buried in Westminster Abbey, 31st of August 1685. Monmouth also left four natural children, two sons and two daughters, by Eleanor, a daughter of Sir Robert Needham, Knight. They all died young with the exception of Henrietta, who, in 1697 became the third wife of Charles Powlet, Marquis of Winchester, afterwards first Duke of Bolton.

In May 1688, nearly three years after the death of Monmouth, the Duchess became the second wife of Charles, third Lord Cornwallis,* by whom she had a son and two daughters, who all died unmarried. She is said to have borne her sorrows with decency, for

> ——— she had known adversity,
> Though born in such a high degree;
> In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
> Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.
>
> *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

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* His first wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Stephen Fox, Knight, to whom he was married 27th December 1673, at the age of nineteen. De Grammont says, — "This lord had married the daughter of Sir Stephen Fox, treasurer of the King's household, one of the richest and most regular men in England. His son-in-law, on the contrary, was a young spendthrift, was

The Duchess died on the 6th of February 1732, in her eighty-first year, and was buried at Dalkeith. As her husband's attainder did not extend to Scotland, the dukedom of Buccleugh descended to her heirs. The present Duke is the lineal descendant of the neglected Duchess and her ill-fated lord.

The conclusion of our Memoir of the Duke of Monmouth seems to be the fittest place for introducing the remainder of King Charles's natural children, who attained to years of maturity. The events of their lives are neither so stirring, nor

very extravagant, loved gaming, lost as much as any one would trust him, but was not quite so ready in paying. His father-in-law disapproved of his conduct, paid his debts, and gave him a lecture at the same time." De Grammont happened to be one of his creditors for ten or twelve hundred guineas, and as he perceived no likelihood of the debt being discharged, up to the time of his departure from England, he sent him the following laconic note,—

"My Lord,

"Pray remember the Count de Grammont, and do not forget Sir Stephen Fox."

His lordship, however, at the period that De Grammont could have known him, must have been extremely young, and his vices seem to have been timely corrected. King William admitted him to his friendship, and he became, in that gloomy reign, a member of the Privy Council and First Lord of the Admiralty. He died 29th of April 1698.

their characters so marked, as to require very lengthened details.

Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Southampton, eldest son of the Duchess of Cleveland by King Charles, was born in King Street, Westminster, in 1662. He was raised to the title 10th September 1675, having previously been made a Knight of the Garter. He married first, Mary, daughter of Sir Henry Wood, Knight, and secondly Alice, daughter of Sir William Pulteney, Knight, of Misterton in Leicestershire, by whom he had two sons and three daughters. On the death of his mother in 1709, he succeeded to her honours, and took the title of Cleveland. He died the 9th of September 1730, and was succeeded by his son, William, who married Henrietta Finch, daughter of Daniel, Earl of Nottingham. On the death of the second Duke the title became extinct.

Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, the most promising of the children of Charles, is styled the second son of the Duchess of Cleveland by that monarch: Charles, however, long refused to own him, and his parentage appears doubtful. He was born September the 20th, 1663. On the 1st of August 1672, when only nine years old, he was married, in the presence of the King and his courtiers, to Isabella, sole daughter of Henry Bennet Earl of Arlington, an infant of the age of five years.

A few days afterwards, 16th of August 1672, he was created, by letters patent, Baron of Sudbury, Viscount Ipswich, and Earl of Euston, in the county of Suffolk, and, September 11, 1675, Duke of Grafton in Northamptonshire.

On the 6th of November 1679, he was re-married to his young wife, in the apartments of the Earl of Arlington at Whitehall. Evelyn, who was present at both ceremonies, styles her a " sweet, beautiful, and virtuous child."—" The young Duke," he says, " had been rudely bred, but was exceedingly handsome, and far surpassed any other of the King's natural children." Shortly after his marriage, he was sent to sea under the charge of Sir John Bury, Vice-admiral of England, with whom he afterwards served during several expeditions. On the 30th of September 1680, he was installed a Knight of the Garter by proxy, Sir Edward Villiers being his representative.*

At the coronation of James the Second, he filled the office of Lord High Constable of England. In Monmouth's rebellion, which almost immediately

* The Duke of Grafton was the fortunate holder of several appointments. On the 15th of December 1681, he was elected one of the elder brethren of the Trinity-House. On the 30th of the same month he was appointed Colonel of the first regiment of foot guards. In 1682 he was raised to be vice-admiral of England, and in 1684 was sworn Recorder of Edmondsbury, in Suffolk. In 1685 he was appointed *Custos Rotulorum* and Lord-lieutenant of that county; Remembrancer of the First-fruits office, Ranger of Whittlebury Forest in Northamptonshire, and Game-keeper at Newmarket.

followed, he took arms against his unfortunate brother, and in an encounter which preceded the battle of Sedgmoor, behaved with great gallantry, and narrowly escaped with his life. The following year we find him engaged as principal in two duels, both of which proved fatal to his antagonists. The first was fought on the 2nd of February 1686, with John, second son of Francis eleventh Earl of Shrewsbury; the other was with a brother of William ninth Earl of Derby: in the latter affair Evelyn says he received an "insufferable provocation," but the particulars have not reached us. About October 1687 he sailed for Tunis, and having "brought the corsairs of that place to amity," returned to England in March 1688. On the landing of the Prince of Orange he was one of the first who deserted the fortunes of James, and at the coronation of William and Mary carried the orb in the procession.

While leading an assault at the siege of Cork, in 1690, he received a wound in his side from a gun-shot, of the effects of which he died on the 9th of October in that year, aged twenty-seven. His body was brought to England, and buried at Euston in Suffolk. Burnet speaks of him as a gallant but rough man. "He was the more lamented," he says, "as being the person of all King Charles's children of whom there was the greatest hope: he was brave, and probably would have become a great man at sea." The Duke, however,

seems to have been sufficiently yielding as a politician. When the Duke of Somerset declined presenting the papal nuncio at court as being an unconstitutional act, the other was found accommodating enough to perform the requisite honours. Although, at the Revolution, one of the leading champions of Protestanism, he knew little of its merits, and is said to have cared less. When King James attacked him on his want of religion, he owned, he said, that he had no conscience himself, but he belonged to a party that had. There is a doggrel epitaph on him in the State Poems: it commences, —

Beneath this place
Is stowed his grace,
The Duke of Grafton.
As sharp a blade
As e'er was made,
Or e'er had haft on.

There are other stanzas, but they have even less merit.

George Fitzroy, Duke of Northumberland, was the third son of Charles by the Duchess of Cleveland. He was born in one of the Fellows' rooms in Merton College, Oxford, 28th December 1665, the Court having taken refuge there during the great plague. On the 1st of October 1674, he was created Baron of Pontefract, Viscount Falmouth, and Earl of Northumberland. He was raised to a dukedom on the 6th of April 1682, and the following year was elected a Knight of

the Garter. He seems to have excelled in all manly sports, and Evelyn speaks of him as a "graceful person and excellent rider." In the diary of that writer for 1684, — "I dined," he says, "at Sir Stephen Fox's, with the Duke of Northumberland. He seemed to be a young gentleman of good capacity, well-bred, civil, and modest, newly come from travel, and made his campaign at the siege of Luxemburg. Of all his Majesty's children, of whom we have now six Dukes, this seems the most accomplished and worth the owning; he is extraordinary handsome and well-shaped." Macky says, in his memoirs, "He is a man of honour, nice in paying his debts, and living well with his neighbours in the country; does not much care for the conversation of men of quality and business; is a tall black man, like his father the King." To this passage Swift added in MS.; "He was a most worthy person, very good-natured, and had very good sense."* In 1685 he married Catherine, daughter of Robert Wheatley, of Brecknol, Berks, and widow of Thomas Lucy, esquire, of Charlecote, in the county of Warwick. Anthony Wood says, "There was committed a clandestine marriage between him and a woman of ordinary extract, widow of one Captain Lucy, of Charlecot in Warwickshire, but they were, as it seems, soon after parted." It is evident indeed that some mystery hung over their union, and that

* Memoirs of John Macky, published by his son, p. 39.

afterwards Northumberland endeavoured to rid himself of his wife, by some other means than a divorce; in a contemporary poem, entitled the Lover's Session, we find—

Northumberland now to his trial stood forth,
And pleaded the preference due to his birth;
No fool he did hope, howe'er eminent, would
Presume to compare with a fool of the blood.

Appealing, besides to his scandalous marriage,
His beautiful face, and his dull stupid carriage,
To a soul without sense of truth, honour, or wit,
If e'er man was formed for a woman so fit.

But his prince-like project to kidnap his wife,
And a lady so free to make pris'ner for life;
Was tyranny to which the sex ne'er would submit,
And an ill-natured fool they liked worse than a wit.

In another poem, entitled, "A song to the old tune of taking of snuff is the mode of the Court," the scandal, whatever it may be, is again referred to.

Since his grace could prefer
The poulterer's heir,
To the great match his uncle had made him;
'Twere just if the King
Took away his blue string,
And sewed him on two to lead him.

That the lady was sent
To a convent at Ghent,
Was the counsel of kidnapping Grafton;
And we now may foretel,
That all will go well,
Since the rough blockhead governs the soft one.

At the Revolution the Duke declared for King William, who, in 1701, rewarded him with the post of Constable of Windsor Castle and the Lord-lieutenancy of the county of Surrey. Queen Anne made him Lord-lieutenant of Berkshire, Lieutenant-general of her Forces, and a Lord of the Privy Council. He died on the 3rd of July 1716, without issue, when his title became extinct.

Charles Beauclerk, Duke of St. Albans, son of Charles the Second by Nell Gwynn, was born in Lincoln's Inn Fields, May the 8th, 1670. He was created, December 27th, 1676, Baron of Heddington and Earl of Burford, both in Oxfordshire; and on the 10th of January 1684, Duke of St. Albans. Like most of his brothers he had a taste for a military life, and in 1688, at the age of eighteen, acquired a reputation for courage at the siege of Belgrade. He was serving in the Emperor's army in Hungary at the time of the Revolution, on which event his regiment of horse in England went over to King William: he afterwards made the campaign of 1693 with that monarch. The Duke was in favour with several successive sovereigns. King Charles made him Register of the High Court of Chancery and Master-falconer of England. King William appointed him Captain of the Band of Pensioners and a lord of the bed-chamber; and Queen Anne continued him in the command of the Pensioners, as did afterwards George the First.

The latter monarch also constituted him Lord-lieutenant and *Custos-rotulorum* of Berkshire, and, in 1718, honoured him with the Garter. In addition to these appointments he was High Steward of Windsor and Oakingham, in Berkshire. Macky says of him, "He is a gentleman every way *de bon naturel*, well-bred, doth not love business; is well affected to the constitution of his country. He is of a black complexion, not so tall as the Duke of Northumberland, yet very like King Charles." He had the good fortune to marry, 13th April 1694, Diana, sole daughter and heir of Aubrey De Vere, twentieth and last Earl of Oxford, the last scion of one of the proudest lines in England. She is celebrated by an unknown poet in the following happy lines.

> The saints above can ask, but not bestow:—
> This saint can give all happiness below.
> The line of Vere so long renowned in arms,
> Concludes with lustre in St. Alban's charms:
> Her conquering eyes have made their race complete,
> They rose in valour, and in beauty set.

The Duke died 11th May 1726, in his fifty-sixth year, leaving eight sons. His Duchess, who became lady of the bedchamber and of the Stole to Queen Caroline, when Princess of Wales, died 15th January 1742. By Nell Gwynn, Charles had another son, James Beauclerk, who was born 25th December 1671, and died in France in September 1680.

Charles Lennox Duke of Richmond, another son of King Charles by Louise de Quéroualle, created Duchess of Portsmouth, was born July 29th, 1672. His mother was eager for his advancement, and in his third year, by letters patent dated August 9th, 1675, he was created Baron of Setrington in Yorkshire, Earl of March, and Duke of Richmond in the same county: to these were shortly added the estates and dukedom of Lennox in Scotland which had lapsed to the crown. Evelyn styles him "a very pretty boy." In his twelfth year, April 7th, 1681, he was made a Knight of the Garter. An anecdote is connected with this circumstance. It had formerly been the custom for the knights of the order to wear the blue riband round the neck, with the George appendant on the breast. Shortly after the young Duke's installation, his mother showed the child to the King with the riband over his right shoulder as it is now worn. Charles was pleased with the conceit, and desired that the fashion, which has ever since been adhered to, should be generally adopted. At the death of the King the Duke was still extremely young. He had, however, held the appointment of master of the horse for some time, the duties being performed by deputy. His mother having been an advocate for the bill of exclusion, he was deprived of the office by King James. With King William he was more of a favourite, and served as one of his aides-de-camp in Flanders;

he was also a lord of the bed-chamber to George the First. He married in January 1693, Anne, daughter of Francis Lord Brudenell, and widow of John, the son of the first Lord Bellasis of Worlaby, by whom he had one son, Charles, who succeeded him in the title, and two daughters. The Duke died at Goodwood May 27th, 1723, and was buried in Henry the Seventh's chapel, but his remains were afterwards removed to Chichester Cathedral. He had the fine breeding and easy temper of his father. "He is a gentleman," says Macky, "good-natured to a fault, very well bred, and hath many valuable things in him; is an enemy to business, very credulous, well shaped, black complexion, much like King Charles." Swift, however, denounces him as "a shallow coxcomb."

Charles Fitzcharles Earl of Plymouth, was born in 1657, during the exile of his father. His mother was Catherine, daughter of Thomas Peg, Esquire, of Yeldersley, in Derbyshire. Little is known of her fortunes, but she possessed great beauty, which is said to have been inherited by her son; she afterwards married Sir Edward Green, Baronet, of Essex. On the 29th of July 1675, the King created her son Baron Dartmouth, Viscount Totness, and Earl of Plymouth: hitherto, from his foreign education, he had been more generally known as Don Carlos. He married Bridget, daughter of Thomas Osborne, first Duke of Leeds, who,

at his death, united herself to Dr. Philip Basse, Bishop of Hereford. The little that we know of the Earl, whose natural abilities are said to have been considerable, is at least in his favour. When his friend, the Earl of Mulgrave, (afterwards Duke of Buckingham,) in consequence of his attachment to Queen Anne, (then Princess of Denmark,) was sent to Tangier, it was reported that the Duke was purposely despatched in a leaky vessel in order to get rid of him; the Earl of Plymouth, we are told, notwithstanding he was alive to the danger, insisted on accompanying him. If the story be true it at least cost him dear. He died during the siege, 17th October 1680, at the age of twenty-three, of a bloody flux. His remains were brought to England, and Anthony Wood thinks were interred in Henry the Seventh's chapel. He left no children and the title became extinct. By Mrs. Catherine Peg, Charles had also a daughter, who bore her mother's name and died young.

Charlotte Jemima Henrietta Maria Boyle, or Fitzroy, Countess of Yarmouth. Her mother, who had been mistress of Charles the Second abroad, was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Killegrew, and, after her frailty, wife of Francis Boyle Viscount Shannon. The subject of the present notice became first the wife of James Howard, grandson to the Earl of Suffolk, (by whom she had one child, Stuarta Howard, who was afterwards a

Maid of Honour to Queen Mary, and died unmarried in 1706); and afterwards of William, son and heir of Sir Robert Paston, a staunch cavalier, created by Charles the Second Baron Paston and Viscount Yarmouth, August 19th, 1673, and Earl of Yarmouth July 30th, 1679. By her second husband, who died in 1682, she had three sons, who died without male issue, and two daughters. The Countess died July 28th, 1684, at her house in Pall Mall, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Anne Fitzroy, or Palmer, Countess of Sussex, eldest daughter of the Duchess of Cleveland by her royal lover, was born 29th February 1662. She married, at the age of twelve, Thomas Lennard, fifteenth Lord Dacre, created, 5th October 1674, by Charles the Second, Earl of Sussex; a popular but extravagant man. If we may judge from the following extract of a letter from her mother to Charles, dated "Paris Tuesday the 28th 1678," she must have been nearly as imperious as her beautiful parent. "I was never," says the Duchess, "so surprised in my whole life-time as I was at my coming hither, to find my Lady Sussex gone from my house and monastery where I left her, and this letter from her, which I here send you the copy of. I never in my whole life-time heard of such government of herself as she has had since I went into England. She has never been in the monastery two days together, but every

day gone out with the Ambassador,* and has often lain four days together at my house, and sent for her meat to the Ambassador; he being always with her till five o'clock in the morning, they two shut up together alone, and would not let my *maitre d'hôtel* wait, nor any of my servants, only the Ambassador's. This has made so great a noise at Paris, that she is now the whole discourse. I am so much afflicted that I can hardly write this for crying, to see a child that I doted on as I did on her, should make me so ill a return, and join with the worst of men to ruin me." Lady Sussex died 16th May 1721, having had issue by her husband two sons who died young, and two daughters, of whom Anne, the youngest, became sole heir to her father, and Baroness Dacre in her own right.

Charlotte Fitzroy Countess of Litchfield, a younger sister of the Countess of Sussex, and of the same illustrious parentage. She was born 5th September 1664, and at the age of thirteen married Sir Edward Henry Lee, Baronet, of Ditchley in Oxfordshire, created, 5th June 1674, Baron of Spelsbury, Viscount Quarendon, and Earl of Litchfield, by whom she had thirteen sons and five daughters. We know little of her but her beauty. She died 17th February 1718.

Mary Tudor Countess of Derwentwater,

* Ralph Montague, afterwards Duke of Montague. He died 7th March 1709.

daughter of King Charles by Mary Davis, a handsome actress, was born 16th October 1673. She married, when only fourteen, Francis, son and heir of Francis Radcliffe, first Earl of Derwentwater, by whom she was the mother of the ill-fated James Radcliffe, third Earl of Derwentwater, beheaded for his share in the rebellion of 1715. After the death of her first husband she married Henry Graham, Esquire, M.P. for Westmoreland, who died in 1707; and thirdly N. Rooke, Esquire, son and heir of Brigadier-general Rooke. The period of her death is nowhere recorded.

Barbara Fitzroy, youngest daughter of the Duchess of Cleveland, was born 16th July 1672. The King acknowledged her in public but disavowed her in private. She became a nun in the English Nunnery of Pontoise in France.

It must be remarked that the Duchess's husband, Lord Castlemaine, believed her to be his daughter, and bequeathed her his estate. Lord Chesterfield, whom she is said to have resembled in her features, was another claimant for the honour of giving her birth; Charles, however, insisted on acknowledging her as his child.

Mary Walters, daughter of the beautiful Lucy Walters or Barlow, and sister of the Duke of Monmouth. She was the reputed child of Charles the Second, but her mother proved so notoriously

unfaithful, that he refused to acknowledge her child as his daughter. She married first, William Sarsfield, Esquire, elder brother of Patrick Earl of Lucan; and afterwards William Fanshawe, Esquire, Master of the Requests to Charles the Second. She died in April 1693, leaving issue by her last husband one son and four daughters.

MARY VILLIERS,

DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

Her Accomplishments and splendid Fortunes — she is weaned without the King's Permission. — Curious Letter addressed by her Mother to King James — her almost infantine Marriage — Death of her young Husband — her narrow Escape from being shot — her second Marriage (to the Duke of Richmond).—Character of the Duke.—The Duchess's third Marriage (to Thomas Howard) — her Position at the Court of Charles II. — sides with Nell Gwynn against the Duchess of Portsmouth — introduces her Niece to the King — lampooned by Rochester—her Death.

Of one whose fortunes were so splendid, whose wit is said to have been agreeable, and whose charms were the envy of her contemporaries, it is extraordinary so little should be known. She was the eldest child of George Villiers Duke of Buckingham, the great favourite, and was born in 1623.

The following letter from her mother to King James the First, excusing herself for weaning her infant without his Majesty's permission, is too curious to be omitted.

" May it please your Majesty,

" I have received the two boxes of dried plums and grapes, and the box of violet cakes, and

chickens; for all which I most humbly thank your Majesty.

"I hope my Lord Annan has told your Majesty that I did mean to wean Mall very shortly. I would not by any means have done it, till I had first made your Majesty acquainted with it; and by reason my cousin Bret's boy has been ill of late, for fear she should grieve and spill her milk, makes me very desirous to wean her; and I think she is old enough, and I hope will endure her weaning very well; for I think there was never child cared less for the breast than she does; so I do intend to make trial this night how she will endure it. This day, praying for your Majesty's health and long life, I humbly take my leave,

"Your Majesty's most humble servant,

"K. Buckingham."*

On the 8th of January 1634, when but eleven years old, she was married to Charles Lord Herbert, eldest son of the "memorable simpleton," Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery: on that day Archbishop Laud made the following entry in his diary,—"January 8th. I married the Lord Charles Herbert and the Lady Mary, daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, in the closet at Whitehall." The event is celebrated by Davenant in some indifferent verses. The marriage was private, and had been hurried by her mother, the

* Dalrymple's Memorials, p. 179.

little lady, having formed a childish and inconvenient attachment for Philip Herbert, a younger brother of her future husband; but the Duchess, her mother, we are told, "chid her out of that humour,"* and the feeling perhaps was as evanescent as her friends seem to have expected. At the express desire of Charles the First, she was educated in the family of that monarch, and became the playfellow of his children.

Her young husband dying at Florence the year after their union, though still almost an infant, she appeared at Court in her widow's weeds. In this singular costume she was much taken notice of, and her future loveliness was fondly predicted. Madame Dunois relates an agreeable anecdote of her childhood. "One day," says that lady, "she had climbed a tree in the King's little garden to gather some fruit. As nobody was permitted to come in there, this circumstance, together with her black garb and long veil, which spread over the twigs of the tree, made the King, who perceived her at a distance, imagine some strange bird had perched in the tree. Mr. Porter, a young courtier, and much in favour with the King, being a handsome person and extremely gallant and entertaining, was then with him. The King, knowing him to be an excellent marksman, pointed to what he supposed to be a large bird, and desired

* Letter from Mr. Garrard to Lord Wentworth, dated January 15th, 1634, Strafford Letters.

him to kill it. Mr. Porter, looking for some time towards the place, and finding the bird out of reach of his ball, told the King he would take his fusee, and in a moment bring him the butterfly. But he was ready to burst with laughing, when, approaching the tree, he discovered the Countess. She smiled at him with an innocent air, pelting him with the fruit she had gathered; whilst he took more particular notice than he ever had done before, of her beauty, the clearness of her skin, and the brightness of her eyes. Everything appeared infinitely charming to him, so that, when he reflected upon what design he was come thither, he could not forgive himself. Sometimes he looked upon her, then upon his fusee, without being able to speak one word for himself.

"'What have you there, Porter?' said she: 'what, can't you speak; are you bewitched?'—'Oh, madam!' he replied, 'did you know what brought me here, you would be sensible I have sufficient reason to be surprised: the King happening to espy you in the tree, and taking you for a bird, you may guess on what errand I was sent here.' — 'What,' cried she, 'to kill me?' —'Yes, to kill you, madam,' replied he: 'I promised to bring the King some of your feathers.'—'Ha, ha,' said she, laughing, 'you must be as good your word; we will play a merry game with him: I will put myself into a large hamper, and so be carried into his apartment.'

She sent him immediately for a hamper; and one of her gentlemen taking hold of it, and Mr. Porter of the other end, he told her a thousand pretty things as they went along, which she replied to with great vivacity. In this manner she passed her time pleasantly enough in the hamper, till Mr. Porter, presenting it to the King, told him he had the good fortune to take the butterfly alive; which was so beautiful, that had he killed it he should never have outlived it himself. His Majesty, eager to see it, opened the hamper, when the young Countess, clasping her arms about his neck, furnished matter for a most agreeable surprise. We must not wonder that she embraced the King in so familiar a way, for everybody knows they were bred up together, and that he looked upon her no otherwise than as his own sister. Ever since that time she has been known by the name of butterfly, and in several Courts of Europe, that name is oftener given her than her own title." Madame Dunois speaks of her in after life as "extremely beautiful, and of a mien and presence noble and majestic."

She was still extremely young when the King married her to his own relation, James Stuart Duke of Lennox, created, 8th of March 1641, Duke of Richmond, and a Knight of the Garter. "August 3rd, 1637," says Archbishop Laud in his Diary, "I married James Duke of Lennox to the Lady Mary Villiers, sole daughter to the Lord Duke of Buck-

ingham: the marriage was in my chapel at Lambeth, the day rainy, the King present." The Duke is well known from his subsequent services to Charles during the civil troubles. "He was a man," says Clarendon, "of very good parts and an excellent understanding; yet, which is no common infirmity, so diffident of himself, that he was sometimes led by men who judged much worse: he was of a great and haughty spirit, and so punctual in point of honour, that he never swerved a tittle." Dying in 1655, in middle age, he was denied the satisfaction of beholding the Restoration. His Duchess bore him one son, Esme Duke of Richmond, who died in 1660, without issue, and a daughter, Mary, married to Richard Butler, Earl of Arran.

The third and last husband of the Duchess of Richmond was a person who made no inconsiderable figure at the Court of Charles the Second. This was Thomas Howard, fourth son of Sir William Howard, and brother of Charles, first Earl of Carlisle. De Grammont says, "There was not a braver, nor a better-bred man in England: though he was of a modest demeanour, and his manners appeared gentle and pacific, no person was more spirited or more passionate." The discovery of his high spirit was made, unfortunately for his antagonist, by the famous lady-killer, Henry Jermyn. The latter had been fool enough to interfere in an intrigue, in which Howard

had entangled himself with Lady Shrewsbury. Howard instantly challenged him, and having wounded him in three places, left him on the field with little hopes of recovery. There was a Thomas Howard, Master of the Horse to the Princess of Orange, daughter of Charles the First, who figures in Thurloe's correspondence as a spy to Cromwell, and who was a successful lover of Lucy Walters: this person, however, would rather seem to have been a son of Theophilus Earl of Suffolk, though the identity is far from clear. The Duchess lost her third husband in 1678.

At the period of the Restoration, the Duchess of Richmond had somewhat passed the meridian of youth and beauty. Those charms, which should have dazzled the voluptuous Court of Charles the Second, and whose bloom should have been handed down to us on the canvass of Lely, had been wasted during the gloomy dominion of Cromwell. Her name but seldom figures in the gay annals of the time, and not till the Duchess of Portsmouth became the reigning sultana, do we find her mixing in its intrigues. In whatever circumstance her quarrel with that meddling beauty may have originated, it is certain that she endeavoured to undermine her in the affections of Charles. She not only sided with Nell Gwynn, the sworn enemy of the Duchess of Portsmouth, but even introduced to the King a niece of her last husband's, the bashful Miss Lawson, in hopes she

would detach him from her adversary. But some verses, which seem to have allusion to these circumstances, impute to her, in the decline of life, a far less excusable failing: — the lines occur in an abusive poem on Charles, attributed to Lord Rochester:

> Old Richmond, making thee a glorious punk,
> Shall twice a day with brandy now be drunk:
> Her brother Buckingham shall be restor'd,
> Nelly a countess, L—— be a lord.

The deficiency in the fourth line should probably be filled up with Lawson. The person meant seems to have been Sir John Lawson, Bart. of Brough, in Yorkshire, the father of the new beauty.

The Duchess died in 1685, in her sixty-third year, but the particulars of her dissolution are nowhere mentioned.

MARY FAIRFAX,

DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM.

A Follower of her Father's Camp when only Five years old — her Marriage with the reprobate Duke of Buckingham — her Character — mixes in the Intrigues of the Court. — Description of her Person — her Death and Burial.

This spiritless but amiable lady was the only daughter of Thomas Lord Fairfax, the celebrated parliamentary general. She was born in 1639. When only five years old she was a follower of her father's camp in the civil wars, a circumstance which is fondly dwelt upon by Fairfax in his Memoirs. At his retreat from Bradford, she underwent a journey of incredible length, seated the whole time before a maid-servant on horseback. According to the interesting account of her father, she fainted frequently during the retreat, and had the appearance of being on the point of death. At last the little sufferer was compelled to be left in a house by the road-side, under the care of her maid, — "with little hopes," adds her parent, "of my ever seeing her again."

On the 6th of September 1657, she had the misfortune to become the wife of George Villiers, the witty and reprobate Duke of Buckingham.

Brian Fairfax, in his life of her husband, styles her a virtuous and pious lady in a vicious court, and adds, that she lived "lovingly and decently" with her profligate lord. She certainly loved him and bore with his desertions and adulteries. "The Duchess of Buckingham," says Madame Dunois, "has merit and virtue. She is little, brown, and lean; but had she been the most beautiful of her sex, the being his wife would have been alone sufficient to have inspired him with dislike. Though she knew he was always intriguing, yet she never spoke of it, and had complaisance enough to entertain his mistresses, and even to lodge them in her house: and all this she suffered because she loved him." When, in 1666, a proclamation was issued for apprehending Buckingham on account of his conspiracy against the Government, we find her out-riding the serjeant-at-arms, and by a timely warning, affording an opportunity to her husband to escape. Buckingham, though he disliked her person, appears to have availed himself of her services whenever he required them.

As the Duchess willingly mingled in all the gay parties of the Court of Charles, her father's Presbyterian principles were probably anything but acceptable to her: on the other hand, scandal never tampered with her name. Probably, however, she partook in some degree of the prevailing passion for intrigue and manœuvre, as Pepys mentions her being one of the "committee" for inflaming the

King's attachment to Miss Stewart, and James the Second in his diary records an instance of her plotting. The latter writes, 18th April 1669 : " About this time Buckingham went to Newhall, to persuade the general [the Duke of Albemarle] to the breaking of parliament ; and to resign his post and accept that of the Admiralty. But Albemarle refused to consent to either. The Duchess of Buckingham and Lady Hervey met at the same time, to advise the Duchess of Albemarle to promote their views." Setting aside his infidelities, Buckingham is said to have been a civil and obliging husband.

De Grammont styles the Duchess of Buckingham a " short, fat body," a description borne out by the account of the old Lady de Longueville, who lived to be near a hundred years old, and who had seen her in her youth. Bishop Percy says in his MS. notes to Langbaine,—" The Viscountess de Longueville described her as a little round crumpled woman, very fond of finery. She remembered paying her a visit when the Duchess was in mourning, at which time she found her lying on a sofa, with a kind of loose robe over her, all edged or laced with gold."

The Duchess died in November 1705, at the age of sixty-six, and was buried in the vault of the Villiers' family, in Henry the Seventh's chapel at Westminster. She left her personal property to her kinswoman, Lady —— Hickman, one of the five sisters of the Earl of Plymouth.

BARBARA VILLIERS,

DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND.

Lineage of this Lady—her Marriage—joins the exiled Court with her Husband — made a Lady of the Bedchamber — her Intrigue with Lord Chesterfield — her Husband is raised to the Peerage — their Disagreements and final Separation. — Notice of her weak Husband. — Person of the Duchess — her Extragavance, and Addiction to Play — her Imperiousness, and Influence over the King. — Anecdotes.—Her insolence to Lord Clarendon—her Quarrel with Charles. — De Grammont mediates between them — her Intrigue with Henry Jermyn — with Hart the Actor — with Goodman the Actor — with Jacob Hall, the Rope-dancer — with William Wycherley, the Poet.—Notices and Anecdotes of these Persons. — The Duchess retires to France — her Intrigues in the French Capital.—Charles remonstrates with her on her Gallantries — her marriage with Beau Fielding — his harsh Treatment of her — her Death.

The story of this imperious beauty, though not without its moral, embraces a melancholy recital of infamy and vice. She was the sole daughter of William, second Viscount Grandison, who died at Oxford, in 1643, at the age of thirty, of wounds received at the siege of Bristol. Lord Clarendon, who dwells on his character with evident pleasure, describes him as faultless in person, romantic in valour, and uncorrupted in morals. He was buried at Christ Church, where, after the Restoration, his too celebrated daughter erected — out of the wages of her shame — a sumptuous monument to his memory. It was a strange tribute to a deceased father.

In 1658, at the age of eighteen, Barbara Villiers became the wife of Roger Palmer, Esq. a student of one of the Inns of Court, and heir to a large fortune. He figures through a long life as an author, a bigot, and a fool. The following year they joined the Court of Charles in the Low Countries, where the husband made himself acceptable by his loans, and the lady by her charms. Previous, however, to her becoming the wife of Palmer, Lord Chesterfield is said to have been her successful admirer, and indeed, was generally considered to be the father of Lady Sussex, her eldest child. Charles was afterwards jealous of this previous attachment, which, says de Grammont, "as neither of them denied it, was the more generally believed." At the Restoration she hastened to England, where, at the age of twenty, she found its sovereign her slave, and her beauty admitted to be the most faultless in the kingdom. The King quitted the general rejoicings, to pass in her society the first night of his return.

The arrival of a young Queen, which might have been expected to weaken the influence of the Duchess over her royal lover, appears, on the contrary, to have given it additional force. Charles, compelled to take part either with his wife or his mistress, unfortunately preferred her who had the most charms, and thus they were driven into a closer compact than before.

The manner in which the lady was forced into

the Queen's household has been related elsewhere. To effect this scandalous measure, or rather to confer on the royal mistress so considerable a post as that of a lady of the bed-chamber, it was necessary that her husband should be raised to the peerage. Accordingly, after a brief interval of real or affected hesitation, he condescended to reap the reward of his own shame, and, in 1662, accepted the title of Earl of Castlemaine, in Ireland. Hitherto the weak husband, whether from indifference or some lingering feelings of attachment, had continued in the neighbourhood of his disgrace, and one of his cold and casual encounters with his beautiful wife is thus graphically described by Pepys:—"That," he says, speaking of one of his visits to the Court, "which pleased me best, was my Lady Castlemaine standing over against us upon a piece of Whitehall. But methought it was strange to see her lord and her upon the same place, walking up and down without taking notice of one another: only, at first entry, he put off his hat, and she made him a very civil salute, but afterwards took no notice one of another: but both of them now and then would take their child, which the nurse held in her arms, and dandle it."

But a misunderstanding shortly took place, (originating, singular as it may appear, in a religious difference,) which effected their entire estrangement. The Earl, who was a Roman Catholic,

had insisted that one of his children, or rather one of his wife's, should be baptized in the communion of that faith. The lady had originally consented, but some days afterwards expressed her intention of having the infant christened by a Protestant clergyman. A dispute was the consequence, which ended in the Earl's retiring in great anger to the Continent. The lady, on her part, (carrying with her the whole of his money and jewels which she could lay her hands on,) anticipated him by removing to her brother's house at Richmond, where she could be nearer to Hampton Court and the King. Within a short time she was domesticated in apartments at Whitehall.

We will dismiss the unfortunate husband in a few words. During the raging of the Popish Plot, he was accused by Titus Oates of having conspired against the life of the King. According to this infamous witness, it was jealousy which led him to contemplate the crime, though the whole tenor of his conduct and character renders the circumstance improbable. He was a bigoted Catholic, and though acquitted at his trial, the charge of his having been implicated in a treasonable transaction appears not unfounded. Probably he owed his escape to his wife's connexion with the Court. Many were executed during that extraordinary period of excitement, against whom the evidence was less presumptive. On the accession of James, Lord Castlemaine was sent ambassador to the Papal

Court. His instructions were "to reconcile the kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland to the Holy See, from which, for more than an age, they had fallen off by heresy." Walpole says, "that the Pope received him with as little ceremony as his wife had done." However sanguine James and his ambassador might have been, his Holiness was fully alive, not only to the folly, but to the actual danger of the attempt. Castlemaine made himself ridiculous, and his zeal was even laughed at in the hot-bed of Catholicism. Whenever his lordship referred to the object of his mission, Innocent was invariably seized with such a fit of coughing that he was compelled to retire. At last his lordship discovered that he was laughed at, and threatened to take his departure.—"Only recommend him," was the Pope's reply, "to rise early, that he may rest at noon: it is dangerous in this country to travel in the heat of the day." The Earl, while at Rome, was splendidly entertained by the Jesuits, with whom his Holiness was on bad terms. After the Revolution he lived in retirement in Wales, where he died in July 1705.

We will return to his beautiful but erring wife, whom Reresby describes with enthusiasm as "the finest woman of her age." In the portrait of her, in the celebrated gallery of beauties at Hampton Court, the canvass is the mirror of her mind. It describes her as she really was, bold,

dazzling, and scornful. She is habited in the garb of Pallas, a comparison nearly as unfortunate as Dryden's resemblance of her to Cato, or the delineation of her as a Madonna at Dalkeith. She is said to have sat for a picture of the Virgin intended for a nunnery in France; but that the blasphemy was discovered by the holy sisters and the portrait indignantly returned.

Pepys' admiration for Lady Castlemaine, and the constant and glowing tributes in his memoirs to her surpassing beauty, very nearly approach the ludicrous. Her charms appear to have been dwelt upon by his own fire-side, and to have excited the uneasiness of Mrs. Pepys. Even the petticoats of the favourite, trimmed with lace, "it did him good," he says, "to look upon." Her figure must have been rather on a large scale. Pepys mentions her weighing with the King, when it was ascertained that she was heavier than her lover: she was, however, with child at the time.

Of the vast sums which were lavished on the proud beauty, and which supported her splendour in a starved Court, the following extract from a contemporary letter will enable us to form some conception. "They have signed and sealed," says the writer, "ten thousand pounds a year more to the Duchess of Cleveland; who has likewise near ten thousand pounds a year more out of the new farm of the county excise of beer and ale; five

thousand pounds a year out of the Post-office; and, they say, the reversion of all the King's leases, the reversion of all places in the Custom-house, the Green Wax, and indeed, what not! All promotions, spiritual and temporal, pass under her cognizance."* One year, we find the King conferring on her all the rich Christmas presents which he had received from his courtiers and the nobility, and at another time paying her debts, to the amount of thirty thousand pounds. She had the effrontery to petition for the Phœnix Park in Dublin, but it was necessary to set some bounds to her rapacity, and the request was refused. She usually appeared at Court with more jewels than were worn by the Queen and the Duchess of York together.

Her immense fortune was squandered principally at the gaming-table. Pepys says, in 1668, "I was told to-night that my Lady Castlemaine is so great a gamester, as to have won fifteen thousand pounds in one night, and lost twenty-five thousand in another night at play; and hath played a thousand pounds and fifteen hundred at a cast." The game was probably basset.

She maintained her dangerous influence over Charles for nearly ten years; and even at the expiration of that period, it was more her own folly and misconduct, than satiety on the part of Charles, which led to her disgrace. The King

* Andrew Marvell's Works, vol. ii. p. 75.

loved quiet;—above all things he dreaded domestic broils, and seemed alone to relish that easy and sauntering mode of living, of which freedom from care and restraint form the principal charm. On her part, she was perpetually teasing him with petty jealousies, or alarming him with tempests of rage. The King's recent connexion with Nell Gwynn and Mary Davis, while it plainly discovered his increasing indifference to his early mistress, in the same degree inflamed her jealousy and alarm. But from the time that Frances Stewart appeared at Court her influence perceptibly declined.

"The Duchess of Cleveland," says Burnet, "was a woman of great beauty, but most enormously vicious and ravenous; foolish but imperious, very uneasy to the King, and always carrying on intrigues with other men, while yet she pretended she was jealous of him. His passion for her, and her strange behaviour towards him, did so disorder him, that often he was not master of himself, nor capable of minding business, which, in so critical a time, required great application." But, as regards the nature of their intercourse, and the tenure by which the lady governed her lover—the King's early fascination—his subsequent relapse from tenderness to indifference—the daily recourse to menaces and tears—of these the pages of Pepys afford the most lively picture: the following agreeable notices are scattered through his diary.

"January 1662-3.—Mrs. Sarah tells us how the King sups at least four times every week with my Lady Castlemaine; and most often stays till the morning with her, and goes home through the garden all alone privately, and that so as the very sentries take notice of it and speak of it. She tells me, that about a month ago she quickened at my Lord Gerard's at dinner, and cried out that she was undone; and all the lords and men were fain to quit the room, and women called to help her."

"April 8th, 1663.—After dinner to the Hyde Park; at the park was the King, and in another coach my Lady Castlemaine, they greeting one another at every turn.

"April 25th, 1663.—I did hear that the Queen is much grieved of late at the King's neglecting her, he having not supped once with her this quarter of a year, and almost every night with my Lady Castlemaine, who hath been with him this St. George's feast at Windsor, and come home with him last night; and, which is more, they say is removed as to her bed from her own home to a chamber in Whitehall, next to the King's own."

"July 29th, 1667.—I was surprised at seeing Lady Castlemaine at Whitehall, having but newly heard the stories of the King and her being parted for ever. So I took Mr. Povy, who was there, aside, and he told me all,—how imperious this woman is, and hectors the King to whatever she will. It seems she is with child, and the King

says he did not get it: with that she made a slighting pugh with her mouth, and went out of the house, and never came in again till the King went to Sir Daniel Harvey's to pray her; and so she is come to-day, when one should think his mind would be full of some other cares, having but this morning broken up such a parliament with so much discontent and so many wants upon him, and but yesterday heard such a sermon against adultery. But it seems she hath told the King, that whoever did get it, he should own it. And the bottom of the quarrel is this:—She is fallen in love with young Jermyn, who hath of late been with her oftener than the King, and is now going to marry my Lady Falmouth: the King is mad at her entertaining Jermyn, and she is mad at Jermyn's going to marry from her, so they are all mad; and thus the kingdom is governed!"

"August 7th, 1667.—Though the King and my Lady Castlemaine are friends again, she is not at Whitehall, but at Sir Daniel Harvey's, whither the King goes to her; and he says she made him ask her forgiveness upon his knees, and promise to offend her no more so; and that, indeed, she did threaten to bring all his bastards to his closet-door, and hath nearly hectored him out of his wit."

"January 16th, 1668-9.—Povy tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is now in a higher command over

the King than ever,—not as a mistress, for she scorns him, but as a tyrant to command him."

From her violent temper and mischievous intrigues Charles was not the only sufferer. The solemn Clarendon, the dignified Ormond, and the virtuous Southampton, were alike objects of her ridicule and malevolence. Clarendon was her avowed enemy. He forbade his wife to visit her, and allowed no instrument to pass the great seal in which her name was inserted. Afterwards, when he had been deprived of his office, and was returning from the King's presence a disgraced man, the Duchess, being told that he was approaching, hastened to her window at Whitehall to insult him. "Madam," was his only reply, "if you live, *you will grow old.*" Lord Southampton, as long as he was in office, positively refused to admit her name on the Treasury books.

From the year 1668, though occasionally a visiter at Court, she ceased to have apartments at Whitehall. The manner, however, in which Charles eventually extricated himself from her toils is not altogether clear. Lord Dartmouth mentions his relation, William Legge, by desire of Charles, singing an insulting ballad to her, commencing,—

> Poor Allinda's growing old,
> Those charms are now no more, &c.

which, he says, she understood to be applied to herself.* However, her notorious infidelities af-

* Burnet, vol. i. p. 484, *note.*

forded Charles the best excuse for a separation. If she were as beautiful as a Helen, she had as many lovers as a Messalina. Her attachment for Henry Jermyn had already rendered the King sufficiently contemptible. —" Though his passion for her," says de Grammont, " was now greatly diminished, yet he did not think it consistent with his dignity, that a mistress, whom he had honoured with public distinction, and who still received a considerable support from him, should appear chained to the car of the most ridiculous conqueror that ever existed. His Majesty had frequently expostulated with the Countess upon this subject; but his expostulations were never attended to. It was in the last of these differences that he advised her rather to bestow her favours upon Jacob Hall, the rope-dancer, who was able to return them, than lavish her money upon Jermyn for nothing, as it would be more honourable for her to pass for the mistress of the one, than the very humble servant of the other. She was not proof against this raillery, and the impetuosity of her temper broke forth like lightning. She told him, that it very ill became him to throw out such reproaches against one, who, of all the women in England, deserved them the least; that he had never ceased quarrelling thus unjustly with her, ever since he had betrayed his own mean, low inclinations: that to gratify such a depraved taste as his, he wanted only such silly things as Stewart, Wells, and that pitiful, strolling actress, whom he

had lately introduced into their society. Floods of tears, from rage, generally accompanied these storms; after which, assuming the part of Medea, the scene closed with menaces of tearing her children in pieces, and setting his palace on fire. What course could he pursue with such an outrageous fury, who, beautiful as she was, resembled Medea less than her dragons, when she was in these transports." The affair ended by de Grammont being called in as a mediator. The differences on both sides were circumstantially detailed to him, and the Count drew up articles of agreement. It was stipulated, on the part of the King, that the lady should for ever abandon Jermyn; that she should consent to his banishment from Court, and that she should cease to storm against her rivals Miss Stewart and Miss Wells. Charles, in consideration of these concessions, consented to create her a Duchess, and to increase her pension. Accordingly, on the 3rd of August 1670, about a year after their reconciliation, she was created Duchess of Cleveland.

Had the frailty of this licentious woman proceeded no further than her intercourse with Charles; had she originally been captivated by his arts, and by the sight of a young and agreeable monarch a suppliant at her feet, there might be some palliation for her conduct. But pride itself was made subservient to her unruly passions; gratitude and self-interest were forgotten, and we find

Hart and Goodman, the actors, and even Jacob Hall, the rope-dancer, sharing her favours with the King. Respecting these persons it may be interesting to say a few words.

Hart, who had been a captain in the army during the civil wars, had attached himself to the King's company, and proved the best actor of his time: his most celebrated performance was in Othello. His intrigue with the royal mistress is alluded to by Pepys. "7th April, 1668, Mrs. Knipp* tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is mightily in love with Hart of their house; and he is much with her in private, and she goes to him and do give him many presents; and that the thing is most certain, and Beck Marshall only privy to it, and the means of bringing them together: which is a very odd thing, and by this means she is even with the King's love to Mrs. Davis." Hart quitted the stage in 1684, on the union of the King's company with that of the Duke of York.

Goodman was a younger man than Hart, and succeeded him in some of his characters. Colley Cibber mentions his having quitted the stage in 1690, when he himself appeared as the chaplain in Otway's "Orphan." "Goodman," he says, "who had now left the stage, often came to

* A married actress belonging to the King's company. The last trace of her occurs in 1677, when she acted in "The Wily False One."

a rehearsal for amusement, and having sat out the Orphan the day before, in a conversation with some of the principal actors, inquired what new young fellow that was, whom he had seen in the Chaplain? Upon which Montfort replied, 'That's he, behind you.' Goodman then turning about, looked earnestly at me, and after some pause, clapping me on the shoulder, rejoined, 'If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d—d.' The surprise of being commended by one who had been himself so eminent on the stage, and in so positive a manner, was more than I could support: in a word, it almost took away my breath; and, laugh if you please, fairly drew tears from my eyes."

Oldmixon relates a curious incident connected with Goodman's intrigue with the Duchess of Cleveland. "This woman," he says, "was so infamous in her amours, that she made no scruple of owning her lovers; among whom was Goodman the player, who so narrowly escaped the gallows some years after; and the fellow was so insolent upon it, that one night, when the Queen was at the theatre, and the curtain, as usual, was immediately ordered to be drawn up, Goodman cried, 'Is my duchess come?' and being answered, no, he swore terribly the curtain should not be drawn till the Duchess came, which was at the instant, and saved the affront to the Queen."

Of Jacob Hall little need be said. He was

remarkable for his professional agility, his handsome face, and the strength and elegance of his frame. The Duchess took him into favour and settled on him a pension. "Their intimacy," says De Grammont, "was celebrated in many a song, but she despised all these rumours and only appeared more handsome than before."

Churchill, afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough, and the handsomest man in the Court, was also a favoured lover. "He boasted," says De Grammont, "in all places of his good fortune, and the Duchess, who neither recommended to him circumspection in his behaviour nor in his conversation, did not seem to be in the least concerned at his indiscretion. Thus this intrigue had become a general topic in all companies, and occasioned a great variety of speculations and reasonings, when the Court arrived in London: some said she had already presented him Jermyn's pension and Jacob Hall's salary, because the merits and qualifications of both were united in his person." The Duke of Buckingham at last opened the King's eyes on the subject, and contrived that he himself should be a witness of his mistress's infidelity. Churchill escaped by leaping out of a window, but it did not prevent his being banished the Court.

The last person whom the Duchess honoured with her favours, previous to her separation from Charles, was William Wycherley, the gay and

handsome poet. Their coaches were one day passing each other in Pall Mall, when to his astonishment the Duchess thrust her head out of the carriage window, and exclaimed,—"You, Wycherley, you are a son of a ——." The poet was at first somewhat confused, but remembering the following stanza, in a song introduced into his "Love in a Wood,"—

> Where parents are slaves,
> Their brats cannot be any other;
> Great wits and great braves
> Have always a punk for their mother;

he considered it as a compliment to his wit, and immediately drove after her carriage into the park. Buckingham threatened to inform the King of their intimacy, but shortly afterwards, meeting Wycherley at the house of a friend, he was so charmed with his conversation, that he admitted him to his friendship, and assisted in making his fortune.

About the year 1670, the Duchess of Cleveland retired to France, where she principally resided during the remainder of her life. Until the period of Charles's death, she is stated to have paid but one visit to England, when she instantly received an order to return; Evelyn, however, mentions his seeing her at Whitehall in 1685, a few days before the death of Charles. At Paris, though her beauty survived but in reputation, she was not without lovers. The Chevalier de Chatillon, a French gen-

tleman, and Ralph Montagu, the English Ambassador, afterwards the first Duke of that name, were among her admirers. Burnet speaks of Montagu as "bewitched" with the discarded mistress; and her intrigue with Chatillon was so notorious, that Charles wrote to remonstrate with her on the subject. Either a feeling of jealousy still lurked in his mind, or he was unwilling to become a laughing-stock to the French Court. In a letter from the Duchess to her old lover, dated Paris, Tuesday the 28th, 1678, alluding to a letter which she had written to her French gallant, and which Charles either had or was about to obtain possession of, she thus writes: "The letter he [Sir Harry Tichborn] has, and I doubt not he has or will send it to you. Now all I have to say for myself is, that you know, as to love, one is no mistress of oneself, and that you ought not to be offended at me, since all things of this nature is at an end with you and I, so that I could do you no prejudice." — And she adds in the same letter,—"I promise you, that for my conduct it shall be such, as that you nor nobody shall have occasion to blame me. And I hope you will be just to what you said to me, which was at my house when you told me you had letters of mine; you said, 'Madam, all that I ask of you for your own sake is, live so for the future as to make the least noise you can, and I care not who you love.'"*

* Harris, vol. v. p. 372. From a copy among the Harleian MSS.

On the 25th of November 1705, in her sixty-sixth year, she united herself to Robert Fielding, better known as Beau Fielding, a man of broken fortunes and indifferent character, but as handsome as any of her early lovers. His conduct to her was so brutal that she was compelled to claim the protection of the law. Fortunately for her, it was discovered that he was the husband of another. This person was one Mary Wadsworth, who had assumed the name and character of Mrs. Deleau, an heiress of the period, and had deceived Fielding into marrying her. He was prosecuted and found guilty of bigamy, but was afterwards pardoned. The particulars, which are extremely curious, will be found at length in the State Trials. Fielding is also the hero of Steele's Papers in "The Tatler," Nos. 50 and 51, entitled the History of Orlando the Fair.

The Duchess died at her house at Chiswick, of a dropsy, 9th October 1709. She has been mentioned as the patron of Dryden, but had Flecknoe, Shadwell, or any other of his less gifted contemporaries, been the fashion of the day, they would probably have been similarly distinguished. She had been converted to the Roman Catholic religion, but at what period, and under what circumstances, is equally unimportant and obscure.

LOUISE DE QUÉROUALLE,

DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

Accompanies the Duchess of Orleans to England. — Charles is fascinated by her Beauty. — Lineage of this Lady — her Connection with the political Intrigues of the Period — her baneful Influence over the King — Honours conferred upon her — her Avarice — her splendid Apartments at Whitehall — Description of her Person. — Lampoons of the Period. — The Duchess supposed to be married to Charles — she is avoided by the ancient Nobility — intrigues with Lord Danby and the Prior of Vendôme — her Distress at the Death of Charles — she retires to France — her old Age, and Death.

When it was the policy of Louis the Fourteenth to detach the Court of England from the Triple League, he is well known to have selected the charming Duchess of Orleans, the favourite sister of Charles, to persuade him to that disgraceful measure. To any other monarch he would have despatched a Sully or a Richelieu: to Charles he sent a brilliant embassy of gay men and beautiful women, accompanied by the trappings of pleasure and the promise of gold. "Louis," says Hume, "in order to fix him in the French interests, resolved to bind him by the ties of pleasure, the only ones which with him were irresistible; and he made him a present of a French mistress, by

whose means he hoped for the future to govern him." We need scarcely add that Mademoiselle de Quéroualle was the person alluded to by Hume. She was about five-and-twenty, when, in 1670, she appeared in the train of the Duchess of Orleans at the English Court: her manners were fascinating, her wit agreeable, and her face beautiful. Charles was struck with her accomplishments, and Buckingham and the enemies of the Duchess of Cleveland assisting with their intrigues, she shortly became the professed mistress of the easy Monarch. The Peerages style her the Lady Louise Renée de Penencovet de Quéroualle, but this long list of names was shortly abbreviated by the English into the single and familiar one of Carwell. Little is known of her origin and early history, but that she was descended from a noble family in Lower Brittany, and that she had been taken from a convent to be maid of honour to the Duchess. On her accepting the proposals of Charles she received the same appointment to his Queen. Her arrival in England was celebrated both by Dryden and St. Evremond; by the former in dull, and by the latter in indecent verse.

From this period we find her a spy on the actions of Charles; a mischievous meddler in the English Court; a promoter of French interests, and of English debasement and disorders. There is no dishonest transaction—no profligate political intrigue which disgraced the last years of this

unhappy reign, in which she does not appear as a principal mover. The King's acceptance of a pension from France; the disgraceful engagements with that country; the crusade against parliaments; and the treachery to the Dutch, were alike hatched in her closet and fostered under her influence. Thus could a trifler and a beauty sway the destinies of Europe. With a head teeming with politics, and a heart with the love of pleasure, the intriguing Frenchwoman was as much detested by the nation as she was beloved by the King. Charles continued more constant to her than to any of his other mistresses, and she duped and enchanted him to the end. According to Andrew Marvell, who thus deprecates her influence,—

> That Carwell, that incestuous punk,
> Made our most sacred Sovereign drunk;
> And drunk she let him give the buss,
> That still the kingdom's bound to curse.

On the 19th of August 1673, the King suddenly raised her to the highest honours in the land. He created her, by letters patent, Baroness of Petersfield, Countess of Farnham, and Duchess of Portsmouth, while the French King showed his gratitude by conferring on her the Duchy of Aubigny in France. Two years afterwards, in 1675, her young son by Charles was created Duke of Richmond and Lennox.

To these honours were added pensions and profits sufficient to beggar a far wealthier Court than

that of Charles. In a pasquinade, printed in 1680, and entitled "Articles of High Treason against the Duchess of Portsmouth," among other grave charges, (such as an intention to subvert the government of Church and State, and to restore tyranny and the Pope,) she is accused of having introduced a general corruption, and of having profited by the sale of every place of trust and emolument in the gift of the Court. It is even said, that when Lord Ossory was sent by Charles to Madrid, in order to present his niece, the young Queen of Spain, with jewels valued at fifteen thousand pounds, the Duchess caused Lord Ossory's services to be dispensed with, and prevailed on her lover to bestow the jewels on herself. In the notes to Howell's State Trials, she is stated to have refused a hundred thousand pounds to procure the pardon of the celebrated Lord Russell. As no authority, however, is produced, and as the rejection of so splendid a bribe is opposed to all our preconceived notions of her character, the story may reasonably be doubted.

According to Evelyn, the apartments of the Duchess of Portsmouth at Whitehall had ten times the "richness and glory" of the Queen's. An account of a morning visit which he paid to them in 1683, in company with the King, is amusingly detailed in his diary. "Following his Majesty," he says, "through the gallery, I went with the few who attended him, into the Duchess of Portsmouth's

dressing-room within her bed-chamber, where she was in her morning loose garment, her maids combing, newly out of her bed, his Majesty and the gallants standing about her: but that which engaged my curiosity was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartment, now twice or thrice pulled down and rebuilt to satisfy her prodigal and expensive pleasures, while her Majesty's does not exceed some gentlemen's wives in furniture and accommodation. Here I saw the new fabric of French tapestry, for design, tenderness of work, and incomparable imitation of the best paintings, beyond anything I had ever beheld. Some pieces had Versailles, St. Germains, and other palaces of the French King, with huntings, figures, and landscapes, exotic fowls, and all to the life, rarely done. Then for japan cabinets, screens, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, tables, stands, chimney furniture, sconces, branches, braseras, &c., all of massive silver, and out of number; besides some of his Majesty's best paintings. Surfeiting of this, I dined at Sir Stephen Fox's, and went contented home to my poor but quiet villa. What contentment can there be in the riches and splendour of this world, purchased with vice and dishonour!" These splendid apartments had been three times rebuilt for a whim. They were eventually destroyed by fire in 1691.

The countenance of the Duchess of Portsmouth, though undoubtedly beautiful, possessed the worst

of all faults, a want of expression. Evelyn says, in his opinion she had a "simple baby face," and in a poem of the time we find :—

> That baby face of thine, and those black eyes,
> Methinks should ne'er a hero's love surprise;
> None, that had eyes, e'er saw in that French face
> O'ermuch of beauty, form, or comely grace.

Another contemporary, Reresby, speaks of her merely as "a very fine woman."

Horace Walpole mentions a portrait of her, which he says was once in the royal collection, in which, in the character of Iphigenia, and Charles in that of Cymon, they are made to illustrate the beautiful lines in Dryden's poems:—

> Where, in a plain defended by a wood,
> Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
> By which an alabaster fountain stood:
> And on the margin of the fount was laid,
> Attended, by her slaves, a sleeping maid.

Another picture of her by Sir Peter Lely, in which the royal mistress and her infant son the Duke of Richmond are represented as the Madonna and Child, was painted for a convent of nuns in France. Is it possible that indecorum or blasphemy could proceed to greater lengths !

The beauty, however, which captivated Charles, appears occasionally to have been called in question by his less gallant subjects. In 1682 the following lines are said to have been written under her portrait; but she had now passed the meridian of beauty.

Who can on this picture look,
And not strait be wonder-struck,
That such a sneaking dowdy thing
Should make a beggar of a king!
Three happy nations turn to tears,
And all their former love to fears.
Ruin the great, and raise the small,
Yet will by turns betray them all.
Lowly born, and meanly bred,
Yet of this nation is the head:
For half Whitehall make her their court,
Though th' other half make her their sport.
Monmouth's tamer, Jeffery's advance,
Foe to England, spy to France;
False, and foolish, proud and bold,
Ugly, as you see, and old:
In a word, her mighty grace
Is —— in all things but her face.

In a little work, published shortly after the death of Charles, and purporting to be a secret history of his reign, it is asserted that the Duchess was actually married to her royal lover by the Common Prayer book, and according to the ceremonies of the church of England. As Queen Catherine was still alive, this must have been done to satisfy the lady's conscience. "Upon a Lord Mayor's day," says the author of the story, "being at Mr. Caton's in Cheapside, where the King usually stood, upon some discourse that brought it out, she cried, 'Me no ——; if me thought me were a ——, me would cut mine own throat.'" In a pasquinade also, already referred to, we find the twentieth Article of High

Treason inserted as follows: — "That she has, by her creatures and friends, given out and whispered abroad, that she was married to his Majesty, and that her son, the Duke of Richmond, is his Majesty's legitimate son, and consequently Prince of Wales, his health being frequently drunk by her and her creatures in her night debauches and merry meetings, to the great dishonour and reflection of his Majesty, and the manifest peril and danger of these kingdoms." It is certain, that, in order to gain her over to his interests, the unprincipled Shaftesbury flattered her with hopes of her son's succeeding to the throne.

Supposing that this silly marriage really took place, it failed in procuring for her the countenance of such of the old nobility as stood aloof from the vices and frivolities of the Court of Charles, — an object, singular as it may appear, which she seems to have had deeply at heart. She once sent a message to the high-principled Duchess of Ormond, that she would dine with her on a particular day. The Duchess made no objection to receive her, but sent her two grand-daughters out of the house. When they sat down to table, the only other guest was the family chaplain.

From the fate of the Duchess of Cleveland she seems to have learned wisdom. Instead of storming her easy lover into compliance as did her

imperious predecessor, she enslaved him by the usual arts of her sex; and by means of tears, jealousies, affectations of sickness and real caprice, wound herself securely round his heart. The kind feeling which Charles ever bore towards the merry and warm-hearted Nell Gwynn, appears to have caused her some uneasiness. But otherwise she had little reason to complain: her influence over the heart and the politics of the King continued unshaken to the last, and as she was the longest, so was she the latest passion of Charles. As she was forty years of age at the time of her death, she must have been gifted with other powers of pleasing besides beauty. Burnet mentions her uneasiness, on hearing that Louis the Fourteenth had sent away his mistress, Madame Montespan, on account of religious scruples, and that he had afterwards taken the sacrament. Charles, however, was unlikely to sacrifice his pleasures to his principles, and it must have been a stretch of imagination to have imagined him a devotee.

Though apparently attached to the person of Charles, it did not prevent her from being unfaithful to him. Lord Danby, who possessed advantages of person and fortune, and the gallant and handsome Grand Prior of Vendôme,—the soldier, the statesman, and the priest,— were believed to have shared her favours with the King. Unlike the Duchess of Cleveland she was particu-

larly circumspect in her amours, and her infidelity seems to have been concealed from Charles. Unlike her predecessor in another respect, she was generally respectful to the Queen, with whom her appointment as lady of the bed-chamber constantly brought her in contact.

Charles spoke of her with great affection in his last moments, and his death seems to have cost her some tears. "I went," writes M. Barillon to Louis the Fourteenth, "to the apartments of the Duchess of Portsmouth. I found her overwhelmed with grief, the physicians having deprived her of all hope." James honoured her with a visit of condolence after the death of Charles.

Having now no tie to bind her to England, she retired with what money and jewels she had amassed, to her native country. Her former habits of splendour, and a fatal addiction to play, proved destructive to her fortunes, and she finally subsisted on a small pension from the French Government. Voltaire saw her at the age of seventy, and mentions, in his Siècle de Louis XIV. that years had but little impaired her beauty, and that her face was still lovely and her person commanding. Lady Sunderland speaks of her, in 1690, as "scandalous and poor," and some years afterwards we find her mentioned in the Memoirs of the Duc de Saint Simon, as very old, very penitent, and very poor — "*fort*

vieille, très convertie et pénitente, et très mal dans ses affaires."

The Duchess paid two visits to England after the death of Charles, once in 1699, and again in 1715, when she was presented to Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales. On the latter occasion she is said to have had the effrontery to apply for a pension to George the First. She turned devotee in her old age, and died at Aubigny in France, in November 1734, in her ninetieth year. Lee inscribed to her his two plays of Sophonisba and Gloriana. In his fulsome dedication to the latter play, "I pay," he says, "my adorations to your Grace, who are the most beautiful, as well in the bright appearances of body, as in the immortal splendours of an elevated soul."

She had a sister, Henriette de Quéroualle, who married Philip seventh Earl of Pembroke, who treated her brutally, but whom she had the good fortune to survive. This lady afterwards married the Marquis of Troy, and died in old age at Paris, 1st November 1728. Her only daughter, Lady Charlotte Herbert, became the wife of John Lord Jefferies, the only son of the merciless Judge.

HORTENSE MANCINI,

DUCHESS OF MAZARINE.

Character of the Duchess — her Lineage — Anecdotes connected with her early History — her Marriage with the Duke de Meilleraye — her extraordinary Character. — The Duchess institutes a Suit for a Separation — her wild Frolics — she flies from Paris in male Attire — her subsequent Adventures — arrives in England and becomes the Mistress of Charles the Second. — St. Evremond's Admiration of her Person and Talents — charming Society of her House at Chelsea. — Rochester lampoons her — her Poverty — her Death supposed to have been hastened by drinking strong Spirits — her body is seized by her Creditors. — St. Evremond's characteristic Lament.

The Duchess of Mazarine is undoubtedly the most remarkable woman who figures in the seraglio of Charles. In her youth she was considered the richest heiress, and the most beautiful woman in Europe. During his misfortunes Charles had been a suitor for her hand, but the offer being rejected by her uncle, the proud Cardinal, it is singular that she should afterwards have become his mistress, and have subsisted on his bounty. Her character was scarcely less extraordinary than her accomplishments. Wild, reckless, and without principle, she threw away her brilliant fortunes on a whim. Hazardous adventures and indelicate

fooleries were preferred to fair fame and substantial grandeur. With all her wit she became the scorn of fools; and finally, with wealth that had once appeared boundless, died impoverished and in exile, bequeathing nothing but a melancholy moral and a disgraceful name.

She was the daughter of Lorenzo Mancini, a nobleman of Rome, by Jeronima Mazarine, sister of the celebrated cardinal. She was born in 1647, and at the age of six years was sent into France to be educated. Her vivacity and love of frolic appear to have been early conspicuous. When a girl she used to amuse herself by throwing handfuls of gold out of the windows of the Mazarine palace in the French capital, for the mere pleasure of seeing the scrambles among the mob.

It would seem also that she early discovered an indifference to religion, a circumstance which was particularly displeasing to the cardinal. He once said to her, "If you will not attend mass for the sake of God, at least do it out of fear of the world." We may glean from a passage in her own memoirs, that there were reasons, even in early girlhood, why she should be vigilantly watched. "We lived at Lyons," she says, "in a room which looked into the market-place, the windows of which were low enough for any one to get in. Madame de Venelle, our governess, was so accustomed to her trade of watch-

ing us, that she rose even in her sleep to see what we were about. One night, as my sister lay asleep with her mouth open, Madame de Venelle, according to custom, coming to grope in the dark, happened to thrust her finger into her mouth. My sister, starting up, nearly made her teeth meet in the surprise. You may judge of the amazement of both, when they found themselves awake and in this posture. The next day the story was told to the King, and afforded the Court some amusement." The sister here alluded to, was Mary, afterwards married to Lorenzo Colonna, Constable of the Kingdom of Naples. She was the first passion of Louis the Fourteenth, and it was only the strong measures adopted by Cardinal Mazarine, who dreaded the vengeance of the princes of the blood, that prevented the young King from marrying her.

In 1660, at the age of thirteen, Hortense Mancini was married to Armand Charles de la Porte, Duke de Meilleraye and Mayenne, and a Peer of France. Her uncle had intended this nobleman for his niece Mary, but Meilleraye disappointed him by falling in love with her more beautiful sister. "If he did not marry her, he said, he was sure he should die in three months." The Cardinal at last gave his consent, on condition that Meilleraye and his heirs should adopt the name, title, and arms of Mazarine for ever. Mazarine

died the following year, bequeathing his niece, it was said, the almost incredible sum of one million six hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds sterling.

The character of the Duke de Meilleraye, or, as he was now called, the Duke de Mazarine, was little in unison with that of his young, beautiful, and hair-brained Duchess. He seems to have been a solemn fool, jealous of his wife, narrow-minded, ill-natured, and capricious. He was not only a devotee, but believed himself inspired, and his visions and revelations were the jest of the Court. To such an extent did he carry his devotional prejudices, that having taken under his charge an infant child of Madame de Richelieu, he forbade the nurse to give it suck on the fasting-days of the church. St. Evremond has a pleasant allusion to his nocturnal fancies. "Madame Mazarine," he says, "was very wretched. She used to long for the approach of night, which brings succour to the most unhappy by drowning the sense of their miseries. But even this comfort was denied her. No sooner had she closed her beautiful eyes, but Monsieur Mazarine, this amiable husband, wakes his best beloved, to make her partaker—you would never guess of what — to make her partaker of his midnight visions?" He adds in another place, "that nature has set reason and Monsieur Mazarine so far apart, that it is almost impossible they can ever come together."

The Duke is known to have laid down and published a code of rules, many of which are irresistibly ludicrous, but from their nature are unfit to be repeated. One of his practices was to make constant progresses to the large tracts of country which he possessed in different provinces: on these occasions he was accompanied by a numerous and motley train of enthusiasts, half ecclesiastics and half laymen.

With this strange personage the most self-willed and vivacious woman of her time continued to live peaceably for about six years, when she suddenly quitted her husband's house, and instituted a suit in the Courts of Law for a separation, and division of effects. Her principal objections to him, were his jealous disposition, his rigorous sanctity, his forcing her to accompany him on the most harassing journeys, even when on the eve of her confinement, and the large portion of her wealth which he squandered in alms. He had also insulted her by hinting at too intimate a familiarity with her own brother.

While her suit was pending, the Duchess, who was still only nineteen, retired to different convents, where her wild frolics and volatile behaviour excited the anger and astonishment of the peaceable nuns. Her companion was Madame de Courcelles, another married lady, young, gay, and handsome like herself. One of the pranks of these lively ladies was to mix ink with the

holy water, in order that the old nuns might black their faces when they crossed themselves. Another amusement was to wait till the dead of night, when they used to run through the sleeping-rooms of the holy sisterhood, with a number of small dogs yelling and barking at their heels. The Duchess herself refers to these frolics in her memoirs, though she insists that they were greatly exaggerated. "It is true, however," she says, "that we filled two great chests that were over the dormitory with water, and not perceiving the chinks in the floor, the water run through and wet the beds of the poor nuns: it is true also that on pretence of keeping us company, they never suffered us to be out of their sight. The oldest of the nuns, as being the most difficult to be bribed, was selected for this purpose; but as we had nothing to do but to run about, we soon tired them out, one after another, and one or two of them sprained their legs in endeavouring to give us chase."

Having succeeded in plaguing the poor nuns in whatever convent she entered, and her frolics being unpleasantly noised at Court, it was finally agreed that she should return to the palace of Mazarine, where the lady and her husband were to occupy separate apartments till the conclusion of the process. It happened that her brother, the Duke de Nevers, resided in the adjoining palace to that of Mazarine, and as her

actions were constantly watched when abroad, she caused a passage to be broken in the wall, by which means she could obtain access to her brother's apartments, at any hour either of the day or night. In a suit, which many years afterwards was instituted by the Duke de Mazarine for the recovery of his wife's person, his advocate, Monsieur Herard, dwells at some length on this circumstance: "Through this breach," he says, "she conveyed away all the plate and richest furniture of her apartments, which amounted to an immense value." It is fair to add, however, that the circumstance was solemnly denied in a published defence of the Duchess, and the amount of the valuables reduced to a single necklace.

Her suit was now drawing to a conclusion, and, it was evident, with slender hopes of success. As a decision in favour of her husband would invest him with increased conjugal powers, she determined to seek safety in flight. Accordingly, on the night of the 14th of June 1667, having pretended indisposition to her attendants, she shut herself up, with a favourite female domestic, in her own apartment. Their first step was to disguise themselves in male attire, in which costume they escaped through one of the gates of the city, and entered a carriage which awaited them. Her other attendants were a servant of her brother's, and a Monsieur Courbeville, who

had been prevailed on to accompany her, but whom she had never hitherto seen. The Chevalier de Rohan, one of the handsomest and most gallant men of the Court, and on whom she was supposed to have bestowed some favours, was also her companion during the first stages of her expedition. Her flight was not discovered till the following morning, when her husband instantly hastened to the King, and implored him to have her arrested on the frontiers: her progress, however, had been too rapid, and she had already passed them before the order arrived.

Her first flight was into Switzerland and thence to Italy. "We were known," she says, "in almost every place, to be women; Nannon, my maid, continuing still, through forgetfulness, to call me Madam. Whether from this reason, or that my face gave cause of suspicion, the people, when we had shut ourselves in, used to watch through the keyholes; by which means they discovered our long tresses, which, as soon as we were left at liberty, as they were extremely inconvenient under our perriwigs, we used gladly to untie. Nannon was particularly low in stature, and her figure was so ill adapted to man's apparel, that I could never look upon her without laughing."

It would be impossible to follow this strange lady in all her fantastic wanderings and adventures. During the following years she rambled

over most of the countries of Europe, "carrying with her," says Monsieur Mazarine's advocate, "her own and her husband's shame over the world." We may remark, however, that after a residence of some length at Rome, and after a series of accidents, in which she encountered rude soldiers and gallant cardinals, she again returned to France in disguise. This circumstance becoming known to her husband, and her liberty being in considerable danger, she removed hastily into Savoy, and after a residence of three years at Chamberry, fixed her thoughts upon England. She embarked at Rotterdam, and after a violent storm at sea which lasted five days, arrived in London in December 1678. Her beauty had remained unimpaired, and she was still only twenty-eight, when she commenced her manifestly preconcerted attack on the heart of Charles.

She shortly became a formidable rival to the Duchess of Portsmouth, then the reigning sultana. Charles was evidently captivated by her wit and beauty; he allowed her apartments in St. James's palace, and settled on her a pension of four thousand a year. Waller, although at the age of seventy, in his poem of the Triple Combat, celebrates her arrival in England with all the gallantry and spirit of his youth. The poem commences,—

> When through the world fair Mazarine had run,
> Bright as her fellow traveller, the sun;

Hither at length the Roman eagle flies,
As the last triumph of her conquering eyes.

Her triumph, however, was of short duration. She fell in love with the Prince de Monaco, then on a visit in England, and was as usual so reckless of consequences, that she made not the slightest attempt to conceal her partiality. Charles, naturally piqued, withdrew her pension from her, but it was afterwards goodnaturedly restored.

It is impossible to mention the name of the Duchess of Mazarine without coupling it with that of St. Evremond. That witty and accomplished person was then an exile in England, and hailed with delight the union with a spirit so congenial to his own. We cannot mistake the feeling with which he regarded her person. Her wit and beauty are the theme of all his writings, nor could he believe that charms so dazzling, and accomplishments so brilliant, could be obscured by a single fault. With the gallantry of his country, rather than the sobriety which became his years, he continued to extreme old age the homage which he had lavished on her in his youth. It survived to a period of life when passion should have been a stranger to the one, and flattery unacceptable to the other. The feeling only ceased with her death.

Of the octogenarian recollections of the Viscountess de Longueville, we have more than once taken advantage. Her father had a house in Pall

Mall, and she well remembered Monsieur de St. Evremond, "a little old man in his black silk coif," who used to be carried every morning by her window in a sedan chair to the house of the Duchess. He always took with him a pound of butter, made in his own little dairy, for her grace's breakfast.*

The house of the Duchess of Mazarine at Chelsea became the most remarkable of its time. Her saloons were the resort of the gay, the intellectual, and the beautiful: there were to be found the pleasures of the table combined with the charms of music, gaiety, and wit; the basset-table for those who loved gaming, conversation for the more social, and probably dancing for the young. "Freedom and discretion," says St. Evremond, "are equally to be found there. Every one is made more at home than in his own house, and treated with more respect than at Court. It is true there are frequent disputes there, but they are those of knowledge and not of anger. There is play there, but it is inconsiderable, and only practised for its amusement. You discover in no countenance the fear of losing, nor concern for what is lost. Some are so disinterested, that they are reproached for expressing joy when they lose, and regret when they win. Play is followed by the most excellent repasts in the world. There you will find whatever delicacy is brought from France, and whatever is curious

* Oldys, MS. notes to Langbaine.

from the Indies. Even the commonest meats have the rarest relish imparted to them. There is neither a plenty which gives a notion of extravagance, nor a frugality that discovers penury or meanness." — "Her guests," he adds, "see nothing but her. They never come soon enough, nor depart late enough: they go to bed with regret to have left her, and they rise with a desire to behold her again." The temple must indeed have been a habitable one, of which the Duchess of Mazarine was the deity, and St. Evremond the high-priest.

It is impossible to glance over the pages of that courtly writer, without catching a portion of his enthusiasm for the idol of his worship. There was in reality, however, no woman at the Court of Charles whose gallantries were more notorious, or whose intrigues were more unblushingly carried on. Rochester, in his "Farewell to Court," places her the first in his "Roll of infamy."

> Though on thy head grey hairs, like Ætna's snow,
> Are shed, thou'rt fire and brimstone all below:
> Thou monstrous thing, in whom at once do rage
> The flames of youth and impotence of age.

Evelyn mentions his seeing her at Whitehall, a few days before the death of Charles, when the King was "toying" with her and his other beautiful mistresses, Cleveland and Portsmouth. She was afterwards treated with kindness by King James, and was

not only well received at his Court, but it appears by a letter from the Princess of Denmark to her sister Mary, that she was invited to be present at the accouchement of his Queen.

The Duchess survived the Revolution, and met with civility at the gloomy Court of King William. During the last years of her life, her allowance from her husband having been withdrawn, she lived in poverty and even in distress. It appears by the parish books of Chelsea, that she was in arrears for the payment of her poor-rates, during the whole time she resided at that place.* The schedule of her debts which she sent to Paris amounts to 8,333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, and after her death her body was seized by her creditors. She died at her house at Chelsea, 2nd June 1699, in her fifty-third year. The event is noted by Evelyn in his Diary, a few days afterwards, 11th June 1699.—" Now died the famous Duchess of Mazarine: she had been the richest lady in Europe. She was niece to Cardinal Mazarine, and was married to the richest subject in Europe, as is said. She was born in Rome, educated in France, and was of extraordinary beauty and wit, but dissolute and impatient of matrimonial restraint, so as to be abandoned by her husband and banished, when she came into England for shelter, lived on a pension given her here, and is reported to have hastened her death by intemperate drinking strong spirits. She has

* Faulkner's History of Chelsea, vol. ii. p. 199.

written her own story and adventures, and so has her other extravagant sister, wife of the noble family of Colonna." St. Evremond frequently laments her in his writings, and sometimes in a very characteristic manner. In a letter to M. Silvester he writes: "Had the poor Duchess of Mazarine been alive, she would have had peaches, of which I should not have failed to have shared; she would have had truffles, which we should have eat together; not to mention the carps of Newhall. I must make up the loss of so many advantages, by the Sundays and Wednesdays of Montague House." Notwithstanding the apparently epicurean character of his attachment, from the time of her death St. Evremond is said never to have heard her name spoken without tears.

FRANCES STEWART,

DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

Her Lineage and foreign Education — De Grammont's Portrait of her. — Description of her by Pepys — her frivolous Tastes — the Duke of Buckingham and George Hamilton become her Lovers. — Romantic Attachments of Francis Digby and Rotier the Medallist. — Charles distracted by her Obduracy. — The Duke of Richmond declares himself her Suitor — discovered in her Apartment. — Rage of the King. — Elopes with, and is married to the Duke — returns to Court. —Charles boasts of her Favours over his Wine — disfigured by the Small-pox — Specimen of her Correspondence —her Death.

This beautiful but inanimate simpleton, who figures so conspicuously in the gay annals of the Court of Charles, was the daughter of Walter Stewart, son of Walter second Lord Blantyre. Her family had suffered for their loyalty during the civil troubles, and boasted a kind of Scotch relationship to the King.

Frances Theresa Stewart, their fair relative, was born about the year 1647. She was educated in France, whence, in 1662, she came over to England with her mother, in the train of the Queen Dowager, Henrietta Maria. As far as the graces of manner, and a taste for dress were concerned, she appears to have singularly benefitted by her foreign education. Of her early history we know

but little. Louis XIV, however, appears to have been an admirer of her person, and perhaps a candidate with Charles for her favours. There could be no other reason for his being desirous to detain a young lady at his Court, who possessed no other qualification but a very pretty face. Pepys tells us, on the authority of his friend Evelyn,—"The King of France would have had her mother, who is one of the most cunning women in the world, to have let her stay in France, saying that he loved her, not as a mistress, but as one that would marry as well as any lady in France." The Queen-mother, however, insisted on the young beauty accompanying her, and Louis presented her with a jewel when he bade her farewell. Shortly after her arrival in England, she was appointed maid of honour to Queen Catherine.

The feeling of Charles for "La Belle Stewart," seems to have approached nearer to what may be called love, than any other of his libertine attachments. It originated, probably, in his constantly meeting her in the apartments of the Duchess of Cleveland, who, little aware of the dangerous rival she was fostering, had early taken the new beauty into favour, and invited her to all her entertainments. Among other civilities she frequently detained Miss Stewart to pass the night in her apartment, and as it was the daily practice of Charles to visit his mistress before she rose, he constantly found them in bed together. His attachment was neither slow

in its progress, nor was it attempted to be concealed. "The King," writes Pepys in 1663, "is now become besotted with Miss Stewart, getting her into corners; and will be with her half an hour together, kissing her, to the observation of all the world; and she now stays by herself, and expects it, as my Lady Castlemaine did use to do." These, and still greater liberties, which she permitted to Charles, though they never proceeded to actual criminality, denote nevertheless an unpardonable want of modesty in this passionless coquette.

Count Hamilton has drawn the portrait of Miss Stewart with his usual happy art. "It was hardly possible," he says, "for a woman to have less wit or more beauty: all her features were fine and regular, but her shape was not good; yet she was slender, straight enough, and taller than the generality of women: she was very graceful, danced well, and spoke French better than her mother tongue: she was well-bred, and possessed in perfection that air of dress which is so much admired, and which is very rarely attained, unless acquired when young in France." On horseback she is described as peculiarly graceful and elegant; and we are indebted to Pepys for a graphic description of the return of a Court party after a ride, at which Charles and his Queen were present, but in which Miss Stewart presents the most prominent figure. "I followed them," he says, "into Whitehall, and into the

Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beauty and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Miss Stewart in this dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille*, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life." It was the same charm which captivated George Hamilton, when he presented her with his own heart and one of "the prettiest horses in England."

Unfortunately her head was as empty as its shape was classical; her amusements as frivolous as her face was beautiful; and, moreover, she had a habit of laughing immoderately at the merest trifle. Her favourite game was blind-man's buff; and Hamilton won her esteem by walking round the room with two lighted candles in his mouth, when Lord Carlingford could only perform the feat with one. Hamilton was remarkable for rather a large mouth; and Killegrew, who was in the room, likened it with some humour to a lantern. Another of her fancies was building castles with cards, a pastime with which she nightly amused herself while the largest sums were being lost in her apartments. She was surrounded on these occasions by the danglers of the Court, who of

course affected an interest in her folly, and supplied her with the cards.

No one could erect these paper castles with more dexterity than the Duke of Buckingham: he had also a fine voice; and, as the spoiled beauty delighted in his songs, he became a great favourite with her. A man who could captivate and suit himself to all societies, had little difficulty in charming Miss Stewart. His odd stories, his scandal, his mimicry, his powers of the ridiculous, rendered him so necessary to her happiness, that, whenever he kept away from the King's apartments, she used to send over the town to have him brought to her. At last Buckingham took advantage of her partiality to make love to her; he soon discovered, however, how little impression he had made on her heart, and indeed met with rather a disagreeable rebuff. George Hamilton, who pretended to be over head and ears in love with her, was scarcely more successful. She gave him, indeed, some encouragement; but, as it was evident she was only trifling with his weakness, De Grammont, who afterwards married his charming sister, contrived to laugh him out of his folly.

The attachment of Francis Digby, son of the Earl of Bristol, was more romantic. He is said to have been so affected by her indifference, as to have thrown away his life wantonly in the naval action with the Dutch in 1672. Dryden

wrote some indifferent verses on the occasion, which the Duke of Buckingham afterwards parodied, amusingly enough, in the Rehearsal.

The passion of Philip Rotier, the medallist, for *la belle Stewart* is well known. Walpole believes it to have been this person who, "being in love with the fair Mrs. Stewart, Duchess of Richmond, represented her likeness under the form of Britannia, on the reverse of a large coin with the King's head." Felton, in his notes on Waller, repeats nearly the same anecdote: he adds, too, "that so exact was the likeness, that no one who had ever seen her Grace could mistake who had sat for Britannia." Waller wrote some verses on the subject; but they rather tend to substantiate the truth of the story, than to raise the fame of the poet.

In the mean time, unaccustomed to be baffled in his pursuit of pleasure, Charles had become equally distracted by the coldness of his new mistress, and provoked by her obduracy. He once told her, in real anger, that he hoped to see her grow old and willing. But the silly beauty had at least sense enough to be alive to her own interests, and to prefer a substantial match to a splendid intrigue. Such, however, was her influence over the King, and so stubbornly did she resist his proposals, that it was even believed he had thoughts of divorcing the Queen, and marrying her maid of honour.

Latterly the attentions of the Duke of Richmond to Miss Stewart had caused great uneasiness to her royal lover. This nobleman was Charles Stuart, the fourth Duke of his family who had borne the title, and not very distantly related to the King. Though a drunkard, and in no manner eligible from any personal advantages, his high rank rendered him a formidable rival. However, Charles endeavoured to conceal his disquiet; and, under the pretence of a friendly interest in her worldly concerns, demanded so large a settlement from the Duke, whose affairs were in rather an indifferent plight, that he considered it would put a stop to his addresses. The lady still continuing to submit to the attentions of his rival, Charles offered to create her a Duchess; to settle on her a suitable estate; and to dismiss the Duchess of Cleveland, and the rest of his seraglio, for her sake. But she told him plainly that her reputation had already suffered too much by their intercourse; and, that unless she could bestow her hand in marriage without loss of time, her fair fame would be tarnished for ever.

With these views of propriety, the Duke of Richmond having made her a solemn offer of his hand, she determined to brave the anger of the King, and secure to herself a more honourable coronet. They were probably plotting the means of flight, when the Duchess of Cleveland, galled by the neglect of Charles, and furious at being

eclipsed by a younger rival, awakened the King as to the projects of "his angelic Stewart." Charles was returning in rather an ill humour from Miss Stewart's apartments, when his old mistress, with all the scornful bitterness of female jealousy and wounded pride, insultingly jeered him with being the dupe of his rival, and the laughing-stock of the Court: "Miss Stewart," she said, "had doubtless dismissed him from her apartment on the ground of affected indisposition, or some pretended scruples of delicacy; but he had only to return to her chamber, and he would find his happy rival, the Duke of Richmond, occupying his place." While Charles was hesitating how to act, the Duchess took him by the hand and drew him towards the spot. "Chiffinch," says De Grammont, "being in her interest, Miss Stewart could have no warning of the visit; and Babiani, who owed his all to the Duchess of Cleveland, and who served her admirably well upon this occasion, came and told her that the Duke of Richmond had just gone into Miss Stewart's chamber: it was in the middle of a little gallery, which, through a private door, led from the King's apartments to those of his mistresses. The Duchess of Cleveland wished him good night as he entered her rival's chamber, and retired in order to wait the issue of the adventure, of which Babiani, who attended the King, was charged to come and give her an account.

"It was near midnight. The King, in his

way, was met by his mistress's chambermaid, who respectfully opposed his entrance; and in a very low voice whispered his Majesty that Miss Stewart had been very ill since he left her; but that, being gone to bed, she was, God be thanked! in a very fine sleep. 'That I must see,' said the King, pushing her back, who had posted herself in his way. He found Miss Stewart in bed indeed, but far from being asleep: the Duke of Richmond was seated at her pillow, and in all probability was less inclined to sleep than herself. The confusion of the one party, and the rage of the other, were such as may be easily imagined upon such an occasion. The King, who of all men was one of the most mild and gentle, expressed his resentment to the Duke of Richmond in such terms as he had never before made use of. The Duke was speechless, and almost petrified: he saw his master and his King justly irritated. The first transports which rage inspires on such occasions are dangerous; Miss Stewart's window was very convenient for a sudden revenge, the Thames flowing close beneath it: he cast his eyes upon it, and seeing those of the King more inflamed with indignation than he thought his nature capable of, he made a profound bow, and retired without replying a single word to the torrent of reproaches and menaces that was poured upon him." The Duke retired from Court, but shortly afterwards

returned privately and carried off his prize. On a stormy night, in March 1667, Miss Stewart eloped from her apartments at Whitehall, and joined the Duke at a small inn in Westminster. They then fled on horseback into Surrey, where they were married the following morning by the Duke's chaplain. Their union, however, was not publicly declared till the subsequent month.

Nothing could exceed the anger of Charles when he discovered the flight of his idol. It was another of the very few instances when he permitted the excitement of the moment to outstep the bounds of politeness. According to Burnet, he was quitting her deserted apartment, having that moment heard the news of her elopement, when he encountered Lord Cornbury, who was on his way to pay her a visit. As this nobleman was the son of the great Lord Clarendon, (whom Charles well knew to have been principally instrumental in uniting his mistress with his rival,) he naturally regarded him as an accomplice in the conspiracy; especially finding him in such a juncture in so suspicious a place. Accordingly he heaped on him the harshest invectives, and refused to hear a word from Lord Cornbury in his defence. It was, however, to the credit of Charles that he granted him an interview at night, and listened to him with temper. The Duke of Richmond and his bride were immediately banished the Court, when the lady is said to have returned his Majesty his jewels.

The Duchess's explanation of her conduct, as it is detailed by Pepys, does her some credit. She told her friends, that, owing to scandal having made so free with her reputation, she had long resolved to accept the first gentleman with fifteen hundred a year who should make her an offer of his hand; that it would have been impossible for her to have remained longer at Court without yielding to the King's desires; and that, indeed, as far as dalliance went, she had already granted him more than he ought to have expected or than she should have conferred. She added, that now she was married, unless it were occasionally to kiss the Queen's hand, she intended altogether to absent herself from the Court; that she should cheerfully retire to her husband's seat in the country, where it would be her object to reclaim him from his vices, of which, however, she added, she had but slender hopes. Further, the Duchess denied having ever enriched herself by the influence of her charms. All, she said, that she had ever received at Court, was an allowance of seven hundred a year, out of the privy purse, for her clothes; a pearl necklace from the King, valued at eleven hundred pounds; and, latterly, some other jewels from his Majesty of less value. To these she added some trinkets, valued at eight hundred pounds, which she had received from the Duke of York when he was her Valentine; and a ring, worth about three hundred, from Lord Mandeville, who

had the honour of being her Valentine during the present year. Evelyn conceived her whole fortune, including these trinkets, to amount but to six thousand pounds.

Her laudable intentions of leading a domestic life were unfortunately not adhered to. She was shortly received into favour again, and, the year after her marriage, was appointed a lady of the bedchamber to Queen Catherine, with apartments in Somerset-house. From the time of her marriage, Charles, it is said, had no reason to complain of her want of complaisance; indeed, he was once so drunk, at a party at Lord Townshend's, as to boast to the Duke her husband of the favours which she had conferred on him. Unfortunately, two years after her marriage, she caught the small-pox, which almost entirely destroyed her surpassing loveliness. Charles showed her much kindness during her illness, and notwithstanding the disfigurement to her charms, treated her with the same attention as when her beauty was in its zenith. She was probably well received at the Court of James the Second, as we find her attending the Queen during her delivery in 1688, and signing the certificate before the Council of the disputed birth of the Prince of Wales.

The following original letter of the Duchess of Richmond, (addressed to Hyde Earl of Rochester, on his being appointed Lord High Treasurer,) is in the possession of the author. It is written in

clear, bold characters, and is principally remarkable as a specimen of her composition.

"My Lord, "Monday.

"Having been very ill these two days, and this morning being let blood in the jugular, I am not in a condition to wait upon my Lady Rochester, which else I should have done, and hoped then to have seen your lordship with the treasurer's staff, and which sight must needs have done me good, it being one of the things in this world that I have the most wished for. Therefore, my lord, you will pardon I hope the impatiency I have, which will not let me stay till I can see you, to wish you all the prosperity and happiness imaginable, and assure you of my being very zealously,

"My lord,

"Your lordship's most faithful, humble servant,

"F. Richmond and Lennox."

"For the Earl of Rochester,
Lord High Treasurer of England."

The Duchess, who bore her husband no children, was early left a widow; the Duke dying at Elsinore, (whither he had been sent as Ambassador to the Court of Denmark,) 12th December 1672.

The Duchess herself died 15th October 1702, after a widowhood of thirty years. The annals of Queen Anne's reign, after noticing her decease, observe that she died a Roman Catholic, and "very devout in her way." We will bring forward an-

other circumstance in her favour. Poor Lee, in dedicating to her his Theodosius, speaks warmly of her love of the drama, and her personal kindness to himself. She seems good-naturedly to have brought the Duchess of York to the theatre on his benefit-night; a circumstance which probably filled the house and his own pockets, for Lee himself styles it "a poet's subsistence for a year." The Duchess left a considerable fortune, which, with the exception of some annuities to her cats, she bequeathed to her nephew, Alexander, fifth Lord Blantyre, who died in 1704. Agreeably with her last injunctions, an estate was purchased in East Lothian, and named, by her own desire, "Lennox-Love to Blantyre." The property fixed upon had been the residence of Secretary Maitland, and a spot near the house still bears the name of the "Politician's Walk." The Duchess's gold dressing-case, as well as her watch and seal, are still in the possession of the present Lord Blantyre at Lennox-Love.

FRANCES JENNINGS,

DUCHESS OF TYRCONNEL.

Her Beauty and Wit — the Duke of York a Candidate for her Favours — she makes him appear ridiculous before the Court — the King equally unsuccessful in his Addresses — her wild Frolic in the Character of an Orange-girl—her different Lovers — her Marriage with George Hamilton — her second Marriage (with the Duke of Tyrconnel) —Apocryphal Story of her Poverty after the Death of the Duke. — Distressing Circumstances attending her Dissolution — Inscription to her Memory in the Scotch College at Paris.

ANOTHER beautiful coquette, who lived when female loveliness was more marketable, and created more duchesses than at present. She was the daughter of Richard Jennings, Esquire, of Sundridge in Hertfordshire, and elder sister of Sarah, the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough. About the year 1664, she became maid of honour to Anne Hyde, Duchess of York. At the libertine Court of Charles, few are described as more charming, or, comparatively speaking, as conducting themselves with more propriety.

"Miss Jennings," says Count Hamilton, "adorned with all the blooming treasures of youth, had the fairest and brightest complexion that ever was

seen: her hair was of a most beauteous flaxen; there was something particularly lively and animated in her countenance, which entirely did away with that appearance of insipidity which is frequently an attendant on a complexion so extremely fair. Her mouth was not the smallest, but it was the handsomest mouth in the world. Nature had endowed her with all those charms which cannot be expressed, and the Graces had given the finish to them. The turn of her face was exquisitely fine, and her swelling neck was as fair and as bright as her face. In a word, her person gave the idea of Aurora, or the goddess of spring, 'such as youthful poets fancy when they love.' With so agreeable a person she united a fund of wit and sprightliness, and a carriage easy and unaffected. Her conversation was bewitching when she had a mind to please; piercing and delicate when disposed to raillery; but, as her imagination was subject to flights, and as she began to speak frequently before she had done thinking, her expressions did not always convey what she wished; sometimes exceeding, and at others falling short of her ideas."

The Duke of York, who looked upon his wife's maids of honour as his own property, did all in his power to overcome any virtuous scruples which might have accompanied this charming young lady to his brother's Court. But all his attempts were ineffectual. "Her eyes," adds the same agreeable

authority, " were always wandering on other objects when those of his Royal Highness were in search of them; and if by chance he caught any casual glance, she did not even blush. This made him resolve to change his manner of attack: ogling having proved ineffectual, he took an opportunity to speak to her; and this was still worse. I know not in what strain he told his case; but it is certain that the oratory of the tongue was not more prevailing than the eloquence of his eyes." The eloquence of the pen, however, still remained to be tried: " every day, billets, containing the tenderest expressions, and the most magnificent promises, were slipped into her pockets or into her muff. This, however, could not be done unperceived; and the malicious little gipsy took care that those who saw them slip in, should likewise see them fall out, unperused and unopened. She only shook her muff, or pulled out her handkerchief; and, as soon as his back was turned, his billets fell about her like hail-stones, and whoever pleased might pick them up."

The reputation of so much obduracy, and of so many charms, reached the ear of Charles. He had no very favourable opinion of female virtue, and imagined that his brother had failed from want of knowledge of the sex. Miss Jennings was fond of admiration, and, as the sight of a gay and agreeable monarch prostrate at her feet must have been rather a dangerous triumph to one so young, the

King might in all probability have succeeded in his attempt. However, Miss Stewart interfered, and Charles returned to a slavery even more enchanting.

While the beauty and unusual propriety of the new-comer were still attracting the attention of the Court, the giddy girl was indiscreet enough to embark in a wild frolic, from which her reputation very narrowly escaped. The adventure we allude to was much canvassed at the time, and we find it recorded among the gossip of Pepys. "What mad freaks," he says, "the maids of honour at Court have! That Mrs. Jennings, one of the Duchess's maids, the other day dressed herself like an orange wench, and went up and down and cried oranges; till, falling down, or by some accident, her fine shoes were discovered, and she put to a great deal of shame." The particulars of the adventure are well known, but will perhaps bear repetition.

Rochester, then in disgrace at Court, was consoling himself for the King's displeasure, by performing, in an obscure corner of the city, the character of a German empiric and fortune-teller. The success of his celebrated frolic is well known. His fame, which at first had been merely local, had gradually spread itself abroad, and at last reached the ears of the Court. Rochester was equally well acquainted with the scandal of the day, and with the persons and characters of those

who figured in it; and having recognised one or two of the female attendants of the maids of honour, who had eagerly flocked to consult him, he sent them back sufficiently amazed at his superhuman powers, to excite the curiosity of their mistresses. Accordingly, in a masquerading, and still more in a superstitious age, it was not unnatural that many a fair lady, under the protection of the then fashionable mask, should have sought to dive into futurity by means of the German mountebank.

Among those, whose curiosity was thus excited, were Miss Jennings and Miss Price; the latter, a young lady of indifferent reputation, who had formerly been a maid of honour to the Duchess. Miss Jennings, young and indiscreet, believing that as long as she preserved her virtue, it mattered little how she obtained amusement, easily enlisted her friend in her mad schemes. Accordingly, having provided themselves with the dresses of orange-girls, (a garb usually worn by the least reputable members of society,) they issued from St. James's Palace, and crossing the park on foot, entered a hackney-coach at Whitehall.

They had nearly reached the theatre, where they knew the Duchess to be in person, when Miss Price had the imprudence to propose their joining the real orange-girls and selling their fruit in the face of the Court. As they entered the theatre, they encountered "the handsome Sydney," who

was just then alighting from his carriage. Miss Price offered him her basket; but the dandy, either lost in the contemplation of his own charms, or of those of his mistress the Duchess of York, took no notice of the masqueraders. Their next adventure was with Killegrew, to whom Miss Jennings timidly held out her basket, while the other in the cant language of the place, requested him to buy "her fine oranges." The challenge was met by the libertine in a manner that might have been expected. Turning to Miss Price, — "Not now," he said, "but if you will bring this young girl to my lodgings to-morrow morning, I will make it worth to you all the oranges in London." He even suited his action to the meaning of his words, and showed his admiration of Miss Jennings in so rude a manner, as to bring the blush to her cheek and the fire to her eye. Killegrew gave a hearty laugh at the absurdity of the virtue of an orange-girl, while Miss Price hastily dragged away her friend, whom terror and indignation had rendered nearly powerless.

Their fright, however, was not sufficient to prevent their pursuing the frolic of the evening. They entered another hackney-coach; and, having proceeded within a few doors of the fortune-teller's, were about to alight, when, to their consternation, they encountered a far more dangerous person than Killegrew. This was the immoral and lascivious Brouncker, who had been

dining with a merchant in the neighbourhood, whose house he had just quitted, when the novelty of two orange-girls in a hackney-coach attracted his attention. Perceiving themselves to be objects of curiosity to so dangerous a libertine, they desired their coachman to drive on, and to put them down in some other part of the street. But Brouncker still followed, and his astonishment was not a little increased, when, on the pretty foot and ankle which alighted from the vehicle, he perceived a pair of shoes and stockings whose quality was singularly at variance with the rest of the costume. Pushing forward so as to arrest their progress, he drew Miss Price aside; and making her an offer of his purse, addressed to her pretty nearly the same proposals which had previously escaped from his friend Killegrew. In the mean time, having contrived to obtain a glimpse of their faces, which they vainly endeavoured to conceal from him, he instantly recognized them both, and naturally formed the worst conceptions of their conduct. The discovery he kept to himself for the present. He believed an assignation on the part of the chaste Miss Jennings was at the bottom of the frolic; and, delighted with the tale of scandal which he should have to unfold, he continued teasing them a little longer, and then wished them good night.

During the time, however, that they had been enduring his impertinencies and libertine proposals, a crowd of blackguard boys had collected round

their coach, and had made an attack on their oranges. The coachman had gallantly taken the part of his fare; and having forcibly resisted the attempts of the depredators, a fight had ensued and the street was in an uproar. The fruit they of course gladly relinquished to the mob, from whom, notwithstanding, they received a volley of abuse and ridicule. Finally, though with some difficulty, they contrived to re-enter their coach, and at last arrived, frightened and dispirited, at St. James's.

At the period of this adventure Miss Jennings was surrounded by lovers, who appear, however, to have regarded her conduct as the frolic of a young and giddy girl, and to have thought none the worse of her for the indiscretion. The swaggering and gigantic Talbot,* afterwards Duke of Tyrconnel, had early declared himself her obse-

* Richard, or Dick Talbot, as he was familiarly called, was descended from an ancient family of English extraction, who had early settled in Ireland, but where they were distinguished neither by their merit nor their wealth. He commenced life as a profligate and ended it as a bigot. He was offensively vain, cunning, violent, and overbearing. He had accumulated a considerable independence by play, and seems to have caught at any overtures which might possibly increase it. Clarendon informs us that he was the person selected to assassinate Cromwell, and that he willingly undertook to execute the deed: at another time we find him cruelly and impudently insisting on his intimacy with Anne Hyde, in order to prevent her union with the Duke of York. In person he was far above the common stature, and was extremely graceful and well-made. He possessed considerable knowledge of the world, and had

quious admirer. Though eminently handsome, possessed of a considerable though ill-acquired fortune, and of an ancient family, he had already been rejected by "*La belle Hamilton,*" and was destined to encounter the same rebuff from Miss Jennings. His rival was Henry Jermyn, "*Le petit Jermyn,*" the most formidable lover and the greatest puppy of the Court. The intentions of Jermyn seem to have been extremely questionable, although, when the Duchess of York interposed for the honour of her charming attendant, he pas-

early been introduced into the best society. To his friends he is said to have been generous and obliging, and it was much to his credit, that at the Revolution no offers could induce him to desert the King's interests. His conduct in Ireland at that period is matter of history. He strenuously espoused the cause of James; but, as his capacity was inferior to his zeal, and as he had more personal courage than military genius, his services were of little avail. "From the time of the battle of the Boyne," says the Duke of Berwick, "he sunk prodigiously, and became as irresolute in his mind as unwieldly in his person." He died at Limerick 5th August 1591. Andrew Marvell says, in his Advice to a Painter:—

> Next, Talbot must by his great master stand,
> Laden with folly, flesh, and ill-got land;
> He 's of a size indeed to fill a porch,
> But ne'er can make a pillar of the church.
> His sword is all his argument, not his book;
> Although no scholar, he can act the cook,
> And will cut throats again, if he be paid;
> In the Irish shambles he first learnt the trade.

A stanza is also allotted to Talbot in the famous doggrel ballad of Lillibullero.

sionately affirmed his views to be honourable. With this insignificant coxcomb, following the example of older beauties than herself, Miss Jennings fell violently in love. She was not singular in giving credit to his professions. The world really believed that he would make her his wife, and complimented her on having reduced so formidable a gallant to the common level. While their intimacy was still supplying gossip to the Court, an accident happened which for a time deprived the lady of the society of her lover. Jermyn, it seems, had laid a wager of five hundred guineas, that with one horse he would ride the distance of twenty miles on the high road in an hour. The feat he accomplished; but the exertion proved too much for his strength, and for a considerable time he was an invalid.

This was a juncture which Talbot conceived he might easily improve to his own advantage. He had already paid his addresses to Miss Jennings previous to her acquaintance with Jermyn; but having presumed to give her some very proper, though unseasonable advice, had met with a spirited rebuff. Fortunately, however, he had a good stock of assurance, and the absence of his formidable rival, and some common-place and misconstrued civilities which he had received from his idol, made him determine to re-enter the lists. He was seated alone in Miss Jennings' apartment, everything seemed favourable to his success, and he was

about to commence the tenderest of all possible appeals, when their solitude was suddenly broken in upon by Miss Temple, who entered with a paper in her hand. But the trifling circumstance which dispelled the blissful visions of Talbot, will be more acceptable in the words of Count Hamilton :—" The paper which Miss Temple held in her hand was a poetical epistle, which Lord Rochester had written some time before, upon the intrigues of the two Courts. In this, speaking of Miss Jennings, he said, ' that Talbot had struck terror among the people of God, by his gigantic stature ; but that Jermyn, like a little David, had vanquished the great Goliath.' Jennings, delighted with this allusion, read it over two or three times, thought it more entertaining than Talbot's conversation, and at first heartily laughed at it ; but soon after, assuming a tender air, ' Poor little David !' she said, with a deep sigh, and turning her face on one side, during this short reverie, she shed a few tears, which assuredly did not flow for the defeat of the giant. Talbot was stung to the quick ; and seeing himself so ridiculously deceived in his hopes, he quitted the room abruptly, vowing never to think any more of a giddy girl, in whose conduct there was neither rhyme nor reason : but he did not keep his resolution."

Talbot was afterwards sufficiently avenged on his mistress, by the apostacy of the unworthy

Jermyn. Finding the virtue of Miss Jennings impregnable, he had latterly become cold in his attentions; his visits wore the air rather of habit or duty than of love; and when the expedition to Guinea was resolved upon, he volunteered his services, and appeared among the most eager to embrace its dangers and fatigues. The eyes of Miss Jennings were opened; and when he came to impart to her his visions of glory, she received him with affected indifference and raillery. "He had already," she said, "made captives of so many, that he did right to go in search of fresh laurels and foreign conquests:"— "she only trusted," she added, "that he would bring back from Africa the foreign ladies whom he might enslave, in order to supply the places of those whom his absence would bring to the grave." Jermyn was piqued to encounter a flow of irony, instead of the torrent of grief and indignation which he had anticipated. He was proceeding to make his excuses, when she told him plainly that she looked upon this as his last visit before his departure, and civilly wished him farewell. The dandy, after all, remained in England, and Miss Jennings shortly afterwards gave her hand to another.

The person on whom her choice fell was Sir George Hamilton, grandson of James first Earl of Abercorn, a younger brother and without fortune: they were married in 1665. This is the

Hamilton who figures in the gay annals of his brother-in-law, the Count de Grammont, as the successful lover of Mrs. Wetenhall, and the imprudent admirer of Miss Stewart. His principal occupations seem to have been fighting and making love, in the former of which he rose to be a Mareschal de camp in the French service. Evelyn styles him a "valiant and worthy gentleman." He survived their marriage but a few years, leaving his young widow with three daughters: these were, Elizabeth, afterwards married to Lawrence Viscount Ross; Frances, married to Henry Viscount Dillon; and Mary, to Nicholas, Viscount Kingsland. They were distinguished as the "three Viscountesses" at the vice-regal court, and lie buried together in the cathedral, Dublin.

Miss Jennings, now Lady Hamilton, shortly after the death of her husband, accidentally encountered, in France, her former admirer Talbot. He too, having closed the eyes of the "languishing Boynton," whom he had been bold enough to make his wife, had become a widower and an exile. As the object of his earlier attachment was still young, he renewed his addresses, and in 1679 they were married at Paris.

At the accession of James, Talbot was created Earl of Tyrconnel, and received a commission as Lieutenant-General to command the royal forces in Ireland. At the Revolution, in 1688, he declared for King James, and having actively

supported the cause of that monarch, was rewarded by him with the Dukedom of Tyrconnel, and made Viceroy of Ireland. His lady accompanied him to that country; she seems to have continued with him during those stirring times; and after the battle of the Boyne, we find her entertaining the unfortunate James in the castle of Dublin. Lord Melfort, who was secretary to that monarch, in his letters at this period, speaks harshly of her intriguing disposition and improper interference in the King's affairs: she is reported, he says, to have, *l'ame la plus noire qui se puisse concevoir.* What degree of truth there may be in his condemnations, or to what extent the giddy maid of honour may have been metamorphosed into the restless politician, it is now impossible to ascertain; Lord Melfort is not a person, however, whose praise or blame must be received unqualified.

At the death of Tyrconnel in 1691, his widow retired to the Continent, where she subsisted on a small pension from the French Court. Were we, however, to place credit in a strange story, related both by Walpole and Pennant, she was residing in London at this period and in extreme distress. The latter, in his account of London, speaking of the New Exchange, which stood to the north of Durham Yard, in the Strand, thus relates the anecdote: "Above stairs sat in the character of a milliner, the reduced Duchess of

Tyrconnel, wife of Richard Talbot, Lord Deputy of Ireland under James the Second. The female suspected to be his Duchess, after his death supported herself for a few days, till she was known and otherwise provided for, by the little trade of the place: she had delicacy enough to wish not to be detected; she sat in a white mask, and a white dress, and was known by the name of the White Milliner." The story is undoubtedly apocryphal.

In the year 1708 we find the Duchess of Tyrconnel at Brussels, where she was visited by her brother-in-law, the great Duke of Marlborough. He seems to have shown her some attentions, and in his letters to his Duchess speaks of her with kindness. On the 24th of May he writes,— "When I took leave of Lady Tyrconnel, she told me that her jointure in Ireland was in such disorder, that there was an absolute necessity for her going for two or three months, for the better settling of it. As the climate of Ireland will not permit her being there in the winter, she should begin her journey about ten days hence: she said that she did not intend to go to London, but hoped she might have the pleasure of seeing you at St. Alban's. I have offered her all that might be in my power to make her journey to Holland and England easy: as also, that if she cared to stay at St. Alban's, either at her going or return, you would offer it her with a good heart. You will find her face a good deal changed, but in the dis-

course I have had with her, she seems to be very reasonable and kind." It has generally been insisted that she was on indifferent terms with her haughty sister; the Duke's letters, however, are strongly opposed to any such supposition.

A portion of her husband's property having been restored to her by the crown, she returned to Dublin shortly after this period, and continued to reside in that city during the remainder of her life. She was regarded as a religious devotee; and having been long converted to the Romish faith, established a nunnery in King Street, in the Irish capital. She survived to her eighty-second or eighty-third year, and expired, 12th March 1731, at the house of her late husband, in Paradise-Row, Dublin. The circumstances of her dissolution are in painful contrast to the brilliancy of her early career. "Her death," says Walpole, "was occasioned by her falling out of her bed on the floor, in a winter's night; and being too feeble to rise or to call, was found in the morning so perished with cold, that she died in a few hours." Those who remembered her in her old age, described her as low in stature, and extremely emaciated; without the least trace of having ever been a beauty.

In the chapel, of what was formerly the Scotch College at Paris, may still be seen a plain tablet with the following interesting inscription :—

D. O. M.
Æternæ Memoriæ
Illustrissimæ et nobilissimæ Dominæ
Franciscæ Jennings,
Ducissæ de Tyrconnell,
Reginæ Mag. Brit. Matronæ Honorariæ,
Hujus Collegii Benefactricis,
Quæ Missam Quotidianam in hoc sacrario
Fundavit perpetuò celebrandam
Pro animâ suâ et animâ ejus D^ni^ Georgii
Hamilton de Abercornæ Equitis aurati
Conjugis sui primi, et D^ni^ Richardi Talbot
Ducis de Tyrconnell Proregis Hyberniæ,
Secundi sui conjugis.
Obiit die XII Martii. An. Domini
MDCCXXXI.
Requiescat in Pace.

By her second husband the Duchess of Tyrconnel had two daughters. Of these Lady Charlotte Talbot married the Prince de Vintimiglia; but of her sister the name and story have alike passed into oblivion.

CHARLES SACKVILLE,

EARL OF DORSET.

Rochester's Saying respecting the Earl of Dorset — his Character — becomes a great Favourite with Charles the Second — his wild Frolics — takes Nell Gwynn under his Protection — his famous Song, "To all ye Ladies now on Shore"—his two Marriages — his Patronage of Literature— assists the Princess Anne in her Flight — is in great Favour with William the Third — his narrow Escape at Sea — his Death — Congreve's Opinion of his Wit.

"I KNOW not how it is," said Lord Rochester; "but my Lord Dorset can do anything, and yet is never to blame." There is certainly no memoir of this nobleman which is not a panegyric, and the encomiums seem scarcely to be exaggerated. Indeed, if it approaches excellence to have fostered genius, and to have been the friend of the unfortunate; — to have been charitable to an excess, and tender-hearted to a fault; — to have been a man of letters without envy, and a courtier without malice;—to have been the friend of all parties, yet the consistent supporter of his own;—to have been possessed of a classical taste and romantic courage, the most engaging manners and the sprightliest fancy, the meed must be awarded to the accom-

plished Dorset, the poet, the philanthropist, and the wit.

Charles Lord Buckhurst, the title which he bore for many years, was born 24th January 1637. He was educated by a private tutor, and early made the tour of Europe. At the Restoration he was elected member for East Grinstead in Sussex, and in the House of Commons gave sufficient promise of future excellence. He had, however, little taste for business, and preferred wit and the charms of literature, to the fatigue of public employments, and the prospect of popular applause. With Charles, who made him a gentleman of his bed-chamber, he was ever an especial favourite. He was a guest at all the social suppers of the easy monarch, and in the circle of merry courtiers and witty statesmen, there was no one whose society was more courted or whose conversation was more admired. His spirits, however, were not always the highest, and required adventitious excitement. According to Burnet, it was only when the bottle had passed freely, that his conviviality was on a level with that of others.

In our admiration of one so accomplished, we must not forget the errors of his early career. The reflection perhaps is not without interest, that a life afterwards so circumspect, and conduct so unimpeachable, should have been preceded by a youth of frolic, debauchery, and excess. Certain

it is, that the future Mæcenas of his day, — "the best good man," as he is styled by Rochester, — condescended to riot with the most unblushing profligates of the Court, and became the boon companion of such men as Sedley and Killegrew, who, however gifted and witty they may have been, were totally without principle, religion, or even honour. Anthony Wood, in his life of himself, incidentally mentions a party at Sir Henry Saville's, (the English Ambassador at Paris,) at which Lord Buckhurst and other libertines are described as "enjoying themselves, talking blasphemy and atheism." Again, a wild scrape, in which he was shortly afterwards engaged, very nearly cost him his life; this was in 1662, when, with his brother Edward Sackville, and some other friends, he was committed to Newgate, on a charge of highway robbery and murder. According to the most favourable construction which has been put on the story, they were in pursuit of some thieves near Waltham-cross, when, in endeavouring to secure one Hoppy, a tanner, whom they believed to be an accomplice, they deprived this unfortunate person of life. This was their own account of the affair. It seems, however, that the man (whose innocence was afterwards clearly proved) was not only killed but plundered, and the story is otherwise involved in mystery. Pepys, who was in a situation to hear all the gossip of the day, expresses his doubt,

(notwithstanding the statement of the offenders, which they printed,) whether the affair would not terminate more seriously than they flattered themselves. The grand jury, however, brought in a bill of manslaughter only, and of this they were afterwards acquitted at their trial.*

The following year, 1663, we find Lord Buckhurst engaged in a frolic with Sir Charles Sedley and Sir Thomas Ogle, the consequences of which were less serious, though the transaction in itself was even more disreputable. The affair, the particulars of which are wholly unfit for publication, took place after a debauch at the Cock tavern, Bow-street, then a famous house of recreation.† Sir Charles Sedley, who was the worst of the party,

* "A very unfortunate accident happened. The Lord Buckhurst; his brother, Mr. Edward Sackville; Sir Henry Bellasis, Knight of the Bath, son and heir to the Lord Bellasis; Mr. Bellasis, brother to the Lord Fauconbridge; and Mr. Wentworth, son to Sir George; accompanying an acquaintance out of town, upon their return, being informed there were highwaymen and thieves on the road, meeting a tanner, and suspecting him for one of them, after some resistance made by him, killed him; for this mischance they were arraigned at the King's Bench bar, but by the jury quitted, it not being probable that persons of their estates and quality would set upon a single person to do him injury, but it might happen merely by a mistake, and good intent of freeing the road."—*Heath's Chronicle*, p. 505.

† The particulars of this affair will be found by the curious in Anthony Wood's Life of himself, and also in the Athenæ Oxonienses, vol. ii. p. 1100, where they are again detailed by the antiquary.

was tried before Sir Robert Hyde, Chief-justice of the Common Pleas, and fined in the large sum of five hundred pounds. His lordship's name having transpired during the proceedings, the judge inquired, says Pepys, "whether it was that Buckhurst that was lately tried for robbery; and when answered, yes, he asked whether he had so soon forgot his deliverance at that time; and that it would have more become him to have been at his prayers begging God's forgiveness, than now running into such courses again." There must have been more in the story of the robbery than has been handed down to us, or the judge would hardly have ventured on such an admonition. From this period we hear little of Lord Dorset's debaucheries. It may be remarked however, that Nell Gwynn was for some time under his protection, previously to her becoming the mistress of Charles.

In an ostentatious and still romantic age, when the sun of chivalry had scarcely yet set, and when, to be considered valiant, it was necessary to have given proof of it, the gay courtiers of Charles made war a pastime, and eagerly volunteered their services in the sickliest climates, and on the most hazardous expeditions. Among the candidates for fame was Lord Buckhurst. In 1665 he hastened on board the fleet under the Duke of York, and was present at the great naval fight of the 3rd of June, when the Dutch Admiral Opdam was blown up, and thirty of his ships either destroyed

or captured. The night before the action, with a gallantry and recklessness of spirit, the true philosophy of which is questionable, he is said to have composed his famous song:—

> "To all ye ladies now at land,
> We men at sea indite," &c.

Whether the song were really thus written on the eve of battle, may perhaps be doubted: there is certainly no reference to the proximity of the foe, a circumstance which could hardly fail to have been touched upon, had it been known to the writer. The young volunteers, however, seem to have been passing their time pleasantly enough:*—

> To pass our tedious hours away,
> We throw a merry main,
> Or else at serious ombre play;
> But why should we in vain
> Each other's ruin thus pursue?
> We were undone when we left you,
> With a fa, la, la, la, la.
>
> But now our fears tempestuous grow,
> And cast our hopes away;
> Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
> Sit careless at a play;
> Perhaps permit some happier man,
> To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan,
> With a fa, la, la, la, la.

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* According to Sheffield Duke of Buckingham, however, they were sufficiently long at sea to grow tired of each other's society: "'Tis observable," he says, "that the first night we came to London, the Lord Blany, Sir Thomas Clifford, afterwards Lord Treasurer, Mr. Henry Saville, and myself, though

In 1674 Lord Buckhurst, by the death of his uncle, Lionel Earl of Middlesex, became possessed of a considerable property, and in April 1675 was created Baron of Cranfield and Earl of Middlesex. By the decease of his father, in 1677, he succeeded as sixth Earl of Dorset, and was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Sussex. During the reign of Charles, he was employed on more than one embassy to France; but they were missions which required rather the graces of a fine gentleman than the qualifications of a man of business or finesse. In 1684 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Hervey Bagot, Esq. of Pipe Hall, in Warwickshire, and widow of Charles Berkeley, Earl of Falmouth, by whom he had no children. He afterwards united himself to an accomplished and beautiful woman, Lady Mary Compton, daughter of James Earl of Northampton, who died before him in 1691. By this lady he had one son, Lionel, who succeeded him in his titles, and a daughter, Mary, who became the wife of Henry second Duke of Beaufort, and died in childbed, the 18th of June, 1705.

The literature of the time is replete with the praises of Lord Dorset. As there was scarcely a

such familiar friends as to be very often together for many years after, were then so satiated and cloyed with each other, by our being shut up together so long in one ship, that I remember we avoided one another's company at least for a whole month after; though, except myself, there could hardly be any more pleasant."—*Duke of Buckingham's Works*, vol. ii. p. 5.

man of letters whom he did not make his friend, and as there were many who experienced the kindness of his heart, and owed their success to his judgment and exertions, they have naturally recorded their own gratitude and his praises. Prior, in his poetical epistle to Fleetwood Sheppard, describing his first introduction to Court, pays a passing tribute to the good humour of the Earl:—

> When crowding folks, with strange ill faces,
> Were making legs, and begging places;
> And some with patents, some with merit,
> Tired out my good Lord Dorset's spirit, &c.

His contemporaries paid equal deference to his taste. Dryden dedicated to him his translation of Juvenal, and affirms that his Lordship's satire was the model of his own. Wycherley owed to his judgment the success of the Plain Dealer; and Butler that his Hudibras was appreciated and his fame established. Rymer says, in dedicating to him his Short view of Tragedy, — "It was principally your countenance that buoyed me up, and supported a righteous cause against the prejudice and corruption then reigning." Buckingham withheld the Rehearsal till he knew his fiat, and Charles declined to approve the paintings of Lely, till a verdict had been given by Lord Dorset. Pope must have been too young to have personally known him, but he had probably listened to the praises of older bards, and pays a tribute as glowing as the rest. "He was the finest gentle-

man," says Walpole, "in the voluptuous Court of Charles the Second, and in the gloomy one of King William. He had as much wit as his first master, or his contemporaries Buckingham and Rochester, without the royal want of feeling, the Duke's want of principles, or the Earl's want of thought." Burnet completes the picture. "Never," he says, "was so much ill-nature in a pen as in his, joined with so much good-nature as was in himself, even to excess, for he was against all punishing, even of malefactors. He was bountiful, even to run himself into difficulties; and charitable to a fault, for he commonly gave all that he had about him, when he met an object that moved him. But he was so lazy, that though the King seemed to court him to be a favourite, he would not give himself the trouble that belonged to that post." The contrast between the acrimony of his pen and the sweetness of his disposition is celebrated in the well-known couplet of Rochester, —

> For pointed satire I would Buckhurst chuse,
> The best good man with the worst-natured muse.

Pope also echoes the sentiment in his panegyric on the Earl :—

> The scourge of pride, though sanctified or great,
> Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state;
> Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay,
> His anger moral and his wisdom gay.

Like many men of an open and generous disposition, his temper appears to have been hasty and occasionally violent. Prior says, "that in these moments of ebullition, his servants used purposely to throw themselves in his way: they knew by experience that they would hereafter be sufficiently rewarded, for the momentary exposure to his wrath." Lord Dorset said of a heavy, good-natured simpleton,—"It is a thousand pities that he is not ill-natured, that we might kick him out of the room."

At the coronation of James the Second, he carried a part of the Queen's regalia, the ivory rod with the dove, in the procession. But the politics and principles of this reign accorded but little with his own, and at the Revolution he eagerly joined the fortunes of the Prince of Orange. He was selected to accompany Queen Anne, then Princess of Denmark, from the roof of her father. She had flown to the house of the Bishop of London, in Aldersgate Street, from whence the Earl conducted her, attended by the Bishop and about forty horsemen, to Nottingham, where the Earl of Devonshire gave her a guard of two hundred men, and where she was shortly joined by her husband.

During the excitement of this period appeared the famous Irish song of Lilliburlero. It produced a greater sensation than commonly falls to the lot of a mere ballad, and was generally attributed to

Lord Dorset. There was a particular expression in it which King James remembered to have made use of to his Lordship, and which appears to have given birth to the surmise. It has since, we believe, been fathered elsewhere.

King William, shortly after his elevation to the throne, showed his gratitude to the Earl, by making him Lord Chamberlain, a place for which his knowledge of the Court and his personal accomplishments rendered him eminently qualified. He was also sworn of the Privy Council; and restored to his Lord Lieutenancy of Sussex, of which he had been deprived by James. His Countess was made a lady of the bedchamber to Queen Mary.

The Earl's society was as eagerly courted by the phlegmatic William as it had been by the dissolute Charles, and in 1691 he was selected to accompany that Monarch to the Hague, during his conference with the German confederacy. They embarked on the 16th of January, and had approached within three leagues of Goree, when the King, impatient at being detained after a tedious voyage, determined to make for land in one of the ship's boats. Unfortunately, the sea was covered with floating masses of ice, and a fog coming on, they were unable either to reach the shore, or regain their vessel. In this perilous condition, in the bitterest weather, they continued about twenty-two hours. When they at length gained the land, there was scarcely one

of the party who could either speak or stand, and the effects of his disaster were long felt by the Earl. The following month, however, he was rewarded with the Order of the Garter. During the reign of William he was nominated, at four different periods, a member of the regency during the absence of the King.

In 1699, Lord Dorset's health beginning to decline, he resigned his office of Lord Chamberlain. Macky says in his Memoirs, " He is still one of the pleasantest companions in the world when he likes his companion : he is very fat, troubled with the spleen, and turned of sixty years." Swift, however, adds in MS. on this passage, — " Not of late years, but a very dull one." According to Lord Dartmouth, in his notes to Burnet, he disposed of his office of Chamberlain to the King for ten thousand pounds. He had latterly grown corpulent, and in the long illness which preceded his death, suffered much from bodily pain. His physicians had prescribed the air and waters of Bath, in which city he died, on the 29th of January 1706, in his seventieth year. He was buried in the family vault at Withiam. Congreve, who visited him in the last days of his life, observed that he " slabbered" more wit while dying, than other people had done in their best health.

JOHN WILMOT,

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

His personal Appearance — admitted to the private Parties of Charles — his Gallantry in the Dutch War — Quarrel with Sheffield Duke of Buckingham. — Rochester forfeits his Reputation for Courage — his wild Frolics — his frequent Disgraces at Court—practises in the Character of a Fortune-teller. — Burnet's severe Picture of the libertine Poet. — Lively Specimen of Rochester's Correspondence — his Abduction of Elizabeth Mallet — his Marriage — Character of his Wife — Specimens of their Correspondence. — Rochester's Illness — his religious Doubts—his Death-bed Repentance — his last Moments — Reflections of Archbishop Tillotson.

THERE can be no conduct more cruel, nor indeed any crime of greater magnitude, than that of an author of established genius becoming a pander to human weaknesses, and lending to impiety or lasciviousness the lustre of his name. As regards the ordinary profligate, or the infidel in social life, according as their parts are less brilliant and their sphere more contracted, so is their example less dangerous and the disease more remediable. But with respect to the man of genius, — the moral assassin of his fellow-creatures,—the case is widely

different. His ravages are extended over a wider space; he instils his poison into the young and the inexperienced, and extends the corruption and its bitterness to unborn generations. Fascinated by alluring descriptions, or ingenious sophistries, the heart that was once chaste becomes polluted, and the faith that hitherto remained unquestioned is destroyed. Genius, however depraved, continues to excite admiration where it should raise abhorrence: it carries with it, unfortunately, its own passport and glitters through the shroud of obloquy, with which the wise and the virtuous would shroud it from the world.

The daring profligate, on whom these remarks have been hazarded, was born at Ditchley in Oxfordshire, 10th April 1648. His father was Henry Lord Wilmot, who shared the sufferings of Charles the Second after the battle of Worcester, and who was rewarded by that monarch with the Earldom of Rochester. His only surviving child, the subject of this memoir, was educated at the free-school, at Burford, near his native place, and at the age of twelve was entered at Wadham College, Oxford. A copy of verses (said to have been written at this early age, and addressed to the King on his happy Restoration,) is printed in the several editions of his works, though Anthony Wood questions their authenticity. The young poet affirms himself to be,—

One whose ambition 'tis for to be known,
By daring loyalty your Wilmot's son.

The production is altogether as indifferent as are usually such precocious juvenilities.

In the classics Rochester made a more rapid progress, and is said early to have acquired a taste for their beauties which he retained to the last. Unfortunately he caught all the indecency of Ovid, with some portion perhaps of his wit, but with none of his refinement.

In the year 1661 he was admitted a Master of Arts in convocation, Lord Clarendon, the Chancellor of the University, distinguishing him from other candidates, and affectionately admitting him to the fraternity by a kiss. He afterwards travelled into France and Italy, from whence he returned at the age of eighteen, and presented himself at the court of Charles. His demeanour at this period is said to have been remarkable for its modesty; his manners graceful; his figure tall and slender; and his face handsome and animated. His wit and companionable qualities were speedily discovered, and he quickly became a courtier and a debauchee. Charles especially delighted in his conversation; invited him to his private suppers; and conferred on him the appointments of a gentleman of the bedchamber, and comptroller of Woodstock Park.

It was shortly after his initiation into the vices

of the Court, that, in the winter of 1665, the Earl of Sandwich was sent in quest of the Dutch East India fleet. Rochester was one of the gay band of courtiers who volunteered their services on the occasion. He was present in the Revenge during the desperate attack on the fort of Bergen, in Norway, in the port of which town the Dutch fleet had taken refuge, and where he particularly distinguished himself by his reckless gallantry. The following year he was present at the great sea-fight of the 3rd of June, and was one of the few volunteers who escaped with their lives. On his return there appeared a singular improvement in his moral conduct: for a time he lived temperately, shunned his former disorderly companions, and even spoke of his past career of dissipation with abhorrence. This fluctuation of principle, however, was of short continuance, and he gradually relapsed into the most daring irregularities. He told Bishop Burnet, in his last sickness, that for five years together he had been in a continual state of inebriety.

Whether or not his nerves were unstrung by this undeviating course of dissipation, certain it is that the reputation which he had acquired for courage in the Dutch war was of extremely brief duration. The result of a quarrel with Sheffield Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards Duke of

Buckingham, sufficiently impaired his character with the world. The Earl had believed himself maligned by Rochester, and sent him a challenge. Rochester (and it seems with truth) denied the expressions which had been imputed to him, but his opponent, imagining his reputation to be at stake, insisted peremptorily on a meeting. After a protracted negociation, it was finally agreed that they should encounter on horseback, each being accompanied by a friend, who (according to the usages of the period) was to be allowed to join his principal in the fray. Rochester appeared the following morning at the appointed place. Instead, however, of being accompanied by the person whom he had previously named, he brought with him a powerful life-guardsman whom nobody knew: moreover, they were both so extremely well mounted, as evidently to give them the advantage in the coming contest. A remonstrance was the consequence, on which it was agreed they should all fight on foot. But as they were riding to a more advantageous spot, Rochester intimated to his opponent, that in consequence of a certain disease under which he was labouring, he was unfit to fight at all, and much more upon the ground. This put an end to an adventure, the circumstances of which were afterwards related sufficiently to Rochester's discredit; and, as he neither contradicted nor resented them,

he entirely forfeited the reputation which he had previously achieved.*

His wit, however, still rendered him formidable with the many, and popular with the few. Of his freaks and debaucheries, which were once so celebrated, many must be looked upon as apocryphal, while many are of a nature unfit for insertion. At times he wandered about the street as a beggar, and at others pursued the lowest amours in the meanest disguises. "He found out a footman," says Burnet, "that knew all the Court, and he furnished him with a red coat and musket as a sentinel, and kept him all the winter long, every night, at the doors of such ladies as he believed might be in intrigues. In the Court a sentinel is little minded, and is believed to be posted by a captain of the guards to hinder a combat: so this man saw who walked about and visited at forbidden hours. By this means Lord Rochester made many discoveries. And when he was well furnished with materials, he used to retire into the country for a month or two to write libels: once, being drunk, he intended to give the King a libel that he had writ on some ladies; but by a mistake he gave him one written on himself."

The liberties which he took with the character and easy temper of Charles, led to his frequent, though brief dismissals from Court. Dur-

* Duke of Buckingham's Works, vol. ii. p. 10.

ing one of his disgraces he took up his abode in the city, and under an assumed name, obtained admittance to the feasts and amusements of the sober citizens. He could adapt himself to all societies, and by inveighing against the profligacy of the Court, the shamelessness of the royal mistresses, and especially such libertines as Rochester, Sedley, and Killegrew, he made himself so extremely popular, that according to Count Hamilton, "he at last grew sick of their cramming and endless invitations." His more celebrated frolic, in the character of a fortune-teller and empiric, was also practised during one of his banishments, and his stage at Tower Hill was long remembered by the citizens. His address to the public on this occasion, in which he signs himself Alexander Bendo, and professes to cure all disorders, to restore beauty, and a hundred other specific absurdities, will be found in the different editions of his works.

Among the castrated passages from Burnet's History we find the following severe picture of the libertine poet. "He seems to have freed himself from all impressions of virtue or religion, of honour or good-nature. He delivered himself without either restraint or decency to all the pleasures of wine and women. He had but one maxim, to which he adhered firmly, that he has to do everything, and deny himself in nothing that might maintain his greatness. He was un-

happily made for drunkenness, for he had drunk all his friends dead, and was able to subdue two or three sets of drunkards one after another: so it scarce ever appeared that he was disordered after the greatest drinking: an hour or two of sleep carried all off entirely, that no sign of them remained. He would go about business without any uneasiness, or discovering heat either in body or mind. This had a terrible conclusion; for after he had killed all his friends, he fell at last into such weakness of stomach, that he had perpetual cholic when he was not hot within, and full of strong liquor, of which he was frequently seized, so that he was always either sick or drunk." There are said to have been intervals in his dissipation which were passed in study. "He used to say," says Aubrey, "that he did very well as long as he lived in the country, but that as soon as he got to Brentford he felt the devil enter into him." According to his own expression, in one of his letters, he believed the world in which he sojourned to be as giddy as himself.

As the letters of this irregular genius are but little known, and as many of them are really pleasing, a specimen of his correspondence with Henry Saville, a gay libertine like himself, may be perhaps, read with interest.

"June 22.

"Whether love, wine, or wisdom, which rule you by turns, have the present ascendent, I cannot

pretend to determine at this distance; but good-nature, which waits about you with more diligence than Godfrey himself, is my security that you are not unmindful of your former friends. To be from you and forgotten by you at once, is a misfortune I never was criminal enough to merit, since to the black and fair countesses I villanously betrayed the daily addresses of your divided heart. You forgave that upon the first bottle, and upon the second, on my conscience, would have renounced them and the whole sex. Oh that second bottle, Harry, is the sincerest, wisest, and most impartial downright friend we have; tells us truth of ourselves, and forces us to speak truth of others; banishes flattery from our tongues and distrust from our hearts; sets us above the mean policy of court prudence, which makes us lie to one another all day, for fear of being betrayed by others at night. And before God I believe the arrantest villain breathing is honest as long as that bottle lives, and few of that tribe dare venture upon him, at least among the courtiers and statesmen. I have seriously considered one thing, that of the three businesses of this age,—women, politics, and drinking,—the last is the only exercise at which you and I have not proved ourselves arrant fumblers. If you have the vanity to think otherwise, when we meet next, let us appeal to friends of both sexes, and as they shall determine, live and die

mere drunkards or entire lovers: for, as we mingle the matter, it is hard to say which is the most tiresome creature, the loving drunkard or the drunken lover.

"If you ventured your fat bûttocks a gallop to Portsmouth, I doubt not through extreme galling you now lie bed-rid, and have the leisure to write to your country acquaintance; which if you omit, I shall take the liberty to conclude you very proud. Such a letter should be directed to me at Adderbury, near Banbury, where I intend to be within these three days.

"Bath, the 22nd of June, from

"Your humble servant,

"ROCHESTER."*

"To Mr. Henry Saville."

Rochester could scarcely have exceeded the years of boyhood, when he united himself to Elizabeth, daughter of John Mallet, Esquire, of Enmere in Somersetshire, *la triste héritière* of De Grammont. Her fortune, which amounted to 2,500*l.* a year, would be looked upon with contempt by a modern fortune-hunter, but was then not only regarded as a considerable competence, but even tempted Rochester to commit the offence of abduction. On the night on which he made the attempt, the young lady had been supping with Miss Stewart at Whitehall, and was returning home with her grandfather,

* MS. Add.: Brit. Mus. 4162. Art. 74.

Lord Haly, when their coach was suddenly arrested near Charing Cross. In a moment they were surrounded by a number of men, on foot and horseback, who forcibly carried the lady to another coach, in which she found herself hurried along by six horses, with the companionship of two strange females. A pursuit was immediately instituted, and, not far from Uxbridge, Rochester was discovered skulking by himself and brought to London. He was instantly committed to the Tower, and as Charles had previously interfered warmly in his behalf, and had endeavoured to persuade the lady to accept him as her husband, he was naturally much annoyed at the outrage. The affair, however, eventually terminated by the lady extending her forgiveness to Rochester, and after a short delay they were married.

Of the character of his Countess we know but little. Rochester, though he otherwise treated her with kindness, appears to have constantly absented himself from her society, and indeed his defections were frequent and unpardonable. But his faults appear to have been readily forgiven, and such of the letters of his neglected Countess as are still extant, exhibit, under every circumstance of neglect and provocation, the purest and most devoted attachment. "If," she writes to him, "I could have been troubled at anything, when I had the happiness of receiving a letter from you, I should be so because you did not name a time when I might

hope to see you, the uncertainty of which very much afflicts me." And she concludes with much tenderness :—" Lay your commands upon me what I am to do, and though it be to forget my children, and the long hope I have lived in of seeing you, yet will I endeavour to obey you ; or in the memory only torment myself, without giving you the trouble of putting you in mind, that there lives such a creature as,

" Your faithful humble servant."

Rochester's own letters to his Countess, preserved in the British Museum, abound with frequent apologies for repeated absence. Generally speaking, he pleads his constant attendance on the King as the cause of his neglect, but on an occasion of his banishment from Court, being evidently at a loss for a legitimate excuse, his apology is amusing enough : — he cannot think, he says, of paying her a visit *while in disgrace.* But the following specimen of his correspondence, for which modern refinement must make some allowance, is too characteristic to be omitted.

" From our tub at Mrs. Fourcard's, this 18th of Oct.

" WIFE,

" Our gut has already been griped, and we are now in bed, so that we are not in a condition of writing either according to thy merit or our desert. We therefore do command thy benign acceptance of these our letters, in what way soever by us in-

scribed or not directed, willing thee therewithal to assure our sole daughter and heir issue female, the Lady Anne Tart, of our best respects. This with your care and diligence, in the execution of our firmans, is at present the utmost of our will and pleasure.

"I went away like a rascal without taking leave, dear wife. It is an unpolished way of proceeding, which a modest man ought to be ashamed of. I have left you a prey to your own imaginations amongst my relations, the worst of damnations. But there will come an hour of deliverance, till when, may my mother be merciful unto you. So I commit you to what I shall ensue, woman to woman, wife to mother, in hopes of a future appearance in glory. The small share I could spare you out of my pocket I have sent as a debt to Mrs. Rouse: within a week or ten days I will return you more.

"Pray write as often as you have leisure to your

"ROCHESTER.

"Remember me to Nan and my Lord Wilmot. You must present my service to my cousins. I intend to be at the deflowering of my niece Ellen, if I hear of it. Excuse my ill paper and my ill manners to my mother; they are both the best the place and age will afford."

"For my wife."*

* MS. Add.; Brit. Mus. 4162. Art. 74.

The Lord Wilmot, mentioned in the postscript of the foregoing letter, was his young son, Charles, who survived his father scarcely more than a twelvemonth. In the midst of his irregularities Rochester could take a deep interest in the moral well-being of his child. But the anomalies of human nature are strange and conflicting. The sceptic instructs his child in Christianity, and the courtezan is frequently the most watchful guardian of a daughter's virtue. Considering the character of the father, the following brief letters from Rochester to his son, will probably be read with interest.

"CHARLES,

"I take it very kindly that you write to me, though seldom, and wish heartily that you would behave yourself so as that I might show you how much I love you and without being ashamed. Obedience to your grandmother, and those who instruct you in good things, is the way to make you happy here and for ever. Avoid idleness, scorn lying, and God will bless you, which I pray.

"ROCHESTER."

"CHARLES,

"I hope when you receive this, and know that I have sent this gentleman to be your tutor, you will be very glad to see I take such care of you, and be very grateful, which is best shown by being obedient and diligent. You are now grown big

enough to be a man, if you can be wise enough; and the way to be truly wise is to serve God, learn your book, and observe the instructions of your parents first, and next your tutor, to whom I have entirely resigned you for this seven years; and according as you employ that time, you are to be happy or unhappy for ever. I have so good an opinion of you, that I am glad to think you will never deceive me. Dear child, learn your book and be obedient, and you will see what a father I shall be to you. You shall want no pleasure while you are good, and that you may be good are my constant prayers, "ROCHESTER." *

"For my Lord Wilmot."

By his wild and dissolute course of life, Rochester had early impaired an admirable constitution, and exhibited symptoms, before he was thirty, of premature old age. During an illness, which attacked him about a year before his death, he seems for the first time to have felt the necessity of religion, and to have sighed for the consolation of that faith, which, in his health, had been the subject of his scorn, and the vehicle of his wit. Burnet, who made his acquaintance shortly after this period, has left us an account, in a volume which is still popular, of the prejudices and arguments which he had to combat, and the remorse which he was called upon to soothe: "It is a book," says

* Add. MSS. 4162. Art. 86 and 87, Brit. Mus.

Johnson, "which the critic ought to read for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety." Burnet, it seems, had previously attended a mistress of Rochester's in her last moments. This person had reported so satisfactorily of his kindness, and the consolation which she had received from the doctrines which he had taught, that Rochester expressed a strong desire to make his acquaintance. He was then partially recovering from his sickness, and during a whole winter Burnet devoted at least one evening to him in every week. Rochester laid open to him all his thoughts and the grounds of his disbelief. They calmly discussed the merits of natural and revealed religion; while Burnet controverted the arguments of the sceptics, and endeavoured to establish the faith of his friend. In the Spring of 1680 Rochester quitted London for his residence at Woodstock, still, it seems, an unwilling disbeliever, but with his feelings softened, and many of his prejudices shaken.

The air of his native place effected a transient improvement in his health, but having indiscreetly travelled on horseback into Somersetshire, the exertion proved too violent for his shattered constitution, and he was with difficulty brought back to Woodstock. He now felt that the hand of death was upon him, and between the writhings of remorse and the distractions of an unsettled faith, his sufferings are described as agonizing in the ex-

treme. In this state of mind he was constantly attended by an excellent divine, Mr. Parsons, his mother's chaplain; besides receiving occasional visits from the Bishop of Oxford; Dr. Marshal, Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford; and Dr. Pierce, President of Magdalen College, and afterwards Dean of Sarum. The circumstances which led to his complete conversion Rochester himself related to Bishop Burnet shortly before his death, adducing them as powerful evidences of the truth of Christianity, and the power of inward grace. Mr. Parsons, he said, was reading to him the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, containing, as it does, in so remarkable a manner, the prediction of our Saviour's advent and his subsequent passion, when an inward light seemed to break upon his mind:— "so that," he added to Burnet, "he was not only convinced by the reasonings he had about it, which satisfied his understanding, but by a power which did so effectually restrain him, that he did ever after as firmly believe in his Saviour, as if he had seen him in the clouds." A letter which the penitent addressed to Dr. Pierce about this period, will be read with great interest.

"Ranger's Lodge in Woodstock Park, July 1680.

"My indisposition renders my intellectuals almost as feeble as my person, but considering the candour and extreme charity your natural mildness hath always showed me, I am assured at once of

a favourable construction of my present lines, which can but faintly express the sorrowful character of an humble and afflicted mind: and also those great comforts your inexhaustible goodness, learning, and piety, plenteously afford to the drooping spirits of poor sinners, so that I may truly say,—Holy man! to you I owe what consolation I enjoy, in urging God's mercies against despair, and holding me up under the weight of those high and mountainous sins, my wicked and ungovernable life hath heaped upon me. If God shall be pleased to spare me a little longer here, I have unalterably resolved to become a new man; to wash out the stains of my lewd courses with my tears, and weep over the profane and unhallowed abominations of my former doings; that the world may see how I loath sin, and abhor the very remembrance of those tainted and unclean joys I once delighted in; these being, as the Apostle tells us, the things whereof I am now ashamed; or, if it be his great pleasure now to put a period to my days, that he will accept of my last gasp, that the smoke of my death-bed offering may not be unsavoury to his nostrils, and drive me like Cain from his presence. Pray for me, dear doctor, and all you that forget not God, pray for me fervently. Take heaven by force, and let me enter with you in disguise; for I dare not appear before the dread majesty of that Holy One I have so often offended. Warn all my friends and companions to a true and sincere repentance

to-day, while it is called to-day, before the evil day come and they be no more. Let them know that sin is like the angel's book in the Revelations, it is sweet in the mouth, but bitter in the belly. Let them know that God will not be mocked; that he is an holy God, and will be served in holiness and purity, that requires the whole man and the early man: bid them make haste, for the night cometh when no man can work. Oh that they were wise, that they would consider this, and not with me, with wretched me, delay it until their latter end. Pray, dear sir, continually pray for your poor friend, ROCHESTER."

While on his death-bed, a visit was paid to him by one of his former companions, who seems hitherto to have been in ignorance of the condition of his friend. The circumstance, with other interesting particulars, is related in the following brief narrative, preserved in the British Museum.

"When Wilmot Earl of Rochester lay on his death-bed, Mr. Fanshaw came to visit him, with an intention to stay about a week with him. Mr. Fanshaw, sitting by the bed-side, perceived his lordship praying to God through Jesus Christ, and acquainted Dr. Radcliffe, who attended my Lord Rochester in this illness, and was then in the house, with what he had heard; and told him, that my lord was certainly delirious, for to his knowledge,

he said, he believed neither in God nor in Jesus Christ. The doctor, who had often heard him pray in the same manner, proposed to Mr. Fanshaw to go up to his lordship to be further satisfied touching this affair. When they came to his room, the doctor told my lord what Mr. Fanshaw said, upon which his lordship addressed himself to Mr. Fanshaw to this effect: 'Sir, it is true, you and I have been very bad and profane together, and then I was of the opinion you mention. But now I am quite of another mind; and happy am I that I am so. I am very sensible how miserable I was whilst of another opinion. Sir, you may assure yourself that there is a Judge and future state;' and so entered into a very handsome discourse concerning the last Judgment, future state, &c., and, concluded with a serious and pathetic exhortation to Mr. Fanshaw, to enter into another course of life; adding that he (Mr. F.) knew him to be his friend; that he never was more so than at this time; and, 'sir,' said he, 'to use a scripture expression, I am not mad, but speak the words of truth and soberness.' Upon this Mr. Fanshaw trembled, and went immediately a-foot to Woodstock, and there hired a horse to Oxford, and thence took coach to London.

"At the same time, Dr. Shorter, who also attended my lord in his illness, and Dr. Radcliffe, walking together in the park, and discoursing touching his lordship's condition, which they agreed

to be past remedy, Dr. Shorter, fetching a deep sigh, said, 'Well, I can do him no good, but he has done me a great deal.'

"When Dr. Radcliffe came to reside in London, he made inquiry about Dr. Shorter, and understood he was before that time a libertine in principles, but after that he professed the Roman Catholic religion. I heard Dr. Radcliffe give this account at my Lord Oxford's table, then Speaker of the House of Commons, June 16th, 1702; present, besides Mr. Speaker, Lord Weymouth, Mr. Bromley of Warwickshire, Mr. William Harvey, Mr. Pendarvis, Mr. Henry St. John, and I wrote it down immediately. Wm. Thomas."

Only a few days before Rochester expired, Burnet hastened to pay a visit to his former disputant. "He told me," says Burnet, "as his strength served him at several snatches, (for he was then so low that he could not hold up discourse long at once,) what sense he had of his past life; what sad apprehension for having so offended his Maker, and dishonoured his Redeemer: what horrors he had gone through, and how much his mind was turned to call on God, and on his crucified Saviour. So that he hoped he should obtain mercy, for he believed he had sincerely repented; and had now a calm in his mind, after that storm that he had been in for some weeks. He had strong apprehensions and persuasions of his admittance to

Heaven; of which he spake once not without some extraordinary emotion." Among other things he spoke of the efficacy of a death-bed repentance, and inquired Burnet's opinion on the subject: he told him that he had freely forgiven every one, and that he bore ill will to none; that he had made arrangements for the payment of his debts, and that he suffered pain with cheerfulness: he added that "he was contented either to die or live, as should please God; and, though it was a foolish thing for a man to pretend to choose whether he would die or live, yet he wished rather to die. He knew he could never be so well that life should be comfortable to him. He was confident he should be happy if he died, but he feared if he lived he might relapse." To his friends he sent affectionate messages, reminding them of the uncertain tenure of life, and enjoining them to publish to the world whatever circumstances connected with his own life and death, might possibly be beneficial to others: it was his prayer, he said, since he had done an injury to religion by his life, he might at least do it some service by his death.

For his wife he expressed the greatest tenderness, and she joined with him in receiving the sacrament. He called his children also to his bedside, and solemnly bequeathed them his dying blessing and advice. Aubrey says, "he even sent for all his servants, except his cow-herd, and, while they surrounded his bed, expressed his

remorse to them for his former dissolute life and pernicious opinions." According to the same writer, he affirmed that Hobbes and the philosophers had been his ruin :—" This," he cried, " laying his hand energetically upon his Bible, this is the true philosophy."

At last, nature having been entirely spent, he died without a struggle, in the Ranger's lodge in Woodstock Park, on the 26th of July 1680, in his thirty-third year. The apartment in which he expired was pointed out to the visitor at Woodstock within the last year or two, and, it is to be hoped, is still in existence. He was buried by the side of his father, under the north isle of Spilsbury church, in Oxfordshire.

On the occasion of Rochester's death, Archbishop Tillotson entered the following remarks among his papers.

" Bad men are infidels *se defendendo.* When the affection to our lusts is gone, the objections against religion vanish of themselves.

" The greatest instance any age hath afforded of reformation : not for his own sake, as St. Paul was not, who yet was no enemy to God and religion, but by mistake. I cannot think but it was intended for some greater good to others.

" Atheism and infidelity do not bind up the senses of men strong enough, but they may be awakened by the apprehension of death, or some greater calamity coming upon them."

By his Countess, Rochester left four children;—Charles, who succeeded him, and who died 12th of November 1681, in his minority; — Anne, married to Henry Bainton, Esq. and afterwards to Francis, son of Fulke Greville, Lord Broke; — Elizabeth, married to Edward Montagu, Earl of Sandwich;— and Mallet, who became the wife of John Vaughan, first Viscount Lisburne, in Ireland, and ancestor of the present Earl. The title of Rochester became extinct in his son.

HENRY JERMYN, LORD DOVER.

Jermyn's Popularity with the Fair Sex — his personal Appearance — his Intrigue with the Duchess of Cleveland—banished the Court — his Duel with Thomas Howard — his Death and Burial.

This frivolous coxcomb, who turned the heads of half the women of the Court of Charles, and whose name figures so conspicuously in its meretricious annals, was a younger son of Thomas Jermyn, Esq. of Rushbroke, in Suffolk. The kindness of his uncle, Henry Jermyn Earl of St. Albans, the supposed husband of Henrietta Maria, ensured him a favourable reception at Court, and enabled him to follow the course of pleasure which he preferred.

During the exile of the royal family, the Princess of Orange, sister of Charles the Second, was supposed to have been enamoured of him; so that at the Restoration he found his character for gallantry established, and the ladies predisposed to become his slaves. However, were we to follow implicitly the satirical portrait of Count Hamilton, the "invincible Jermyn" possessed so few qualifications as a lover, that his success must have been almost miraculous. "Jermyn," says the Count, "was brave, and certainly a gentleman, yet he

had neither brilliant actions, nor distinguished rank to set him off; and as for his figure, he had nothing to boast of. He was diminutive in his person, his head large, and his legs small: his features were not disagreeable, but he was extremely affected in his carriage and behaviour. His wit consisted entirely in expressions learned by rote, which he occasionally employed either in raillery or love. This was the whole foundation of the merit of a man so formidable in his amours." As Jermyn had formerly been an admirer of Miss Hamilton, a prejudice against him in the pages of De Grammont may be readily understood.

The beautiful Mrs. Hyde,* then a young and happy wife, had early fallen headlong in love with the admired Jermyn, but it was the favours of the Duchess of Cleveland which raised his glory to its highest pitch, though the affair subsequently procured his dismissal from Court. Charles affected to despise his rival; he had hitherto been seldom thwarted in his amours; he had never inter-

* Theodosia, daughter of Arthur, first Lord Capel, was the first wife of Henry Hyde, afterwards Lord Cornbury, and, at the death of his father, Earl of Clarendon. Count Hamilton describes her person: "She was of a middle size, had a skin of a dazzling whiteness, fine hands, and a foot surprisingly beautiful, even in England: long custom had given such a languishing tenderness to her looks, that she never opened her eyes but like a Chinese; and when she ogled, one would have thought she was doing something worse." Her son succeeded as third Earl of Clarendon, and died in 1723.

fered with the gallantries of others; and consequently he was no less provoked at the infidelity of his mistress, than by the ridicule which it served to cast upon himself. It may be mentioned, however, as an instance of the easy temper of Charles, that no sooner had he come to terms with the imperious Duchess, (one of the articles of which had been the exclusion of his rival,) than he good-naturedly consented to Jermyn's recall. This condescension the other was so far from taking advantage of, that he retired for about half-a-year to his country-seat, "setting up," says Count Hamilton, "for a little philosopher, under the eyes of the sportsmen in the neighbourhood, who regarded him as an extraordinary instance of the mutability of fortune." According to the Count, his sole motive, for returning to Court was to make an attack on Miss Jennings's virtue, which had hitherto been regarded as impregnable. As he had never even seen her, it was impossible his heart could have been concerned, but to attempt her ruin he considered an enterprise worthy of his genius. As regarded her virtue he made little progress, but over her heart he was more successful.

With the exception of a duel which he fought with Thomas Howard,* on account of the infamous Lady Shrewsbury, (on which occasion he was left

* Fourth son of Sir William Howard, and brother of Charles, first Earl of Carlisle. He was the husband of Mary Villiers, Duchess of Richmond, and died in 1678.

on the field with little hopes of life,) the career of this insignificant man of pleasure affords few more entertaining particulars. He seems, however, to have been nominated a commissioner of the Treasury with Sir Stephen Fox and others, and on the 13th of May 1685, soon after the accession of James the Second, was created, by letters patent, Baron Jermyn of Dover. About the same period, (with Lords Arundel and Bellasyse, Father Petre, and others,) he was nominated one of the secret committee for watching over the interests of the Roman Catholics. His ambition was to obtain the command of the Life-guards, but in this he was disappointed; however, we find him Governor of Portsmouth in 1688. The last years of his life were passed in retirement at Cheveley, in Cambridgeshire, where he died, without issue, 6th April 1708. His remains were carried to Bruges, in Flanders, and were interred in the monastery of the Carmelites in that city,

ELIZABETH BUTLER,

COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD.

De Grammont's alluring Portrait of this Lady—her Lineage—her Marriage.—Notice of the Earl of Chesterfield—his Jealousy.—The Duke of York becomes the professed Admirer of Lady Chesterfield—her husband removes her to the Peak—supposed to have been poisoned—her Husband's Account of her Death.

We cannot but lament that a daughter of the high-minded Ormond and his virtuous Duchess should be mixed up with the scandalous intrigues of the Court of Charles, and that one of a race so illustrious, if not exactly a wanton, should at least have been a very blameable coquette. In the alluring portrait of De Grammont; in the meretricious picture of her large blue eyes; of her expressive countenance and faultless symmetry, there is something which rather displeases than charms. The daughter of a race so virtuous should have figured otherwise than in wild frolics and voluptuous details.

Elizabeth, daughter of James Duke of Ormond, was born at Kilkenny the 29th of June 1640, and consequently at the Restoration had not com-

pleted her twentieth year. Shortly before that event, she married Philip Earl of Chesterfield,* a young man of disagreeable manners and immoral habits; one who had the best opinion of himself with the worst conceivable one of women, and who was principally remarkable for the jealousy of his disposition and the redundancy of his hair. Swift speaks of him as "the greatest knave in England." Whatever may have been the secret of their domestic differences, they appear to have been extremely ill-suited to one another, and we early discover aversion on her part, and cruelty on his.

It was natural that a young, beautiful, and vivacious woman, willing enough to be admired, and openly neglected by her morose husband, should have been surrounded by lovers on every side. The admiration which she excited, if it failed in restoring the affection of her lord, had at least the effect of inflaming his jealousy to a very painful degree. He became, or affected to have become, the lover of his own wife, and disregarding

* Philip Stanhope, second Earl of Chesterfield, was born in 1633. He married, first, Lady Anne Percy, eldest daughter of Algernon Earl of Northumberland; secondly, Lady Elizabeth Butler, the subject of the present memoir; and, thirdly, Lady Elizabeth Dormer, eldest daughter of Charles Earl of Caernarvon. His lordship held the appointments of Chamberlain to Catherine of Braganza, Lord Warden of the King's forests and parks; was sworn of the Privy Council in 1680, and was Colonel of the 3rd regiment of foot. He died, aged eighty, 28th January 1713.

the ridicule of the Court, was constantly either watching her or at her side. But it was now Lady Chesterfield's turn to retaliate. Either intoxicated by the adulation of a host of coxcombs, or rendered callous by his previous neglect, she returned his reviving attentions with unequivocal contempt. Lord Chesterfield only waited to be revenged; and while he looked with an eye of jealousy upon all, his suspicions fell principally on the Duke of York, the professed admirer of his wife, and the most indiscreet lover of the Court.

About this period Francisco Corbeta, an Italian, was charming the gay Court of Charles with his delightful performances on the guitar. The King expressed himself an admirer of his talent; the Duke of York became his successful pupil; a guitar was seen on every table, and Francisco became the fashion of the day. He had lately composed a particular sarabande of great merit. The Duke of York wished to learn it of Lord Arran, whose skill was only surpassed by that of the Italian; and as his sister, Lady Chesterfield, possessed the best guitar in England, it was decided that they should adjourn to her apartments and take advantage of its admirable tones. On entering, they not only found the lady but Lord Chesterfield himself, who appeared disconcerted and annoyed at the unexpected intrusion. As the sarabande was repeated twenty times, their

stay was of some length, but Lord Chesterfield still continued in the room, as if determined to see the end of the visit. To his annoyance, however, he unexpectedly received a summons from the Queen, requiring his attendance in the capacity of her chamberlain, at the introduction of the Muscovite Ambassadors. He was still more annoyed, on discovering shortly afterwards that Lord Arran had followed him to the Court, and consequently that the Duke was enjoying a tête-à-tête with his wife.

But a circumstance, even more distressing to his jealous feelings, was communicated by him in confidence to James Hamilton. Lady Chesterfield, it seems, was in the habit of wearing green stockings, as the colour she conceived most becoming to her pretty ankles. "After the audience," said her husband, "of those confounded Muscovites, I went to Miss Stewart's apartments, whither the King had just entered before me; and, as if the Duke had sworn to pursue me that day wherever I went, he came in just after me." The conversation turned upon the extraordinary appearance of the ambassadors. "I know not," proceeded Lord Chesterfield, "where that fool Crofts had heard that the Muscovites had all handsome wives; and that all their wives had handsome legs. Upon this the King maintained, that no woman ever had such handsome legs as Miss Stewart; and she, to prove the truth of his Majesty's assertion, im-

mediately showed her leg above the knee. Some were ready to prostrate themselves in order to adore its beauty; for, indeed, nothing can be handsomer; but the Duke alone began to criticise it. He contended that it was too slender, and that for his own part he would give nothing for a leg that was not thicker and shorter, and concluded by saying that no leg was worth anything without green stockings; now this, in my opinion, was a sufficient demonstration that he had just seen green stockings, and had them fresh in his remembrance."

Whether Lady Chesterfield's flirtation with the Duke of York amounted to positive criminality may perhaps be doubted. There were, however, subsequent circumstances in their intercourse sufficient to inflame a far less jealous disposition than that of her irritable husband. A scene, of which he was himself a witness, at length decided him. Enraged almost to madness, he suddenly hurried her from London. The seclusion of his own seat of Bretby in Derbyshire, appeared a fit retirement for the offending beauty, and there the young and unhappy creature continued during the remainder of her short life. According to Pepys, "to send a man's wife to the Peak when she vexes him," became a proverb at court.

We have seen Lord Chesterfield unsuspiciously disclosing his griefs to James Hamilton, who was his wife's cousin and his own friend. Hamilton,

however, though ostensibly in love with Lady Castlemaine, had long been an admirer of Lady Chesterfield herself, and a rival with the Duke of York for her favours. Accordingly, when her husband disclosed to him the tale of her impropriety, and the evidences of her having conferred kindness on another, he listened with feelings of jealousy scarcely less acute than those of the unsuspecting Chesterfield, and was even cruel enough to propose her banishment into Derbyshire. Lady Chesterfield afterwards sufficiently retaliated on her barbarous lover. The manner in which she avenged herself is fully detailed in the "Mémoires de Grammont," and forms not the least agreeable portion of that delightful work.

Lady Chesterfield never again returned to the gay scenes which she had so unwillingly quitted. Whether she became reconciled to her seclusion, or repented of her indiscretions, we have no record. Shortly, however, after her leaving London she gave birth to a daughter, Lady Elizabeth Stanhope, who became the wife of John Lyon, fourth Earl of Strathmore. She survived the event but three years, and is reported to have died under circumstances of peculiar horror. The Earl, it was asserted, had insisted on her taking the sacrament, as a pledge of her innocence with respect to the Duke of York; and that at the same time he had bribed his chaplain to insert poison in the sacramental wine, of the effects of which she died. The

story was, at least partially, credited by Lord Chesterfield's family. His son, Lord Stanhope, had married Lady Gertrude Saville, a daughter of the Marquis of Halifax: this lady was on bad terms with her father-in-law, and whenever she happened to sit at the same table with him, whether in his own house or in those of others, was invariably furnished with her own cup, a bottle of wine, and another of water; out of these she could alone be persuaded to drink, and then only from the hands of her own servant.

On the other hand, Lord Chesterfield attributes his wife's death to the plague, which was then raging. "It being the great plague year," he says, "she fell sick of the spotted fever and died; whereupon I returned to my own house at Bretby, where I also fell sick of the spotted fever or plague." It is singular that, during her lifetime, he speaks of her in his letters with coldness and indifference, and that he records her dissolution without a trace of regret.* Lady Chesterfield expired at Wellinborough, (where she was residing for the benefit of the waters,) in July 1665, in her twenty-fifth year.

* Letters of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, p. 26, &c.

ELIZABETH BAGOT,

COUNTESS OF FALMOUTH AND DORSET.

Lineage of this Lady — her Beauty — her Marriage (with the Earl of Falmouth) — her husband killed in an Action with the Dutch — Grief of the King and the Duke of York at his Loss. — Dryden's Satire on Lady Falmouth — her second Marriage (with the Earl of Dorset)—her Death.

Little is known of this pretty lady, beyond the graceful touches of De Grammont, the charming portrait of Lely, and the rude lines of Dryden. She was the daughter of Colonel Hervey Bagot, of Pipe Hall in Warwickshire, second son of Sir Hervey Bagot, Baronet, of Blythfield in the county of Stafford. Her father, having distinguished himself by his gallantry during the civil troubles, had the post of Gentleman Pensioner conferred on him at the Restoration, while his daughter received the appointment of Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York, a situation, at that period, at least of questionable respectability.

The praises of De Grammont are valuable from their rarity. In his libertine observations on the new Court, and the merits of the fair faces which surrounded him, "Miss Bagot," he says, "was the

only one who was really possessed of virtue and beauty among these maids of honour: she had beautiful and regular features, and that sort of brown complexion, which, when in perfection, is so particularly fascinating, and more especially in England, where it is uncommon. There was an involuntary blush almost continually upon her cheek, without having anything to blush for." De Grammont, like most libertines, could admire modesty in a woman, though he ridiculed it in a man.

About the year 1663 Miss Bagot became the wife of Charles Berkeley, Earl of Falmouth,* a gallant and handsome profligate, whose society was as agreeable as his principles were indifferent. Their union was but short-lived. In 1665, Lord Falmouth volunteered on board the fleet which was sent against the Dutch. In the heat of the great action of the 3rd of June, he was standing by the side of his friend and master the Duke of York, when his head was carried off by a cannon-ball, giving, as Sir John Denham says on the occasion, —

—the first last proof that he had brains.†

The Duke was covered with his blood, and at the same moment had the misfortune to see Lord Mus-

* Second son of Sir Charles Berkeley, of Bruton in Gloucestershire. He was created by Charles II. Baron Berkeley and Viscount Fitzhardinge in Ireland, and, on the 17th of March 1664, Baron Botetourt and Earl of Falmouth in England. He died June 3, 1665, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

† "Directions to a painter concerning the Dutch War."

kerry, and Robert Boyle, a son of the Earl of Burlington, killed by the same shot.

Lord Falmouth must have been possessed of some engaging qualities, to have caused, as he did, among his own circle, the general sorrow which followed his loss. The King was much affected. "Those who knew him best," says Lord Clarendon, "were amazed at the floods of tears which he shed upon this occasion." The Duke of York too, cold as was his nature, is said to have felt his loss deeply, and to have sincerely regretted the laurels which he himself had gained, since they were the means of depriving him of his friend.

From this period till her second marriage with Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, the celebrated poet and wit, we know little of the history of the young widow: it is at least to her credit, that such a man as Lord Dorset should have selected her as his wife, and as the little which we have hitherto seen of her character is at least engaging, the following gross and unfeeling lines of Dryden are the more startling and unwelcome. As the point of the satire is unknown, it is impossible to canvas its justice.

> Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,
> Married, but wiser puss ne'er thought of that.
> And first he worried her with railing rhyme,
> Like Pembroke's mastiffs, at his kindest time;
> Then, for one night, sold all his slavish life,
> A teeming widow but a barren wife;

Swelled by contact of such a fulsome toad,
He lugged about a matrimonial load;
Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill restored him to his liberty;
Which he would use in his old sneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times
Had famed for dulness in malicious rhymes.*

The Countess of Dorset died in 1684. By Lord Falmouth she was the mother of one child, Mary, who became the wife of Gilbert Cosyn Gerrard, Esquire, (son of Sir Gilbert Gerrard, Baronet, of Feskerton in Lincolnshire,) from whom she was divorced in 1684. By her second husband, Lady Dorset had no children; but whether Dryden be at all justified in his expression of the "teeming widow," we have no evidence to decide: it was perhaps no compliment to her memory, that the Earl of Dorset married another wife, Lady Mary Compton, within a year after her death. At Althorpe there is a picture of Miss Bagot by Lely.

* Essay on Satire.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON,

COUNTESS DE GRAMMONT.

Lely's Portrait of Miss Hamilton — her Wit and Beauty — her various Lovers — Joke practised by her on Miss Blague — her Marriage with the Count de Grammont — Doubts of his previous Sincerity. — The Countess quits England for France. — Charles introduces her to his Sister, the Duchess of Orleans. — Unpopularity of the Countess de Grammont at the French Court — becomes a Devotee—she endeavours to convert her libertine Husband. — Conversion and Death of De Grammont — Her own Death.

THERE is a charm in Lely's celebrated gallery of the Beauties of the Court of Charles, which none but a very cold or a very sanctimonious person could fail to appreciate. There is in the bright aspect of beauty—in the eye that still languishes, and the smile that still warms,—a fascination and a reality, which identifies us almost involuntarily with the merry Court of Charles, and which recalls vividly the song, the laughter, and the sparkling wit, with all the blandishments and allurements of that Paphian Court. Standing in that circle of beauty, the imagination easily recalls the studio of the illustrious Lely, and pictures it to itself, what it once was, the lounging-place of the young, the beautiful, and the gay. We can fancy one of

the fair forms around us seated before the obsequious painter, exhibiting, it may be, all the absurd yet graceful prettinesses of spoiled beauty and petted caprice. We can fancy the swarthy features of the merry Monarch, bending over the chair of his mistress, whispering his soft nothings and provoking the gay repartee; while around are grouped the idle courtiers, favoured according to their merits, by the guardianship of the muff, the lap-dog, or the fan. The very languish which still captivates on the canvass may have been the actual expression of the minute, thrown out in a moment of tenderness, to snare the easy heart of Charles, and caught in a happy moment of inspiration by the admiring artist.

Whether considered as a work of art, or on account of the beauty of the features it represents, the portrait of Miss Hamilton is decidedly the most charming of Lely's celebrated collection; nor, if we are to believe encomiums, (dictated, as they however were, by the fond pride of a husband, and the affectionate regard of a brother,) was her mind less perfect than her face was lovely. The exquisite portrait of her in the Mémoires de Grammont, is one which never fades from the imagination. Whatever is supposed to be most fascinating in the mistress, or valuable in the wife; wit, beauty, and good-humour; an agreeable perception of the ridiculous, added to the most irreproachable conduct and the strongest sense; such

is described the wife of one of the most selfish profligates, the heroine of one of the most agreeable works which has ever issued from the press. Such is the family likeness of the Countess de Grammont; and if, in the evidence of others, there is nothing which actually disproves its truth, there is unfortunately but little to support it: it is ungracious, however, to criticise a portrait so admirably drawn and so generally admired.

The subject of this memoir was the eldest daughter of Sir George Hamilton, a soldier of some note during the civil troubles. He was the fourth son of James, first Earl of Abercorn, and married Mary, grand-daughter of Walter, eleventh Earl of Ormond, by which means Miss Hamilton became the niece of James, the first and great Duke of Ormond. On the death of Charles I. Sir George Hamilton had retired to France, where he accepted a military command under the French monarch; at the Restoration, however, he returned to England and presented himself at the Court of the second Charles, with a large family, distinguished equally by wit, beauty, and talent.

Of these, his charming daughter, Elizabeth Hamilton, was born in 1641, and consequently, when she first appeared in the gay circles of Whitehall, could scarcely have attained her twentieth year. Lovers, many of them the most eligible of the period, were not slow in presenting themselves. The Duke of York had fallen in love with her

portrait in Lely's studio, and on being presented to her, was scarcely less charmed with the beautiful original: his proposals, however, were dishonourable, and were haughtily rejected. The Duke of Richmond, the gamester and drunkard; the simpleton Arundel, afterwards Duke of Norfolk; the handsome and libertine Falmouth; the Russells, uncle and nephew, celebrated by De Grammont, and the lady-killer Jermyn, alike wore her chains and offered her their hands. De Grammont himself, graceful, impudent, and clever, was more successful, and it perhaps does little credit to Miss Hamilton's taste, that she should have received as a lover one whose only recommendation was his wit, and who could look only to the products of the gaming-table for the means of supporting her as his wife. The portrait of her, however, as she appeared to him at this period, is sketched in the best spirit of gallantry, and was thus dictated by him to Count Hamilton after a union of more than twenty years.

"Miss Hamilton was at the happy age when the charms of the fair sex begin to bloom: she had the fairest shape, the loveliest neck, and most beautiful arms in the world: she was majestic and graceful in all her movements; and she was the original which all the ladies copied in their taste and air of dress. Her forehead was open, white, and smooth: her hair was well set, and fell with ease into that natural order which it is so difficult

to imitate. Her complexion was possessed of a certain freshness, not to be equalled by borrowed colours: her eyes were not large, but they were lively, and capable of expressing whatever she pleased: her mouth was full of graces, and her contour uncommonly perfect: nor was her nose, which was small, delicate, and turned up, the least ornament of so lovely a face. In fine, her air, her carriage, and the numberless graces dispersed over her whole person, made the Chevalier de Grammont not doubt but that she was possessed of every other qualification. Her mind was a proper companion for such a form: she did not endeavour to shine in conversation by those sprightly sallies which only puzzle; and with still greater ease she avoided that affected solemnity in her discourse which produces stupidity; but without any eagerness to talk, she just said what she ought, and no more. She had an admirable discernment in distinguishing between solid and false wit; and far from making an ostentatious display of her abilities, she was reserved, though very just in her decisions: her sentiments were always noble, and even lofty to the highest extent, when there was occasion: nevertheless, she was less prepossessed with her own merit than is usually the case with those who have so much. Formed as we have described, she could not fail of commanding love; but so far was she from courting it, that she was scrupulously nice with respect to those whose

merit might entitle them to form any pretensions to her."

There are so many to whom the "Mémoires De Grammont" is supposed to be a forbidden book, that one more extract, though somewhat lengthy, may not be unacceptable to the reader. The following lively anecdote discovers agreeably enough that peculiar love of mischief and fun, for which Miss Hamilton was so distinguished among her acquaintance.

Miss Blague, who had the misfortune to be the victim on the occasion, was maid of honour to the Duchess of York: with this exception, and the fact of her having been selected by *La belle Hamilton* as the heroine of a practical joke, she seems to possess but little claim to the notice of posterity. "Miss Blague," says Count Hamilton, "was a good subject for ridicule; her shape was neither good nor bad; her countenance bore the appearance of the greatest insipidity; her complexion was the same all over; and she had two little hollow eyes, adorned with white eyelashes as long as one's finger. With these attractions she placed herself in ambuscade to surprise unwary hearts, but she might have done so in vain, had it not been for the arrival of the Marquess Brisacier. Heaven seemed to have made them for each other. He had in his person and manners every requisite to dazzle a creature of her character: he talked eternally, without say-

ing anything, and in his dress exceeded the most extravagant fashions. Miss Blague believed that all this finery was on her account, and the Marquess believed that her long eyelashes had never taken aim at any but himself. Brisacier, whom she looked upon as smitten, had wit, which he set off with common-place talk, and with little songs he sung out of tune most methodically, and was continually exerting one or other of these happy talents. The Duke of Buckingham did all he could to spoil him, by the praises he bestowed both upon his voice and upon his wit; and upon his authority, Miss Blague, who hardly understood a word of French, regulated herself in admiring the one and the other. It was remarked, that all the words which he sung to her were in praise of fair women, and that taking this to herself, she always cast down her eyes in acknowledgment and consciousness. Upon these observations it was resolved to make a jest of her the first opportunity."

The following plan was eventually devised by Miss Hamilton and her accomplices, and it was decided to carry it into execution at an approaching masquerade. Parisian gloves, of which Miss Hamilton had by chance several pairs, were then very much in fashion. A pair of these she despatched to Miss Blague, accompanied with about four yards of very pale yellow riband, and a note, as if from Brisacier, beseeching her to wear them

at the fête, in order that he might discover her in the crowd. Shortly after the messenger had departed, Miss Price, one of the Maids of Honour, accidentally called upon Miss Hamilton. This lady was the sworn foe of Miss Blague, and having already robbed her of one lover, the fair Hamilton determined a second time to raise hostilities between them, by throwing her in Brisacier's way. She presented her therefore with some gloves and riband, exactly similar to those which she had previously had conveyed to Miss Blague, desiring her jocularly not to interfere with the latter's plans upon Brisacier, an injunction which she well knew would have a very different effect from what was apparently intended.

The day of the fête arrived : all that was beautiful and splendid was present, and among them the laughing Hamilton and her accomplices, waiting eagerly for the *dénouement* of their joke. It was soon evident that their plans had had their full effect upon poor Miss Blague. " She was," says Count Hamilton, " more yellow than saffron; her fair locks were ornamented with the citron-coloured riband, put there out of complaisance to Brisacier; and to inform him of his happiness, she often raised to her head her victorious hands, adorned with the gloves we have before mentioned. But if they were surprised to see her in a head-dress that made her look more wan than ever, she felt very different sensations at seeing

Miss Price partake with her, in every particular, of Brisacier's present: her surprise soon turned to jealousy, for her rival had not failed to join in conversation with him, in consequence of what had been insinuated to her the evening before; nor did Brisacier fail to return her first advances without paying the least attention to the fair Blague, nor to the signs which she was tormenting herself to make him, to inform him of his happy destiny.

"Miss Price was short and thick, and consequently no dancer; the Duke of Buckingham, who brought Brisacier forward as often as he could, came to desire him, on the part of the King, to dance with Miss Blague, without knowing what was then passing in this nymph's heart. Brisacier excused himself, on account of the contempt that he had for country dances. Miss Blague thought that it was herself that he despised; and seeing that he was engaged in conversation with her mortal enemy, she began to dance without knowing what she did; her indignation and jealousy being sufficiently remarkable to divert the whole Court, though none but Miss Hamilton and her accomplices understood the joke perfectly."

It seems that Miss Blague was greatly at a loss to discover from whence this change in Brisacier's manner had originated. In the letter which had purported to have been sent by him, her eyes had been poetically likened to those of the wild boar, the French word *marcassin* having been made use

of for the occasion. Miss Blague, being ignorant of the language, had applied to her friends for the meaning; while they, on their parts, from the circumstance of there being no wild boars in England, had innocently translated it to her as "young pig." This was naturally construed by her into a deliberate insult, and she was highly indignant in consequence. In the midst of her resentment, however, says Count Hamilton, "Sir —— Yarborough, as fair a complexion as herself, made her an offer of marriage and was accepted: chance made up this match, I suppose, as an experiment to try what such a white-haired union would produce." The joke practised by Miss Hamilton on Lady Muskerry, at the same masquerade, is as well known, and scarcely less amusing.

About the year 1668, Miss Hamilton became the wife of the celebrated Philibert, Count de Grammont. From our knowledge of his worldly mind and unprincipled character, as well as from several hints which have been handed down to us, it would seem that the vivacious Frenchman had been hitherto merely playing with her feelings, and that marriage was the last circumstance which had entered into his libertine ideas. There is an anecdote, connected with this supposition, which, willing as we may be to dispute its truth, is unlikely to have been entirely a fiction. De Grammont, as is well known, had been banished from the French Court, for presuming to be the rival of Louis the Four-

teenth, for the favours of Mademoiselle La Motte Houdancourt. On hearing the news of his recall, after a banishment of six years, so eager is he said to have been to return to his native land, as to have forgotten his engagements with Miss Hamilton, or at all events to have neglected to fulfil them before he took his departure. He was already, we are told, entering the town of Dover, when her two brothers came up with him, determined either to bring him to an explanation or to provoke him to an encounter. "Chevalier de Grammont," they exclaimed, "have you forgotten nothing in London?" — "I beg your pardon," was the reply, "I forgot to marry your sister." The anecdote is said to have afforded to Molière the idea of La Marriage Forcée. De Grammont had been the lover of Miss Hamilton for six years, and the first bloom of beauty must already have begun to fade from her cheek.

After the birth of her first child, in 1669, the Countess retired to France with her husband, where she continued during the remainder of her life. Charles appears to have respected her character, and to have regretted her departure. In a letter to his sister, the Duchess of Orleans, dated 24th October 1669, he warmly recommends to her notice the Countess de Grammont, who, he says, is on the point of setting out for France with her husband. "And now I have named her," he proceeds, "I cannot choose but again desire you to

be kind to her; for, besides the merit her family has on both sides, she is as good a creature as ever lived. I believe she will pass for a handsome woman in France, though she has not yet, since her lying-in, recovered that good-shape she had before, and I am afraid never will."

Whether this partial loss of beauty had rendered her appearance less dazzling, or whether, as is probable, her natural charms had never in reality been so striking, or her mind quite so amiable, as they have been pictured to us by a husband and a brother, certain it is that at the French Court Madame de Grammont was neither so beloved nor so admired, as seems to have been anticipated by her friends. However, her flattering reception by the King of France, the vast accession of fortune which her husband shortly afterwards acquired by the death of his elder brother, her appointment as Dame du Palais at Versailles, as well as her own wit and beauty, as it rendered her an object of envy in the heartless circles of the Louvre, may possibly have excited the ill-will of her fair contemporaries against the favoured and gifted Englishwoman. Nevertheless, we are disappointed at the manner in which she is spoken of by the female wits of the period. Madame de Sévigné speaks of her as haughty and disagreeable; Madame de Caylus denounces her as *une Anglaise insupportable*, and Madame de Maintenon as *plus agréable qu' aimable*.

With the increase of years and the decay of beauty, Madame de Grammont seems to have adopted the fashion of the country which had become her home, and to have devoted herself to religious duties, as soon as others had ceased to show devotion towards herself. She even applied herself to make a convert of her worthless husband, respecting which the younger Richardson relates an amusing anecdote. "At the time," he says, "when this celebrated libertine was thought to be on his death-bed, the King sent the Marquess Dangeau, a famous devotee of those times, to talk with him of God. The Countess de Grammont, also a professed devotee, and who had before been perpetually teasing her husband with repentance, was sitting on the bed-side. So, after the King's devotee had been haranguing him for some time, he turned to his wife, and said, 'Countess, if you don't look about you, Dangeau will smuggle [*escamotera*] my conversion.'"* St. Evremond declared that he would gladly die, to go off with such a *bon mot* in his mouth.

At this period De Grammont was in his seventy-fifth year: he had rarely known a day's sickness, and used to declare jocularly that he should never die. He recovered from his malady and survived till the 10th January 1707, when he expired at the age of eighty-six. It appears by the letters of St. Evremond to Ninon de l'Enclos, that

* Richardsoniana.

though cheerful and even vivacious to the last, he grew to have a respect for religion, and in the end lived and died devoutly. The latter writes to St. Evremond of their mutual friend,—"Madame de Coulogne has undertaken to make your compliments to the Count de Grammont, by the Countess de Grammont. He is so young, that I think him as light as when he hated sick people, and loved them after they had recovered their health." His widow, respecting whose death we have unfortunately no particulars, survived him only a year, dying in 1708, at the age of sixty-seven. Of their two daughters, the only offspring of their marriage, Claude Charlotte, a beautiful and accomplished woman, married, in 1694, Henry Lord Stafford. Her younger sister died abbess of the Chanonesses in Lorrain.

ANNE,

COUNTESS OF SOUTHESK.

Lineage of the Countess of Southesk — her Intrigue with the Duke of York — Jealousy of her Husband — his singular Mode of Revenge — her Family Afflictions and Death.

This person, remarkable only for her fair face and abandoned character, was the eldest daughter of the handsome and gallant Duke of Hamilton, who died of the wounds which he had received at the battle of Worcester. Of her early history nothing is known. She seems, however, before marriage, to have been the friend and confidante of Mrs. Palmer, afterwards the famous Duchess of Cleveland, from whose conversation and example she may probably have imbibed that taste for intrigue, which has obtained for her so eminent and discreditable a position in the annals of gallantry and vice.

Lady Anne Hamilton must have been still young, when she became the wife of Robert Lord Carnegie, eldest son of the Earl of Southesk, a man whose only characteristic seems to have been ill-temper, and whose only resources were bull-baiting and the cock-pit.

De Grammont informs us that she had already been long famous for the tenderness of her disposition, when the Duke of York expressed himself a suitor for her favours. Her husband, at this period, had been hastily summoned to Scotland to attend the sick-bed of his father; the old Earl, however, dying sooner than had been anticipated, and Lord Carnegie having privately obtained intimation of what was passing in his absence, he hastened back to London with his new title and newly aroused suspicions, and had the satisfaction of finding his presence neither welcome nor expected. He arrived at a particular crisis, and shortly exhibited such inconvenient symptoms of jealousy, that the Duke henceforward never visited his mistress unaccompanied by a friend. On one of these occasions he happened to be attended by Richard Talbot, afterwards Duke of Tyrconnel, who had just returned from Portugal, and was unacquainted with Lady Carnegie's change of title, as he had hitherto been with her person. Talbot having been introduced to the lady, and having exchanged such common-place civilities as are called for by good-breeding, retired, as friendship and duty prompted him, into an ante-chamber, where he amused himself by looking out of the window at what was passing in the street. But the more *piquant* part of the story shall be related by De Grammont himself.—

"Talbot stood sentinel," he says, "very atten-

tive to his instructions, when he saw a carriage stop at the door, without being in the least concerned at it, and still less at seeing a man get out of it, whom he immediately heard coming up stairs. The devil, who ought to be civil upon such occasions, forgot himself in the present instance, and brought up Lord Southesk in *propriâ personâ*. His Royal Highness's equipage had been sent home, because my lady had assured him that her husband had gone to see a bear and a bull-baiting, an entertainment in which he took great delight, and from whence he seldom returned until it was very late; so that Southesk, not seeing any equipage at the door, little imagined that he had such good company in his house; but if he was surprised to see Talbot carelessly lolling in his wife's ante-chamber, his surprise was soon over. Talbot, who had not seen him since they were in Flanders, and never supposing that he had changed his name: 'Welcome, Carnegie, welcome, my good fellow,' said he, giving him his hand, 'where the devil have you been, that I have never been able to set eyes on you since we were at Brussels? What business brought you here? Do you likewise wish to see Lady Southesk? If this is your intention, my poor friend, you may go away again; for I must inform you, the Duke of York is in love with her, and I will tell you in confidence, that at this very time he is in her chamber.'

"Southesk, confounded as one may suppose, had

no time to answer all these fine questions. Talbot, therefore, attended him down stairs as his friend; and, as his humble servant, advised him to seek for a mistress elsewhere. Southesk, not knowing what else to do at that time, returned to his carriage; and Talbot, overjoyed at the adventure, impatiently waited for the Duke's return, that he might acquaint him with it; but he was very much surprised to find that the story afforded no pleasure to those who had the principal share in it; and took it in dudgeon, that the animal Carnegie had changed his name, as if only to draw him into such a confidence."

According to De Grammont, this ludicrous occurrence afforded the Duke of York an opportunity of breaking off a connection of which he had begun to weary. But the effect on the mind of Lord Southesk is described as most painful. Ignorant of the change in the Duke's feelings, and his determination to absent himself in future from any intercourse with the frail lady, the infuriated husband is said to have meditated a mode of revenge, at least as peculiar as the particulars are disgusting. "He went," says Count Hamilton, to the most infamous places to seek for the most infamous disease." According to the same authority, the Duke, by persisting in his intention to absent himself from his mistress, was preserved from the plot which was laid for him, while the Earl and his offending Countess were the only

sufferers on the occasion. Bishop Burnet has also recorded the scandal. "A story," he says, "was about, and generally believed, that the Earl of Southesk, that had married a daughter of Duke Hamilton's, suspecting some familiarities between the Duke and his wife, had taken a sure method to procure a disease to himself, which he communicated to his wife. Lord Southesk was for some years not ill pleased to have this believed. It looked like a peculiar strain of revenge, with which he seemed much delighted; but I know he has to some of his friends denied the whole of the story very solemnly."* The acrimonious Bishop enters still further into particulars, and informs us that Willis, one of the Court physicians, was dismissed from his employments, for attributing the death of one of the Duke of York's children to the successful issue of the plot. Count Hamilton, however, as we have already seen, assures us that the Earl was disappointed of his revenge; and we have the evidence of Cockburn, the Duke's medical attendant, and of Boileau, one of the royal surgeons, that there was no truth in the story.

To return to Lady Southesk. She seems to have paid the usual penalty of vice, and to have

* John Baptist Colbert, Marquis of Seignelai, is said to have adopted the same expedient to revenge himself on Louis XIV, for the favours which that monarch had bestowed on his wife.

passed through the ordeal of paint, misery, and disappointment, with which the world has ever rewarded its veterans. She is described as a constant attendant at the gaming-table, and Pepys alludes to her as "devilishly painted," and a flaunting frequenter of the Park. To these were added the bitterest domestic suffering. Her first-born, Lord Carnegie, treated her with contempt;—her husband could only have regarded her with abhorrence; while her youngest and most beloved son, William Carnegie, fell a victim to his passion for a prostitute, and died at Paris at the age of nineteen in a miserable quarrel. The year of Lady Southesk's decease is unknown and unimportant. It is certain, however, that she did not survive her husband, who died in 1688.

SUSAN LADY BELLASYSE.

Marriage of this Lady — Death of her Husband in a Duel — the Duke of York places a Contract of Marriage in her Hands — she is frightened into returning it—her Death.— Picture of Lady Bellasyse at Hampton Court.

This lady was the only child of Sir William Armine, Baronet, of Osgodby, in Lincolnshire, by Mary Talbot, granddaughter of George, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury. At an early age she became the second wife of Sir Henry Bellasyse, son of John Lord Bellasyse, and nephew of Thomas Lord Falconberg, the son-in-law of Cromwell. She was early left a widow; her husband losing his life in a drunken fracas with Tom Porter, a Groom of the bedchamber, and his own intimate friend.* Sir Henry died a Knight of the Bath; his intimacy with the Duke of York and the military services of his father during the civil wars, rather than any merit of his own, having procured him that distinguished honour.

After the death of her husband, in 1667, Lady Bellasyse, being left with an only son Henry, after-

* For an account of this rather remarkable duel, which was fought 28th July 1667, see Pepys' Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 104, 105, and 188. 4to.

wards second Lord Bellasyse, retired for a period from the Court. She returned, however in about two years, when the Duke of York showed his respect for the memory of his friend, by publicly making love to his widow. Whether there was criminality in their intercourse is not known. It is certain, however, that after the death of his Duchess, when Lady Bellasyse was no longer young, the Duke placed a contract of marriage in her hands, and showed a more than common interest in her spiritual welfare, by making use of every means in his power to convert her to Popery.

Whether or not he achieved the victory over her virtue or her heart, we are assured that, in his attack on her religious principles, he was entirely unsuccessful. It seems, however, that the Duke continuing his visits, her friends remonstrated with her on their frequency, and alluded to some injurious suspicions to which they had naturally given birth. Lady Bellasyse, probably in a moment of intemperate indignation, produced the document which she had received from the Duke of York. The story was soon bruited abroad. Her father-in-law, Lord Bellasyse, a bigoted Papist, overlooking the advancement of his family in his regard for the interests of the religion which he professed, and dreading the influence which a zealous Protestant like his kinswoman might obtain over the Duke, immediately addressed himself to the King. Charles, according to Burnet,

sent for the Duke:—"It was too much," he said, "to have played the fool once: that was not to be done a second time, and at such an age." Lady Bellasyse, in her turn, was so intimidated by the threats of the Court, as to give up the original contract; adopting, however, the useless precaution of preserving an attested copy. It may be remarked that after the death of her husband, the Duke of York procured for his mistress the rank of Baroness Bellasyse for her own life.

Pepys mentions his falling in with Lady Bellasyse at a fashionable coachmaker's in 1669. She was seated, he says, with "other great ladies," in a new coach, where they were enjoying themselves, eating bread and butter and drinking ale. The circumstance, which is otherwise trivial, throws an amusing light on the character of the times.

In middle age, Lady Bellasyse united herself to one Fortrey, described as a gentleman of fortune, concerning whose history or character we are left in the dark. Little more can be said of the remaining period of her own existence. She seems, however, to have frequented the court of her old lover on his accession to the throne; was present at the accouchement of Mary of Modena,* and signed the famous deposition of the birth of the Prince of Wales. In the poem of "The Deponents," originating in the well-known warming-pan story, she is alluded to with little reverence:—

* Burnet, vol. iii. p. 253.

Then pocky Bellasyse the next comes in,
And says she saw the cast of Charles's queen;
And, hearing that the Queen in labour was,
She hurried in without a call or pass: &c.*

Granger says, "that from a letter of Swift to Mrs. Dingley, she appears to have died in the reign of Queen Anne, and left about ten thousand pounds to Lord Berkeley of Stratton, who was also one of her executors." We discover, however, from another source, that her demise took place on the 6th of January 1713.

The picture among the Court Beauties at Hampton Court which passes as Lady Byron, is generally supposed to have been painted for Lady Bellasyse, and, according to Granger, the almost total absence of beauty confirms the conjecture. Vertue doubted whether it was intended for Lady Byron, and Walpole argues, from its resemblance to the mezzotinto of Lady Bellasyse from the original by Sir Peter Lely, that it was meant for that lady. The same authority informs us, that he had a miniature of Lady Bellasyse by Cooper, which was "historically plain." Walpole conjectures, foolishly enough, that the portrait of Lady Bellasyse was admitted by Charles among the Court Beauties, in order to display the superiority of his own taste over that of his brother. The portrait of Lady Bellasyse at Hampton Court, is by Huysman, the pupil of Vandyke.

* State Poems, vol. iii. p. 161.

ISABELLA, LADY ROBARTS.

Her doubtful Identity — the Duke of York her professed Admirer — Jealousy of her Husband — he removes her from London—her Death and numerous Children.

We know little of this lady beyond the passing tribute which De Grammont has paid to her charms and her frailty. Her very name and family are involved in doubt. According to Horace Walpole, the Lady Robarts of De Grammont was Sarah, daughter of John Bodville, of Bodville Castle in Caernarvonshire, wife of Robert Robarts, eldest son of John first Earl of Radnor. This is undoubtedly a mistake, and is corrected by Sir William Musgrave in his MS. notes to De Grammont. He justly observes, that it in no manner "agrees with the description of her husband as being old and a lord, because Robarts the son could not have been very old when he died before his father, who [besides] was only Lord Robarts." The lady, there can be no question, was Isabella, daughter of Sir John Smith, Knight, of Kent, and the second wife of John, second Baron Robarts, and first Earl of Radnor, the father of the person to whom Horace Walpole has allotted her. As the son never

bore the title of Robarts, it is another argument that she could not have been his wife. Lord Robarts, the father, had sided against his sovereign during the civil wars, and yet, notwithstanding his disloyalty, was received into favour at the Restoration. Lord Clarendon speaks of him as a morose, proud, and ill-tempered man, which exactly agrees with the description of De Grammont.

"Lady Robarts," says the latter, "was then in the zenith of her glory: her beauty was striking; yet, notwithstanding the brightness of her fine complexion, with all the bloom of youth, and with every requisite for inspiring desire, she was not attractive. The Duke, however, would probably have been successful, if difficulties, almost insurmountable, had not opposed themselves to his good intentions. Lord Robarts, her husband, was an old, snarling, troublesome, peevish fellow, in love with her to distraction, and to complete her misery, never suffered her out of his sight." The lady, however, appears to have persisted in giving the Duke encouragement, who in consequence redoubled his attentions, while the watchfulness of the husband not unnaturally increased. Various plans were devised by the Duke and his friends, either to bribe him into compliance or blind him to his dishonour. Among other expedients, it was proposed to him that his wife should accept an important post about the Queen or the Duchess of York; while he was himself offered the Lord

Lieutenancy of his own county, or the management of the Duke of York's revenues in Ireland:—the one would have given his wife apartments at Whitehall, the other would have removed him to a distance. "But in vain," adds De Grammont, "did ambition and avarice hold out their allurements: he was deaf to all their temptations, nor could the old fellow be persuaded to become a cuckold. Under the pretence of a pilgrimage to Saint Winifred, the virgin and martyr, who was said to cure women of barrenness, he did not rest, until the highest mountains in Wales were placed between his wife and the person who had designed to perform this miracle in London after his departure." The Duke, after his separation from his mistress, figures as anything but a disconsolate lover. In the pleasures of the chase, and the charms of Lady Chesterfield, he seems to have quickly forgotten the exiled lady and her jealous lord.

Such is the little that can be ascertained respecting this unimportant beauty. Of one whose very identity is even doubtful—whose story is so ephemeral,—it would be idle to carry research further. Presuming, however, that she be the lady we have supposed, the visit to St. Winifred's Well must at least have been a supererogatory trouble. She figures in the Peerages as the mother of four sons and five daughters, of whom the eldest was Francis, Member of Parliament in the reigns of Charles the Second, James the Second, William

the Third, and Queen Anne; Vice President of the Royal Society, and a man of considerable intellectual acquirements. His brother John eventually succeeded as fourth Earl of Radnor, and dying in 1764, unmarried, the title became extinct in his person. It was conferred the following year on William Bouverie, second Viscount Folkestone.

ANNE TEMPLE, LADY LITTLETON.

Her narrow Escape from the Court Libertines — her Beauty and silly Disposition — Notice of her Husband, Sir Charles Littleton — his Dread of being cuckolded. — Death of Lady Littleton.

Beautiful, silly, and unmeaning, the heroine of an agreeable, but scarcely decent adventure in De Grammont's Memoirs, and Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York. She appeared at Court when extremely young, and fortunately quitted it before she was much older. The ungovernable Rochester and the handsome Sydney were suitors for her smiles, and as Miss Temple had no objection to be admired, her virtue had probably a narrow escape.

Anne Temple was the daughter of Thomas Temple, Esq. of Frankton, in Warwickshire, by Rebecca, daughter of Sir Nicholas Carew, Knight, of Beddington, in Surrey. By what interest she obtained a post at Court is not known, but she quickly excited the attention of its libertine frequenters. "Miss Temple," says Count Hamilton, "was brown compared with Miss Jennings: she had a good shape, fine teeth, languishing eyes, a fresh complexion, an agreeable smile, and a lively air.

Such was the outward form, and it would be difficult to describe the rest; for she was simple and vain, credulous and suspicious, coquettish and prudent, very conceited and very silly." She figures as the companion of Miss Hobart, a person with all the propensities of Sappho, without a tittle of the genius of the Lesbian poetess.

About two years after her introduction at Court, at the age of eighteen, Miss Temple accepted the hand of Sir Charles Littleton, Knight, a gallant cavalier of forty, and owner of the afterwards classical seat of Hagley. In his youth, he had distinguished himself under the royal standard in the civil troubles, and had latterly been governor of Jamaica, where he built the town of Port Royal. At the period of his marriage, he was colonel of the Duke of York's regiment, and afterwards rose to be a Brigadier-general, Governor of Sheerness, and sat as Member of Parliament for Bewdley. He seems to have experienced a severe struggle between his love for the lady and his dread of her making him a cuckold. They appear, however, to have led a domestic life, his wife bearing him thirteen children, of whom there were five sons and eight daughters. Sir Charles lived to the age of eighty-six, and died at Hagley, 2nd of May 1716. His lady survived him only two years, expiring also at Hagley, 27th of August 1718. She was the grandmother of the celebrated Lord Littleton.

MISS BROOKE, LADY DENHAM.

Introduction to Court by her Uncle the Earl of Bristol — his scheme of advancing his Interests through her Shame — her Marriage with Sir John Denham, the Poet. — Anecdotes of Sir John.—Lady Denham becomes the Mistress of the Duke of York. — Madness of her Husband — believed to have caused her Death by Poison — her last Illness. —Distress of the Duke of York.—Death of Sir John Denham.

Her brief but romantic story, the genius of her husband, her own loveliness and untimely end, have invested the name of Lady Denham with a peculiar interest. She was the eldest daughter of Sir William Brooke, K. B. and niece of George Digby, second Earl of Bristol. It is even affirmed that her introduction to the libertine monarch, and her invitation to the royal parties, was an infamous scheme of Bristol's, who was desirous of advancing his own interests through the shame of his niece.* The Earl is extremely well known from his absurd inconsistencies as a statesman, and, in private life, as a sycophantic panderer to the amusements and pleasures of Charles the Second.

* It appears by a passage in Pepys's Memoirs, that her subsequent endeavours to advance the intrigues of her profligate uncle, produced a temporary coolness between the Duke of York and his beautiful mistress.—*Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 491. 4to.

Miss Brooke was only eighteen when she appear- at Court with her lovely sister.* Her charms attracted the attention of Charles, but Lady Castlemaine, then in the zenith of her beauty and power, interfering with her headstrong jealousy, the King was robbed of his prize, and Miss Brooke of the honour of enslaving him.

The Duke of York succeeded as her professed lover, but as long as she remained unmarried she appears to have afforded him but little encouragement. It was almost, indeed, in the commencement of their acquaintance that she consented to become the wife of Sir John Denham, the celebrated poet, a man equally wealthy, disagreeable, sarcastic, and old. But, before we proceed further, it may be necessary to glance over the history of a person once so famous, especially when he figures as the social companion of two monarchs, the first and second Charles.

He was the only son of Sir John Denham, Knight, of Little Horseley in Essex, Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, and afterwards promoted to be a Baron of the Exchequer in England. His gifted son was born in Dublin, (according to Wood, in 1615,) and in 1631, was entered a Gentleman Commoner of Trinity College, Oxford. At the University, according to Aubrey, he was regarded as the "dreamingest young fellow alive;" he seems,

* Frances Brooke, also noticed in De Grammont's Memoirs. She afterwards became the wife of Sir Thomas Whitmore, K.B.

however, to have early imbibed a miserable passion for play, and, if not in a reverie, to have been perpetually at the gaming table. "He was looked upon," says Anthony Wood, "as a slow, dreaming, young man, and more addicted to gaming than study: they could never imagine he could ever enrich the world with the issue of his brain as he afterwards did." After a residence of three years at the University, he entered himself as a member of Lincoln's Inn, where, as Aubrey assures us, he was again "much rooked by gamesters, and fell acquainted with that unsanctified crew to his ruin." Both Wood and Aubrey relate an amusing anecdote of him at this period. His father having received a hint of the ruinous course of life his son was leading, with all a parent's anxiety, addressed a forcible and affectionate letter of remonstrance to his prodigal offspring. Another, under the same circumstances, would probably have promised reform, and seized the opportunity of applying for payment of his debts. But even this was exceeded by the hypocrisy of the future poet. He actually composed and printed an essay against gaming, which he transmitted to his father. The scheme was apparently successful, for the old lawyer bequeathed him a considerable fortune, the savings probably of a long life of labour and self-denial.

Aubrey relates another anecdote of the poet, at the period when he was studying the law. "He was

generally," he says, "temperate in drinking; but one time, when he was a student of Lincoln's Inn, having been merry at the tavern with his comrades, late at night a frolic came into his head, to get a plaisterer's brush and a pot of ink, and blot out all the signs between Temple Bar and Charing Cross, which made a strange confusion the next day, as it was in Term time; but it happened that they were discovered, and it cost him and them some moneys. This I had from R. Estcourt, Esquire, who carried the ink-pot." His father dying in 1638, Sir John shortly disposed of the greater part of the property which had been bequeathed him; and, soon afterwards, siding with his Sovereign in the civil troubles, the Parliament deprived him of the remainder.

In 1642, he published his tragedy of the "Sophy," which had been acted the previous year in Black Friars, and received with considerable applause. The following year he printed at Oxford his celebrated "Cooper's Hill." In a satirical poem, published many years afterwards, we find, —

> Then in came Denham, that limping old bard,
> Whose fame on the Sophy and Cooper's Hill stands;
> And brought many stationers, who swore very hard,
> That nothing sold better, except 'twere his lands.*

In 1652, when at Lord Pembroke's seat at Wilton, he is said to have burlesqued one of the books of Virgil, which he afterwards burnt;—observing

* Session of the Poets; State Poems, vol. i. p. 210.

that it was a shame the first poet in the world should be abused.*

Sir John did his Sovereign some service during the civil wars. About the year 1642, he was appointed Governor of Farnham Castle, but his military genius being scarcely equal to his poetical powers, he soon relinquished his command, and retired to Charles at Oxford. In 1647, he was entrusted by Henrietta Maria with a message to her unfortunate husband, then in the hands of the army, and was also on other occasions employed in the royal cause.† He is said to have accompanied the young Duke of York, when he fled from St. James's in disguise, in 1648;‡ the fact, however, is unlikely, as neither Lord Clarendon nor the Stuart Papers make the least allusion to his being concerned in the affair. Sir John appears to have been received on terms of companionship by Charles the First, and in the Dedication of his poems to the Second Charles, gives the notes of an interesting conversation, which passed between himself and his "old master." About the year 1650, he was sent by the exiled monarch as his envoy to the King of Poland; and, at the Restoration, was created a Knight of the Bath. On the decease of Inigo Jones, he was appointed Surveyor of His Majesty's Buildings.

* Aubrey; Letters of Eminent Men, vol. ii. p. 318.

† Biog. Brit. vol. iii. p. 1646.

‡ Athen. Oxon. vol. ii. p. 423.

According to Aubrey, De Grammont, and the verse which we have just quoted, Sir John was an "old and limping" man, at the period when he was weak enough to unite himself with Miss Brooke. The statement, however, as regards his age, entirely disagrees with the account of Anthony Wood, who places his birth in 1615; consequently he could only have been in his forty-second year at the time of his marriage. Unless we suppose that dissipation had produced an appearance of premature old age, the discrepancy is difficult be to reconciled.

The marriage of Miss Brooke with the snarling and ungainly poet was a signal to the Duke of York to redouble his unhallowed attentions. According to Pepys, he used to follow her up and down the presence-chamber "like a dog." And he adds,— "The Duke of York is wholly given up to his new mistress, my Lady Denham, going at noonday with all his gentlemen to visit her in Scotland-yard; she declaring she will not be his mistress, as Mrs. Price, to go up and down the Privy Stairs: Mr. Brounker, it seems, was the pimp to bring it about."

De Grammont makes little question that the obduracy of Lady Denham was the whim of the moment. "She suffered him," he says, "to entertain hopes of an approaching bliss, which a thousand considerations had opposed her granting him before her marriage." And he adds,—"It was

soon brought to a conclusion, for where both parties are sincere in a negotiation, no time is lost in cavilling." The unhappy poet almost deserved the bitter penalty which he had purchased by his folly. Where the selection of a *wife* is in question, a contact with the world, or, at all events, with the world of Charles the Second's Court, was sufficient to rob any woman of her charm. Sir John Denham was well aware of this, and had been long famous for exerting his biting powers of sarcasm against the votaries of the marriage state. Either, however, he was silly enough to place confidence in a giddy girl, or vain enough to except himself from the general doom.

On discovering the frailty of his young wife, either his love or his vanity suffered so deeply, that it was productive of aberration of mind. "His madness," says Aubrey, "first appeared, when he went from London to see the famous free-stone quarries in Portland, in Dorset. When he came within a mile of it, he turned back to London again, and would not see it. He went to Hounslow, and demanded rents of lands he had sold many years before; went to the King and told him he was the Holy Ghost; but it pleased God that he was cured of this distemper, and wrote excellent verses, particularly on the death of Abraham Cowley, afterwards." Lord Lisle writes to Sir William Temple, 26th September 1667,—"Poor Sir John Denham is fallen to the ladies also. He

is at many of the meetings at dinners, talks more than ever he did, and is extremely pleased with those that seem willing to hear him, and from that obligation exceedingly praises the Duchess of Monmouth and my Lady Cavendish: if he had not the name of being mad, I believe in most companies he would be thought wittier than ever he was. He seems to have few extravagances besides that of telling stories of himself, which he is always inclined to." *

In Butler's Posthumous Works will be found a scandalous attack on Sir John Denham, entitled "A Panegyric upon his recovery from his madness." Anthony Wood also makes mention of his aberration:—"Upon some discontent arising from a second match,† he became crazed for a time, and so, consequently, contemptible among vain fops. Soon after, being cured of his distemper, he wrote excellent verses on the death of Abraham Cowley, the prince of poets, and some months after followed him." These verses, it may be remarked, though indifferent as to merit, exhibit no signs of insanity. It is singular, however, considering the reputed cause of his madness, that, in a poem on such a subject he should have introduced the following extraneous lines. Speaking of Cowley, he says,—

* Temple's Works, vol. i. p. 484.

† His first wife, according to Aubrey, was a Miss Cotton, of Gloucestershire. He obtained with her a fortune of five hundred pounds, and had by her one son and two daughters.

His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seemed too much:
His severe judgment, giving law,
His modest fancy kept in awe;
As rigid husbands jealous are,
When they believe their wives too fair.

The fate of his young and lovely wife is described as even more miserable. Pepys inserts in his Diary, 10th November 1666, "I hear that my Lady Denham is exceedingly sick, even to death, and that she says, and everybody else discourses, that she is poisoned." Count Hamilton evidently falls into the opinion, pretty general at the time, that her death was caused by the jealousy of her husband. "As no person," he says, "entertained any doubt of his having poisoned her, the populace of his neighbourhood threatened to tear him in pieces as soon as he should come abroad; but he shut himself up to bewail her death, until their fury was appeased by a magnificent funeral, at which he distributed four times more burnt wine than had ever been drunk at any funeral in England." There were others who did not scruple to implicate the Duchess of York in this doubtful tragedy. The improbable suspicion, however, rests entirely on the lampoons of the time, one of which is said to have been actually affixed to the Duchess's door. Aubrey tells us authoritatively, that Lady Denham was "poisoned by the hands of the Countess of Rochester with chocolate." In all probability she never was poisoned at all.

An argument against Lady Denham having met with unfair play, was the lingering nature of her indisposition. Pepys mentions his having heard of her illness,—and alludes to the suspicions that were abroad, — as early as the 10th of November 1666; while it is known, she did not expire till the 7th January 1667. The Duke of York, considering his cold nature, and variable affections, appears to have been really distressed at her death, and declared that he would never again have an acknowledged mistress: * she was the second lady who was believed to have been poisoned by their husbands out of jealousy of the Duke. Sir John Denham survived his unhappy wife only fourteen months. He expired at his house at Whitehall, opposite the present Admiralty, in March 1668, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the graves of Chaucer and Cowley.

* Pepys, vol. ii. p. 2.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

Summary of Etherege's Character — his Comedy of "The Comical Revenge" — introduced to the private Parties of Charles — his dramatic Writings. — Libertinism of his Poetry — marries a rich Widow to retrieve his Fortunes — his Necessities compel him to quit England — retires to Ratisbon — his witty Letter to the Duke of Buckingham. — The German Widow. — Sudden Death of Etherege — his Sprightliness and showy Person.

If the Court of Charles the Second was the resort of all that was profligate and unprincipled, the King at least collected round his own person as much wit as the age could afford, and that kind of light and agreeable talent, which embellishes, if only with a superficial lustre, the grossness and stupidity of ordinary vice.

Among those, whom genius and good-humour had introduced to the royal circle, was Sir George Etherege; a man known affectionately among his own friends as Gentle George and Easy Etherege; and still popular with posterity from his dramatic writings, and the lighter productions of a gifted mind. He is described by his contemporaries as one of the finest gentlemen who frequented the

Court, and was certainly not without a considerable share of wit. The profligacy, however, of his life was exceeded only by the libertinism of his muse.

Sir George Etherege was born about the year 1636, and is said to have been descended from an ancient family in Oxfordshire. There is reason to believe that he graduated at Cambridge; but it is certain that he travelled early into France, and entered himself, on his return, at one of the Inns of Court. The dry details of the law were but ill-suited to the vivacity of his disposition; accordingly he shortly deserted the courts of law for those of pleasure and the muses, and, in 1664, we find him famous as the author of a successful comedy, "The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub."

The flattering reception of his play, which was first acted at the Duke of York's Theatre, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the reputation for social humour and conversational talent, which he had already partially acquired, introduced him at once into the society of the court wits, and even to the private parties of Charles. In dedicating his play to the gay Mæcenas of his time, Charles, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset, — "I could not," he says, "have wished myself more fortunate than I have been, in the success of this poem: the writing of it was a means to make me known to your lordship; the acting of it has lost me no reputation; and the printing of it has now given me

an opportunity to show how much I honour you," &c. Indolence seems to have been one of the many failings of the good-humoured poet. It was not till 1668, that he brought out his second and more finished comedy of "She would if She could;" and again, nearly eight more years elapsed before he gave to the world his last and most celebrated production, "The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter." According to a couplet in the Session of the Poets,—

> In the crying sin, Idleness, he was so hardened,
> That his seven years' silence was not to be pardoned.

"The Man of Mode,"—which is still read and admired,—from the general impression that he had introduced real persons under fictitious names, excited the eager attention of his contemporaries. Sir Fopling Flutter was thought to be Beau Hewit, a famous fop of the period; Dorimont, Wilmot Earl of Rochester; and Medley, the Poet himself. Dean Lockier, who was personally acquainted with Etherege,* was of a different opinion with regard to the identity of the last-named personage. In the course of conversation with Spence, — "Sir George Etherege," he said, "was as thorough a fop as ever I saw; he was exactly his own Sir Fopling Flutter, and yet he designed Dorimont, the genteel rake of wit, for his own picture."

* Spence's Anecdotes, p. 116.

The circumstance is perhaps remarkable, and is certainly characteristic of the easy morality of the period, that a play, which stands conspicuous for its immoral tendency, should have been dedicated to a woman of unblemished virtue, Mary of Modena, who afterwards shared the throne with James the Second. The "Man of Mode," however, is not so much to be reprobated for any offensive grossness of expression, (as in that respect Etherege is more free than his contemporaries,) as for a dangerous and insinuating libertinism, and an evident intention to extol vice and undermine virtue, which is the general character of all his productions.

> Here gentle Etherege and Sedley's muse,
> Warm the coy maid and melting love infuse;
> No unchaste words, with harsh offensive sound,
> The tender ears of blushing virgins wound;
> Nor thoughts, which nauseous images inspire,
> And damp the glowing heat of warm desire:
> But calm and easy the sweet numbers move,
> And every verse is influenced by love.

Addicted, beyond all bounds, to wine, women, and the gaming-table, with an impaired constitution and an impoverished purse, the poet is said to have paid his addresses to a rich widow, whose only merit in his eyes was the means she possessed of extricating him from his difficulties. The lady, we are told, refusing to marry him, unless he "could make her a lady," he purchased the honour of Knighthood, and gave in exchange

for an easy competence, a ruined character and an empty title. The name of the lady, and the tale of their married life, have, without any great loss, been left unrecorded.

Whether Etherege squandered her wealth, or whether he was disappointed in obtaining possession of it, it is certain that, at a later period, his necessities compelled him to exile himself from England, and that, through the influence of the Duchess of York, he obtained the appointment of Minister at Ratisbon. According to Oldys, the wits, alluding to the well-known irregularities of his past life, observed humorously that he was sent Ambassador to Rot-his-bones. *

There are extant two letters, addressed by Sir George Etherege, during his residence at Ratisbon, to George Villiers, the witty Duke of Buckingham, which not only abound with humour, but will best illustrate the character of the libertine poet. The following extract is from a letter dated Ratisbon, 2nd October 1689. As the Duke, however, died a considerable period before this, either the date must be a mistake, or the communication between Ratisbon and London must have been anything but rapid.

After reminding his Grace of the former incidents in their London life, — of suppers spent in the society of Dorset and Sedley, and the smiles of past beauties, — Etherege thus proceeds: "I

* Oldys' MS. Notes to Langbaine.

have been long enough in this town, (one would think,) to have made acquaintance enough with persons of both sexes, so as never to be at a loss how to pass the few vacant hours I can allow myself; but the terrible drinking that accompanies all our visits, hinders me from conversing with the men so often as I would otherwise do; and the German ladies are so intolerably reserved and virtuous, (with tears in my eyes I speak it to your Grace,) that it is next to an impossibility to carry on an intrigue with them; A man has so many scruples to conquer, and so many difficulties to surmount, before he can promise himself the least success, that for my part I have given over all pursuits of this nature: besides, there is so universal a spirit of censoriousness reigns in this town, that a man and a woman cannot be seen at ombre or piquet together, but it is immediately concluded some other game has been played between them; and as this renders all manner of access to the ladies almost impracticable, for fear of exposing their reputation to the mercy of their ill-natured neighbours, so it makes an innocent piece of gallantry often pass for a criminal correspondence.

"So that to deal freely with your Grace, among so many noble and wealthy families as we have in this town, I can only pretend to be truly acquainted with one: the gentleman's name was Monsieur Hoffman, a frank, hearty, jolly companion;

his father, one of the most eminent wine merchants of the city, left him a considerable fortune, which he improved by marrying a French jeweller's daughter, of Lyons. To give you his character in short, he was a sensible ingenious man, and had none of his country's vices, which I impute to his having travelled abroad and seen Italy, France, and England. His lady is a most accomplished, ingenious person, and notwithstanding she is come into a place where so much formality and stiffness are practised, keeps up all the vivacity and air, and good humour of France.

"I had been happy in my acquaintance with this family for some months, when an ill-favoured accident robbed me of the greatest happiness I had hitherto enjoyed in Germany, the loss of which I can never sufficiently regret. Monsieur Hoffman, about three weeks ago, going to make merry with some friends, at a village some three leagues from this place, upon the Danube, by the unskilfulness or negligence of the waterman, the boat wherein he was unfortunately chanced to overset, and of some twenty persons not one escaped to bring home the news, but a boy that miraculously saved himself by holding fast to the rudder, and so by the rapidity of the current was cast upon the other shore.

"I was sensibly affected at the destiny of my worthy friend: and so indeed were all that had the honour of knowing him; but his wife took on so extravagantly, that she, in a short time was the

only talk both of city and country; she refused to admit any visits from her nearest relations; her chamber, her antechamber, and pro-antechamber were hung with black; nay the very candles, her fans, and tea-table wore the livery of grief; she refused all manner of sustenance, and was averse to the thoughts of living, that she talked of nothing but death; in short, you may tell your ingenious friend, Monsieur de Saint Evremond, that Petronius's Ephesian matron, to whose story he has done so much justice in his noble translation, was only a type of our more obstinate, as well as unhappy German widow.

"About a fortnight after this cruel loss, (for I thought it would be labour lost to attack her grief in its first vehemence,) I thought myself bound, in point of honour and gratitude to the memory of my deceased friend, to make her a small visit, and condole with her ladyship upon this unhappy occasion; and though I had been told that she had refused to see several persons, who had gone to wait on her with the same errand, yet I presumed so much upon the friendship her late husband had always expressed for me, (not to mention the particular civilities I had received from herself,) as to think I should be admitted to have a sight of her. Accordingly I came to her house, sent up my name, and word was immediately brought me, that if I pleased, I might go up to her.

"When I came into the room, I fancied myself

in the territories of Death, everything looked so gloomy, so dismal, and so melancholy. There was a grave Lutheran Minister with her that omitted no arguments to bring her to a more composed and more Christian disposition of mind. 'Madam,' says he, 'you don't consider that by abandoning yourself thus to despair, you actually rebel against Providence. 'I can't help it,' says she, 'Providence may even thank itself, for laying so insupportable a load upon me.' 'Oh, fie, Madam,' cries the other, 'this is downright impiety. What would you say now if Heaven should punish it by some more exemplary visitation?' 'That is impossible,' replies the lady sighing, 'and since it has robbed me of the only delight I had in this world, the only favour it can do me is to level a thunderbolt at my head, and put an end to all my sufferings.' The parson, finding her in this extravagant strain, and feeling no likelihood of persuading her to come to a better temper, got up from his seat and took his leave of her.

"It came to my turn now to try whether I was not capable of comforting her, and being convinced by so late an instance, that arguments brought from religion were not likely to work any extraordinary effects upon her, I resolved to attack her ladyship in a more sensible part, and represent to her the great inconveniences, not which her soul, but her body received from this inordinate sorrow.

"'Madam,' says I to her, 'next to my concern for

your worthy husband's untimely death, I am grieved to see what an alteration the bemoaning of his loss has occasioned in you.' These words raising her curiosity to know what this alteration was, I thus continued my discourse. 'In endeavouring, Madam, to extinguish, or at least to alleviate your grief, than which nothing can be more prejudicial to a beautiful woman, I intend a public benefit; for if the public is interested, as most certainly it is, in the preserving of a beautiful face, that man does the public no little service who contributes most to its preservation.'

"This odd beginning operated so wonderfully upon her, that she desired me to leave this general road of compliments, and explain myself more particularly to her. Upon this, delivering myself with an unusual air of gravity, which your grace knows I seldom carry about with me in the company of ladies, I told her that grief ruins the finest faces sooner than anything whatever; and that as envy itself could not deny her face to be the most charming in the universe, so if she did not suffer herself to be comforted, she must soon expect to take a farewell of it. I confirmed this assertion by telling her of one of the finest women we ever had in England who did herself more injury in a fortnight's time by lamenting only her brother's death, than ten years could possibly have done; that I had heard an eminent physician at Leyden say, that tears, having abundance

of saline particles in them, not only spoiled the complexion, but hastened wrinkles. 'But, Madam,' concluded I, 'why should I give myself the trouble to confirm this by foreign instances, and by the testimonies of our most knowing doctors, when, alas! your own face so fully justifies the truth of what I have said to you.'

"'How!' replied our disconsolate widow, with a sigh that came from the bottom of her heart, 'and is it possible that my just concern for my dear husband has wrought so cruel an effect upon me in a short time!' with that she ordered her gentlewoman to bring the looking-glass to her, and having surveyed herself a few minutes in it, she told me she was perfectly convinced that my notions were true, but, cries she, 'what would you have us poor women to do in these cases? For something,' continued she, 'we owe to the memory of the deceased, and something too to the world which expects at least the common appearance of grief from us.'

"'By your leave, Madam,' says I, 'all this is a mistake, and no better; you owe nothing to your husband, since he is dead, and knows nothing of your lamentation; besides, could you shed an ocean of tears upon his hearse, it would not do him the least service; much less do you lie under any such obligations to the world, as to spoil a good face only to comply with its tyrannic customs; no, Madam, take care to preserve your

beauty, and then let the world say what it pleases, your ladyship may be revenged upon the world whenever you see fit.' 'I am resolved,' answers she, 'to be entirely governed by you; therefore, tell me frankly what sort of a course you would have me steer.' 'Why, Madam,' says I, 'in the first place forget the defunct; and in order to bring that about relieve Nature, to which you have been so long unmerciful, with the most exquisite meat, and the most generous wines.' 'Upon condition you will sup with me,' replies our afflicted lady, 'I will submit to your prescription.' But why should I trouble your grace with a narration of every particular! In short, we had a noble regale that evening in her bed-chamber, and our good widow pushed the glass so strenuously about, that her comforter, (meaning myself,) could hardly find the way to his coach. To conclude this farce (which I am afraid begins now to be too tedious to your grace) this Phœnix of her sex, this pattern of conjugal fidelity, two mornings ago was married to a smooth-chinned Ensign of Count Trautmandorf's regiment that had not a farthing in the world but his pay to depend upon. I assisted at the ceremony, though I little imagined the lady would take the matrimonial receipt so soon." *

In the "Familiar Letters," are two epistles in verse, addressed by Etherege to the Earl of Middleton, during the residence of the former at

* Villiers, Duke of Buckingham's Works, vol. ii. p. 132.

Ratisbon. They have no particular merit, but are rendered agreeable enough from their entertaining ridicule of the German beauties; their pleasing recurrences to past times; and the manmer in which the poet describes himself as spending his time:—

> Where, minding nothing all the day,
> And all the night too, you will say;
> To make grave legs in formal fetters,
> Converse with fops, and write dull letters;
> To go to bed twixt eight and nine,
> And sleep away my precious time;
> In such an idle sneaking place,
> Where vice and folly hide their face.

The manner of Etherege's death was characteristic of the life which he had led. According to Oldys, whose account is confirmed by the writers of the Biographia Britannica, he had been entertaining some friends, and having drunk to intoxication, was proceeding, with lights in his hands, to show his guests from his apartments, when he lost his balance, and tumbling headlong down stairs, broke his neck in the fall. He died at Ratisbon, according to Dennis, in 1693 or 1694: the year 1688, however, seems to be the last in which he was heard of in England.

By his wife, Etherege is believed to have left no children. By the beautiful actress, Mrs. Barry, to whom poor Otway addressed his six well-known pathetic letters, he left one daughter, on whom he contrived to settle six or seven thousand pounds;

the child, however, did not live to benefit by the provision.*

In the words of Oldys, Sir George Etherege was "a man of much courtesy and delicate address." Profligacy, sprightliness, and good-humour, seem to have been his principal characteristics. In person he is described as a "fair, slender, and genteel man," and his face is said to have been handsome. In later times, however, his comeliness is reported to have been spoiled by intemperance and the exceeding irregularity of his career.

* Oldys, MS. Notes to Langbaine, p. 136, Biog. Brit. on the authority of John Bowman, the actor, who was acquainted with Etherege.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

Parentage of Sir Charles.—Waller's Epitaph on his Mother.—Sedley's first Appearance at Court—his Reception among the Wits—insidious Libertinism of his Poetry—his dramatic Writings—narrowly escapes being crushed to Death—his famous Frolic in Covent Garden.—Kynaston the Actor.—Sedley reforms his Conduct—his Daughter the Countess of Dorchester—Witty Speech of Sir Charles—his Death.

Another of those gifted profligates of whom the age of Charles was so prolific. His name, from the similarity of their genius and pursuits, is frequently associated with that of Sir George Etherege. There was the same social vivacity, the same reckless pursuit of pleasure, and the same poisonous and insinuating mellifluence, which equally distinguished their verse. It is to this fraternity of libertinism that Evelyn alludes in his imitation of one of Ovid's Elegies,—

> While fathers are severe, and servants cheat,
> Sedley and easy Etherege will be great.

And again, in a couplet already quoted, we find,—

> Here gentle Etherege and Sedley's Muse,
> Warm the coy maid, and melting love infuse.

Sir Charles Sedley was born at Aylesford in Kent, about the year 1639. He was the grand-

son of Sir William Sedley, Baronet, who founded the Sedleian Lecture of Natural Philosophy at Oxford, and son of Sir John Sedley, also a Kentish Baronet. His mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Henry Saville, the learned Provost of Eton, whose fortune and talents she seems to have inherited. Waller has written her epitaph: he addresses her, in beautiful verse, though apparently borrowed from Grotius:—*

> Here lies the learned Saville's heir,
> So early wise, and lasting fair,
> That none, except her years they told,
> Thought her a child, or thought her old.

According to Anthony Wood, her promising son was entered, at the age of seventeen, a Fellow Commoner of Wadham College, Oxford, and after remaining a due time at the University, retired to his father's house, where he continued till the Restoration.

The poet first appeared at Court about the year 1667. No one, in the brilliant assemblage of wit and humour, which Charles assembled round his person, was more sought after for his society, or admired for his talents. The King especially delighted in his convivial qualities, and said flatteringly of his favourite, that "Nature had given him a patent to be Apollo's Viceroy."†

* Unica lux sæcli, genitoris gloria, nemo
Quem puerum, nemo credidit esse senem.
"Criterions of Plagiarism." *Rambler*, No. 143.

† Scott's Dryden, vol. iv. p. 438.

His poetry has at least the merit of being free from those obscene expressions, which sully, if they do not entirely degrade, the pages of Suckling, Rochester, and others of the age. In that more dangerous art, which, while it offends not the taste, insensibly kindles the imagination, he was certainly a pernicious adept. The Duke of Buckingham called it "Sedley's witchcraft," and Lord Rochester writes on the subject,—

> For songs and verses, mannerly obscene,
> That can stir nature up by springs unseen;
> And, without forcing blushes, warm the quean,—
> Sedley has that prevailing, gentle art,
> That can, with a resistless charm, impart
> The loosest wishes to the chastest heart;
> Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire,
> Betwixt declining virtue and desire;
> Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away,
> In dreams all night, and sighs and tears all day.

Langhorne, in his "Effusions of Fancy," considers that these verses rather allude to Sedley's "personal address" than to the witchery of his writings: the critic, however, could scarcely have paid attention to the commencing line.

Sedley appears to have been as popular with his brother poets, as with the fashionable frequenters of the Court. Dryden dedicated to him his "Assignation," and Shadwell grows warm in his praise;—"I have heard him," he says, "*speak* more wit at a supper, than all his adversaries could have *written* in a year."

Sir Charles was the author of several plays, in addition to his agreeable lyrics. The former have little merit, but they suited the taste of the age, and accordingly obtained an ephemeral popularity. His tragedy of "Anthony and Cleopatra" was first acted at the Duke's Theatre in 1667; his "Mulberry Garden," a comedy, was brought out at Drury Lane in 1668, and his "Bellamira, or the Mistress," in 1687. During the performance of the latter at the King's House, the roof of the theatre fell in, and, singular enough, Sedley himself was one of those who had the narrowest escape from destruction. Sir Fleetwood Shepherd * told him, that there was so much fire in the piece, that it blew up the poet, house, audience, and all. "No," replied Sedley, "it was so heavy that it broke the house down, and buried the poet in his own rubbish." † Sir Charles was also the author of Beauty the Conqueror," a tragedy, and apparently of two other dramatic pieces which have occasionally been attributed to him.

* The friend and patron of Prior and one of the gay companions of Charles II. He was the son of William Shepherd of Great Rowlright in Oxfordshire; was entered a Commoner of Magdalen Hall, and soon after became a Student at Christ Church. At the Restoration he contrived to introduce himself to the wits, and becoming Steward to Nell Gwynn, was thence admitted to the society of Charles. He was afterwards received into favour by King William, in whose household he held the appointments of Gentleman Usher, Daily Waiter, and afterwards Usher of the Black Rod.

† Life of Sedley. Attached to his Works, London, 1778.

Profligate and debauched he certainly was. His famous frolic at the Rose Tavern, in Bow-street, Covent Garden, is far too indecent to bear repetition, and was an insult even to the age in which he lived. The mob, to whom he so gratuitously exposed himself, or rather his person, attempted to break open the doors, and, in the riot which ensued, Sedley, Sir Thomas Ogle, and Lord Buckhurst, "the best good man," nearly lost their lives. They were taken before the Court of Common Pleas, where a heavy fine was inflicted upon them; the penalty imposed on Sedley being five hundred pounds. When placed at the bar, Sir Robert Hyde, the Lord Chief Justice, in commenting on the offence, inquired of Sedley if he had ever read the "Complete Gentleman?" The reply of the culprit was impudent enough;—"I believe," he said, "I have read more books than your lordship."* Sedley and his fellow criminals employed Killegrew, and another courtier, to intercede with the King for a mitigation of their fine. Instead, however, of exerting themselves in the cause of friendship, they are said to have begged the amount for themselves, and actually to have extorted it to the last penny.

Another unwarrantable exploit of Sir Charles Sedley, is related by Oldys, in his MS. notes to Langbaine. "There was a great resemblance," he says, "in the shape and features, between

* Anthony Wood, Life of himself, p. 187.

him and Kynaston the actor, who once got some laced clothes made exactly after a suit Sir Charles wore, who therefore got him well caned. Sir Charles's emissary pretending to take Kynaston for Sir Charles, quarelled with him in St. James's Park, and beat him as Sir Charles. When some of his friends, in pity to the man, reproved Sir Charles for it, he told them that they misplaced their pity, and that it was himself they should bestow it on; that Kynaston's bones would not suffer so much as his reputation; for all the town believed it was him that was thrashed, and suffered such a public disgrace."

To have been mistaken for Kynaston could scarcely have conveyed a reproach. He was the handsomest man of his time, and his celebrity as an actor has hardly yet faded. Before it was the fashion to admit women to the stage, he was generally selected, from the exceeding delicacy of his features, for the personification of female characters. Later in life, we are surprised to hear of his "lion-like majesty" in Don Sebastian, and of his representation of a tyrant being "truly terrible."

In connection with Kynaston's delineation of female characters, an amusing anecdote is related. Charles the Second, happening one evening to enter the theatre rather earlier than usual, found the actors unprepared to commence. A messenger was despatched to inquire the reason of the de-

lay, on which the manager immediately presented himself before the royal box. Believing, from his knowledge of the King's character, that the best excuse would be the true one, he fairly told his Majesty that the queen was not yet *shaved.* Charles, with his usual good-humour, was amused at the excuse, which entertained him till the performances commenced. "In a word," says Colley Cibber, the relator of the anecdote, "Kynaston, at that time was so beautiful a youth, that the ladies of quality prided themselves in taking him with them in their coaches to Hyde Park, in his theatrical habit, after the play; which, in those days, they might have sufficient time to do, because plays then were used to begin at four o'clock, the hour that people of the same rank are now going to dinner." The date of Kynaston's death is unknown; he continued on the stage, however, till the latter end of the reign of King William, or the commencement of the reign of Queen Anne.

To return to Sir Charles Sedley. A happy revolution of conduct is said to have followed his unfortunate exposure in Bow-street. He is described as suddenly becoming more serious; as applying himself sedulously to business; and in the Long Parliament, in the reign of Charles, he was returned as the representative of New Romney, in Kent. Sedley was again in Parliament during the reign of James the Second, when he distinguished himself by his opposition to the Court. He seems

to have been a frequent speaker during the reign of King William, and, in 1691, in a motion upon the Civil List, we find him inveighing against exorbitant pensions and unnecessary salaries. His speeches, or at least a sufficient number of them, are published among his works.

Sir Charles, as is well known, was the father of the famous Catherine Sedley,—afterwards Countess of Dorchester, and the mistress of King James, — whose story will be related in the following reign. Sedley, libertine as he was, is said to have been so shocked at the connection, that, although indebted to James for many favours, on the first dawn of the Revolution of 1688, he promoted its progress with so much eagerness, that his patriotism was thought to have originated in private rancour. The success of that great outbreak, as is well known, called the daughter of King James to share the throne with her Dutch husband, a circumstance merely adverted to, in order to give point to the following anecdote. Sedley was one day asked why he appeared so inflamed against the King, to whom he was under so many obligations? — "I hate ingratitude," he said, "and therefore, as the King has made *my* daughter a Countess, I will endeavour to make *his* daughter a Queen." The anecdote, though well known, is worthy of repetition.

According to the authors of Biographia Britannica, and to Cibber, in his Lives of the Poets, Sir

Charles Sedley died about the year 1722, at the age of eighty-two or three. This is undoubtedly a mistake. In the edition of his works, published by his friend and relative Captain Ayloffe, in 1702, the latter, throughout his preface, evidently speaks of the poet as being no more. Ayloffe pays a pleasing tribute to the friend whom he has lost. "He was a man," he says, "of the first class of wit and gallantry; his friendship was courted by everybody; and nobody went out of his company but pleased and improved: time added but very little to Nature, and he was everything that an English gentleman could be." According to the Biographia Dramatica, and other authorities, Sedley expired 20th August 1701.

Sir Charles had only one daughter born in wedlock, — the too celebrated lady whom we have already mentioned. He was the father, however, of three natural children; — a son, who bore the name of Charles Sedley, alias Ascough, and two daughters. On his natural children he settled a portion of some estates, which he possessed both in Kent and Essex.*

* Oldys, MS. notes to Langbaine, p. 486.

THOMAS KILLEGREW.

Killegrew's Position as a Courtier — appointed Resident of Charles the Second, at Venice — the Venetians are scandalized at his Vices — his questionable Loyalty — his Dramatic Writings — his Appointment as "King's Jester" — exercises a praise-worthy Influence over Charles.— Anecdotes. — His son, Henry Killegrew the younger — Libertinism of this Person — he is twice personally chastised. — Notice of Sir William Killegrew — of Dr. Henry Killegrew —Anecdote of the latter — his gifted Daughter, Anne Killegrew — her Genius for Poetry and Painting — her Death. —Notice of the last of the Killegrews.

The name of Killegrew has been a familiar one in the annals of the Court of England since the reign of Henry the Eighth. The subject of the present memoir was the son of Sir Robert Killegrew, Chamberlain to the Queen, and was born at Hanworth, in Middlesex, in February 1611. The interest of his father at Court obtained his appointment as page of honour to Charles the First, and as he ever continued a favourite of that virtuous monarch, it is improbable that the profligacy, for which he was afterwards so notorious, should have been early imbibed, or, at least, at this time prominently exhibited.

During the exile of Charles the Second, Kille-

grew attended the person of that monarch, and appears to have pandered to his tastes. In 1651, notwithstanding the opposition of the King's advisers, he was appointed by Charles his Resident at Venice, with the object of borrowing money of the English merchants. According to Lord Clarendon, his conduct, during his residence in the dominions of the Republic, reflected credit neither on his own character, nor on the sovereign of whom he was the representative. The Venetians were scandalized at his vices, and insisted on his departure from their territories. Charles was himself appealed to by their Ambassador at Paris, but as the character of Killegrew nearly resembled his own, and as he brought with him a company of Italian singers on his return from Venice, which added considerably to the amusement of the exiled Court, the reprimand is unlikely to have been severe, and in all probability became the subject of a jest.

Killegrew, notwithstanding his position as a courtier, has usually had the credit of being a faithful adherent of his sovereign, and devotedly attached to his interests; the encomiums, however, so lavishly bestowed, appear to have been, at least, questionably deserved. In Thurloe's voluminous State Papers there is a passage which greatly reflects on his integrity: indeed there seems little doubt, notwithstanding the confidential situation which he held in the household of

Charles, that Killegrew was in fact in the pay of Cromwell, and an unprincipled spy upon the actions of his benefactor. Downing, Cromwell's resident at the Hague, in a letter to Thurloe, dated October 1658, thus alludes to a surreptitious visit, which had recently been paid by the exiled monarch to the Dutch Court. "As for Charles Stuart having been in Holland, surely you had my memorial explaining thereof, which was even at the very time while he was in Holland; and at the very time I had an account from one Killegrew, of his bedchamber, of every place where he was, and the time, with his stay and company, of which also I gave you an account in mine of the last post: he vowed that it was a journey of pleasure, and that none of the States General, nor any person of note, of Amsterdam, came to him."* Misguided Charles! Such persons but too frequently composed his social companions and bosom friends!

It is singular, perhaps, that during his residence at Venice, Killegrew should have found leisure for several literary undertakings, as well as for the mere pursuit of pleasure. He was the author of ten plays, more than one of which seem to have been written at this period; indeed, as many as six were composed, either at Venice, or in the

* Thurloe's State Papers, vol. vii. p. 418. For a further account of the King's secret visit to Holland, see vol. iii. p. 294, et seq. of this work.

gay society of the exiled Court. Sir John Denham says of him on his return from the Republic :—

> Our resident Tom
> From Venice is come,
> And has left all the statesmen behind him;
> Talks at the same pitch,
> Is as wise, is as rich ;
> And just where you left him, you find him.
>
> But who says he 's not
> A man of much plot,
> May repent of this false accusation ;
> Having plotted and penned
> Six *plays* to attend,
> On the *farce* of his negotiation.

The conversational talents of Killegrew must have been superior to the merits of his literary productions, or he could never have been the charming companion he is invariably described. The talents of his contemporary Cowley appear to have been as remarkable for the opposite characteristic. Denham says :—

> Had Cowley ne'er spoke, Killegrew ne'er writ,
> Combined in one they 'd make a matchless wit.

At the Restoration, Killegrew was appointed groom of the bedchamber, and master of the revels; and, by his wit and humour, as conspicuously promoted the hilarities of a brilliant Court as he had formerly contributed to raise the spirits of a deserted one. Charles delighted in his society ; he never failed to laugh at his jests ; sub-

mitted good-naturedly to his satire, and admitted him to freedoms and familiarities, on which others would have hesitated to presume. De Grammont bears testimony to his wit, and particularly applauds his happy and graceful manner of relating a story.

It would appear by Oldys, in his MS. notes to Langbaine, that Killegrew held a regular appointment as "King's Jester" to Charles the Second. Pepys also inserts in his Diary (1667-8) — "Mr. Brisbane tells me, in discourse, that Tom Killegrew hath a fee out of the wardrobe for cap and bells, under the title of King's Fool or Jester, and may revile or jeer anybody, the greatest person, without offence, by the privilege of his place." After every consideration, however, it seems unlikely that he held an official appointment of this nature. His facetious humour, his constant flow of spirits, and well-known familiarity with the King, probably obtained for him the undignified title.

Killegrew, notwithstanding his own failings, is said, on more than one occasion, to have laudably exercised his influence over Charles, in order to divert him from that insane pursuit of pleasure, to which the King was so culpably and notoriously addicted. "I was told," says Pepys, "by Mr. Pierce, as a great truth, — as being told it by Mr. Cowley, who was by and heard it, — that Tom Killegrew should publicly tell the King that

his matters were coming to a very ill state; but that yet there was a way to help all. Says he, 'There is a good, honest, able man, that I could name, that if your Majesty would employ, and command to see all things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in employing his lips about the Court, and hath no other employment; but if you would give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it.'"

On another occasion Killegrew entered the King's apartment, habited like a pilgrim, and gravely informed his Majesty that he was about to undertake a very long journey. Charles inquired whither he was going? "*To Hell,*"—was the unceremonious reply:—"I am going to speak to the Devil to send back Oliver Cromwell to take care of the affairs of England, for, as to his successor, he is always employed in other business."

Another characteristic anecdote is related of Killegrew. Charles, engrossed with his pleasures and his mistresses, had latterly refrained from attending the council-table, notwithstanding the most pressing business required hourly his attention and despatch. The council had one day assembled, when the King, as usual, not making his appearance, the Duke of Lauderdale, a man of a hasty temper, suddenly quitted his col-

leagues, and hastened to remonstrate with his sovereign. His entreaties were of no avail, and the Duke retired in anger. On quitting the presence-chamber he encountered Killegrew, to whom he expressed himself in strong terms on the King's neglect of his affairs. Killegrew desired him to be pacified, at the same time offering to lay him a wager of a hundred pounds that Charles should attend the council in less than half an hour. Lauderdale, either anxious to punish his impudence, or, perhaps, not unwilling to win the money, accepted the bet. The Duke returned to his colleagues, while Killegrew, entering the King's apartment, commenced by relating to his Majesty the whole of the scene which had just passed. "I know," he proceeded, "that your Majesty hates Lauderdale, and that it is only the necessity of your affairs which induces you to be civil to him. Now, if you choose to get rid of him you have only to go this once to council:—I know his covetous disposition so well, that, rather than pay this hundred pounds, I am satisfied he would hang himself in spite, and never plague you again." It was impossible for Charles to help smiling: — "Well, then, Killegrew," he replied, "I *positively* will go." He kept his word, and the wager was won.

The dramatic writings of Killegrew have already been mentioned. They are now but seldom read, and, indeed, scarcely remembered. Of

his ten plays, the one which possesses the greatest merit is "The Parson's Wedding," published in Dodsley's Collection. "It is remarkable," says Granger, "that no women appeared upon the stage before the Restoration, and that this comedy was acted by women only." "The Parson's Wedding" was formerly much admired, but the plot, which is otherwise excellent, appears to have been borrowed from Shakerly Marmion's comedy of "The Antiquary." In 1660, when Charles licensed the two theatres, the Bull, in Vere Street, Clare Market, (afterwards removed to Drury Lane,) and the other in Dorset Garden, Killegrew became patentee of the former.* The one was called the King's Company, the other the Duke's. The passion for the stage, which Killegrew shared with the rest of his family, appears to have been imbibed in childhood. When very young, in order to obtain admittance to the theatre, he used to wait outside the doors, till one of the actors, as was then usual, used to come forward, and inquire which of the boys would act the devil. Young Killegrew invariably enlisted himself, and thus witnessed the performance for nothing.†

Killegrew was twice married. His first wife was Cecilia, daughter of Sir Henry Croft, of Suffolk, a maid of honour to Henrietta Maria. Her suc-

* Biog. Dram. vol. i. p. 21. Introduction.

† Pepys, vol. i. p. 176.

cessor was a Dutch lady, whose name even has not been recorded. By the former of these ladies, he was the father of Henry Killegrew, commonly called the younger, a person who seems to have inherited the libertinism, and a portion of the wit, of the elder Killegrew, but to have been totally deficient in the natural strong sense which distinguished his father. Pepys met him at dinner, at Foxhall, in 1668, when he seems to have astonished the sober secretary by his wild wit and the obscenity of his conversation. He calls him as very a rogue as any in town, and ready to catch hold of every woman who came near him.

In 1667, the misdeeds of the younger Killegrew obtained for him a severe chastisement from the Duke of Buckingham, who publicly deprived him of his sword at the King's Theatre, and beat him till he begged for his life. Although ignorant of the particulars of the affair, we glean from Pepys that he richly deserved the punishment inflicted.

Two years afterwards, in 1669, Henry Killegrew received another and severer castigation, the circumstances of which afford a strange illustration of the manners of the times. According to De Grammont, he had been peculiarly favoured by the debauched Lady Shrewsbury, a distinction of which he was so extremely proud, that he boasted in all societies of his happiness and success. "He possessed," says Count Hamilton, "a great deal of wit, and still more elo-

quence, which more particularly displayed itself when a little elevated with wine, when he would indulge in the most glowing descriptions of Lady Shrewsbury's charms." The picture which he thus drew excited the curiosity of the Duke of Buckingham, who shortly afterwards declaring himself the lady's admirer, the unfortunate Killegrew was unceremoniously dismissed. His anger and jealousy carried him forward beyond all bounds. He openly indulged in the most abusive invectives, and though warned of the inconveniences to which his indiscretion might expose him, he persisted in his violent abuse. Neither Buckingham nor his new mistress were persons to be trifled with, and accordingly as Killegrew, some days afterwards, was returning in a hackney coach from Turnham Green, he was stopped by a number of ruffians hired for the occasion, and received as many as nine wounds in an affray which followed. His servant was killed outright. The Duke of Buckingham, on the authority of an eye-witness, (undoubtedly Lady Shrewsbury herself, who was looking on in her coach,) assured the King that it had only been intended to beat him, but that Killegrew rushing on his assailants with his sword, the chastisement had necessarily been more severe than was contemplated. There is a slight difference in De Grammont's account of the affray, who moreover places the scene in St. James's Park.

Of the subsequent career of the younger Killegrew we have no account. His father, however, lived to a good old age, dying at Whitehall, in his seventy-second year, 19th March 1682. His remains were interred on the north side of Westminster Abbey, in the cross aisle.

The name of Killegrew occurs so frequently during the reign of Charles, that we ought not to pass over in silence the two brothers of Thomas Killegrew, men, who, like himself, were distinguished by their dramatic genius and conversational humour. Of these, Sir William Killegrew, the elder brother, was born at Hanworth, in May 1605. He was educated at St. John's College, Oxford, after which he travelled abroad, and on his return was made governor of Pendennis Castle and Falmouth Haven, with the command of the Militia in the western part of Cornwall. Shortly afterwards he was knighted and named by Charles the First to be one of the gentlemen ushers of the Privy Chamber. During the civil wars he held some important military situations; was a considerable sufferer in the royal cause; and one of those who compounded for their estates. At the Restoration he was recalled to his old post of Gentleman Usher, and shortly afterwards was appointed Vice-Chamberlain to Catherine of Braganza, in which situation he continued twenty-two years. About the period that he quitted this post, having nearly ap-

proached his ninetieth year, he published a curious work, reflecting on the vanity of human wishes, with the following quaint title "The artless Midnight Thoughts of a Gentleman at Court, who for many years built on sand, which every blast of cross fortune has defaced; but now he has laid new foundations on the Rock of his Salvation," &c. The exact date of his decease is unknown, but it is certain that he was alive in the commencement of 1693, having then reached his eighty-ninth year. "He now" (July 1693), says Anthony Wood, "lies in Westminster Abbey, with his brother Dr. Henry Killegrew." He was the author of five indifferent plays; which, however, received the commendation of Waller, and were apparently popular in their day.

Henry Killegrew, D. D. the youngest son of Sir Robert Killegrew, was born at Hanworth, 11th February 1612, and was educated at Christ Church, Oxford. Having taken orders, he was appointed chaplain to the army, and afterwards to the young Duke of York, besides having a prebendal stall at Westminster conferred upon him. He was a considerable sufferer in the great Rebellion, but at the Restoration was restored to his prebend; obtained the Rectorship of Wheathamsted, in Hertfordshire, and was appointed Almoner to the Duke of York, and Master of the Savoy.

Like his brothers, Henry Killegrew was a man

of humour, and a favourite at Court. Lord Dartmouth remarks, in one of his MS. notes to Burnet's History; — "I have heard my uncle say, (who was a Groom of the Bedchamber,) the first proof the courtiers had of Lord Clarendon being out of favour, was Harry Killegrew's mimicking of him before the King; which he would do in a very ridiculous manner, by carrying the bellows about the room, instead of a purse, and another before him with a shovel for a mace, and could counterfeit his voice and style very exactly." Lord Dartmouth may probably have been mistaken in the Christian name of the perpetrator of the jest. The author of it is more likely to have been Thomas Killegrew, whose facetiousness has been already recorded.

Henry Killegrew was the writer of a volume of sermons, and of one play, "The Conspiracy," which was composed at the early age of seventeen, and was intended to be performed before Charles the First and Henrietta Maria, at York House, on the nuptials of Lord Charles Herbert and Lady Mary Villiers. It obtained the commendations of Ben Jonson, and of the celebrated Lord Falkland, and was afterwards acted at the Theatre at Black Friars.* Henry Killegrew lived

* "The Conspiracy" was originally printed without the consent of its author, in 1638. Later in life, Killegrew improved it considerably, and in 1653, under the name of "Pallantus and Eudora," again brought it before the public.

to a good old age, though the year of his death is unknown; he was, however, certainly alive in 1693.

One word respecting his pious, charming, and gifted daughter, Anne Killegrew, the beauty, the poetess, and the painter. She was born about the year 1660 in St. Martin's Lane, London, and was early appointed a Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York. Wood says of her, that she was "a Grace for beauty, and a Muse for wit;" and Ballard observes, — "Her engaging and polite accomplishments were the least of her attainments; for she crowned all with an exemplary piety towards God, in the due observance of the duties of religion, which she began to practise in the early part of her life."* Even Horace Walpole condescends to speak in her favour, though, at the same time, he cannot help indulging in one of his usual sneers. After alluding to her early promise, and the likelihood of her becoming one of the "fairest ornaments" of her accomplished family,—"Dryden," he proceeds, "has celebrated her genius for painting and poetry in a very long ode, in which the rich stream of his numbers has hurried along with it all that his luxuriant fancy produced in his way: it is an harmonious hyperbole composed of the fall of Adam, Arethusa, Vestal Virgins, Diana, Cupid, Noah's Ark, the Pleiades, the valley of Jehoshaphat, and the

* Memoirs of Celebrated Ladies, p. 339.

last Assizes." * Notwithstanding Walpole's sarcasm, however, there are some lines in this singular Ode that are worthy even of Dryden himself. He says of her,—

> Art she had none, yet wanted none;
> For nature did that want supply,
> So rich in treasures of her own,
> She might our boasted stores defy;
> Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
> That it seemed borrowed where 'twas only born.

And again,—

> Unmixed with foreign filth, and undefiled,
> Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

Walpole gives her more credit for her painting than for her poetry; and yet he quotes a remark of Vertue's, who, in speaking of some of her paintings, observes, — "These pictures, I saw, but can say little." Her performances were in history, portrait, and landscape, and it appears by Dryden's Ode, that both the Duke and Duchess of York sat to her for their pictures. Her career was as brief as it was interesting. She died of the small-pox, in her twenty-fifth year, at her father's apartments in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, 16th June 1685. She was buried in the Savoy chapel, where a handsome monument may still be seen to her memory. Her poems were published in a thin quarto the year after her decease.

The last of the Killegrews who seems to have

* Anecdotes of Painting; Walpole's Works, vol. iii. p. 297.

distinguished himself, and who probably closed the career of an accomplished race, was Thomas Killegrew, a gentleman of the bed-chamber to George the Second, when Prince of Wales, and the author of a pleasing comedy called "Chit-Chat." Owing to the exertions of the Duke of Argyle, and the numerous influential friends of its author, the profits of this play, on its being first presented at Drury Lane, are said to have amounted to upwards of a thousand pounds. Thomas Killegrew died in July 1719, and was buried at Kensington.

WILLIAM CHIFFINCH.

Connection of William and Thomas Chiffinch with the scandalous Annals of the Court. — Notice of Thomas. — Peculiar Duties of William Chiffinch. — The "Spy-Office." — Notice of Edward Progers, another Confidant of the royal Intrigues. — Residence of this Person in Bushy Park — peculiar Circumstances which attended his Death.

THERE are two brothers of the name of Chiffinch, William and Thomas, who are both intimately connected with the scandalous annals of the Court of Charles. They are generally confounded together; nor is it an easy task to separate the story of one from that of the other. They both held appointments in the royal household, and were both men of pleasure. It seems, however, to have been William Chiffinch, (whose name has been rendered classical by Sir Walter Scott,*) who is so frequently mentioned by his contemporaries as a useful and confidential personage, and who was the depositor of the secrets, and the pander to the pleasures, of Charles. Whichever it may have been, the elder brother, Thomas, as he died the earliest, and his story is the briefest, shall be dismissed the first.

The little that can be gleaned respecting Thomas Chiffinch is scanty and unsatisfactory in the ex-

* In Peveril of the Peak.

treme: that little, however, is not unfavourable to his character. He was probably a man of taste, since Charles entrusted him with his collection of curiosities, which Evelyn says might have been made as famous as the cabinet of the Duke of Florence.* He had a house in St. James's Park. Evelyn was at a house-warming there, and informs us that it was full of excellent pictures. He died very suddenly on the 8th of April 1666. His acquaintance Pepys, informs us,—"He was well last night as ever, playing at tables in the house, and not very ill this morning at six o'clock, yet dead before seven; they think of an imposthume in his breast." He was a page of the bedchamber to Charles, and joint Comptroller of the Excise, with Elias Ashmole the antiquary.

Respecting William Chiffinch, the supper companion of his Sovereign, the promoter of his excesses, and his agent both in politics and pleasure, something more is known. This person was page of the bed-chamber, and keeper of the private closet to Charles. Roger North, in his Life of Lord Keeper Guildford, affords us an insight into his peculiar duties and character, the truth of which there is no reason to question. "Mr. Chiffinch," he says, "was a true secretary as well as page. He had a lodging at the back stairs, which might have been properly termed the "Spy Office," where the King spoke with particular per-

* Letters to Thomas Chiffinch, Esquire; Evelyn Correspondence.

sons, about intrigues of all kinds; and all little informers, projectors, &c. were carried to Chiffinch's lodgings. He was a most impetuous drinker, and, in that capacity, an admirable spy; for he let none pass from thence sober, if it were possible to make them drunk; and his great artifice was pushing idolatrous healths, and being in haste, for *the King is coming*, which was his word." According to Roger North, as soon as he had made his victims sufficiently inebriated, he elicited their secrets from them with peculiar dexterity, and instantly gave information to the King. Though he drank inordinately himself, he was on no occasion ever known to be intoxicated. A drinking acquaintance with the brutal and inhuman Lord Jeffreys, is said to have led to the rise of the latter, and his influence at court.

Anthony Wood, alluding to the King's convivial parties, has the following passage.—" They met," he says, " either in the lodgings of Louisa Duchess of Portsmouth, or in those of Chiffinch, near the Back Stairs, or in the apartment of Eleanor Gwynn, or that of Baptist May; but he losing his credit, Chiffinch had the greatest trust among them." Neither was the confidential agency of Chiffinch confined to the pursuit of a new mistress, or to the usual arcana of the back stairs. There can be no doubt indeed that he was the medium through whom Charles received his pension from the French Court. Lord Danby, afterwards Duke of Leeds,

alluding to the proposed mode of payment, writes to Mr. Montagu, 16th July 1677, — "I perceive by you, that Mr. Chiffinch hath been, and is to be, the receiver of whatever shall be had from thence." And Montagu returns answer, dated Paris, 12th August following, — "I congratulate very heartily with your lordship, that Mr. Chiffinch is to be the French Treasurer; and in this, and everything else that can concern your lordship, you shall find me as careful and faithful as any servant you have." The subject is again adverted to by Montagu in a subsequent letter.*

When Charles the Second was on his death-bed, it was Chiffinch who was entrusted with the last secret of the dying monarch. It was through his means that Hudlestone, the popish priest, was admitted to the sick chamber, and administered extreme unction to Charles. After the death of his old master, he was continued in his confidential post by James, and, among other intrigues to which he was a party, we find the Secret Committee, — appointed to watch over the interests of the Roman Catholics in England, — assembling in the apartments of Chiffinch at Whitehall.

From this period we only on one occasion discover a mention of his name. Lord Dartmouth, in one of his notes to Burnet's History, adverts incidentally to his having held a conversation with him — a circumstance only so far of importance,

* Letters to and from the Duke of Leeds, pp. 9, 17, and 33.

as showing that he must have survived his royal master for some years, Lord Dartmouth not having been born till the year 1672, and, from the nature of the discussion, probably not being a very young man at the time when the conversation in question took place. There is a portrait of William Chiffinch at Gorhambury.

Another disreputable hanger-on of a profligate court, was EDWARD PROGERS, the confidant of the royal intrigues, and the pander to the amours of his Sovereign. Andrew Marvell says in his "Instructions to a Painter,"—

> Then the procurers under Progers filed,
> Gentlest of men, and his lieutenant mild.*

Progers was a gentleman by birth, and appears to have held a confidential situation about the person of Charles the Second, at least as early as 1646, when Charles was Prince of Wales. In that year he was entrusted by Henrietta Maria with a well-known confidential letter to her son's advisers, in which she strongly and sensibly recommended the Prince's removal from Scilly, either into Jersey or France.† Probably he was a relative of Henry Progers, one of the assassins of Ascham, the Republican Ambassador at Madrid.‡

* Henry Brounker. See the next memoir.

† Clarendon's Rebellion, vol. v. p. 363.

‡ See Oldmixon, p. 385; Clarendon, vol. vi. p. 444.

At the Restoration, Progers was appointed a groom of the bed-chamber ; he was also nominated by Charles as one of the Knights of his projected order of the Royal Oak. According to Horace Walpole, he had permission to build a house in the royal park at Bushy, on condition that after his death it should lapse to the crown. This is known to have been what is now called the Upper Lodge, in Bushy Park, at present the residence of Lord Denbigh. We have the authority of Le Neve, that Progers died 31st December, or 1st January, 1713, at the patriarchal age of ninety-six. The malady which carried him off is at least an unfrequent one in second childhood. "He died," says Le Neve, "of the anguish of cutting his teeth, he having cut four new teeth, and had several ready to cut, which so inflamed his gums, that he died thereof." He was buried at Hampton, in Middlesex, where his monument, at the recent demolition of the old church, was accidentally discovered.

HENRY BROUNKER,

Parentage of this Person — his Mother's Attachment to the Gaming-table.—Brounker's exceeding Libertinism—his Skill at Chess — his Conduct during the War with the Dutch — dismissed from the Duke of York's Household — ordered to be impeached by the House of Commons—his Death and Burial. — Notice of his brother, Lord Brounker. — Death of that Nobleman.

This shameless libertine, according to Lord Clarendon, was remarkable only for his impudence, his profligacy, and his skill at chess. He was gentleman of the bed-chamber to the Duke of York, and held the same equivocal position about his Royal Highness's person that was occupied by Chiffinch and Progers near that of his brother Charles. He was a younger brother of William, second Lord Brounker, Viscount of Castle Lyons, whom he succeeded in his title. Their father, was Sir William Brounker, Commissary-general in the Scotch expedition of 1639, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Charles the First, and Vice-Chamberlain to Charles the Second, when Prince of Wales. On the 12th of September 1645, Charles I. created him Viscount of Castle Lyons in Ireland; an honour which he only lived to enjoy a few

weeks, dying at Wadham College, Oxford, in the middle of November following.

The mother of the libertine was Winifred, daughter of William Leigh, Esq. of Newenham, in Warwickshire, who was famous among her contemporaries for her attachment to the gaming-table, and the grand scale on which she practised the vice. Aubrey says,—"She was an extraordinary great gamester, and played all gold play: she kept the box herself. Mr. Arundel, brother of the Lord Wardour, made a song on the characters of the nobility. Among others I remember this,—

> Here 's a health to my Lady Brounker,
> And the best card in her hand:
> And a health to my lord her husband,
> With ne'er a foot of land."

Brounker, easy and good-tempered as he is generally described, is commonly spoken of, *par excellence*, as the most unprincipled libertine of his day. "Of all the men at Court," says De Grammont, "Brounker had the least esteem for the fair sex, and the least regard to their reputation. He was not young, and his person was disagreeable; however, with a great deal of wit, he had a violent passion for women. He did himself justice respecting his own merit, and, being persuaded that he could only succeed with females who were desirous of having his money, he carried on open war with all the rest. He had a little country house four or five miles from London, always well stock-

ed with girls, but in other respects he was a very good sort of man." Marvell, in his "Instructions to a Painter," has an allusion to this suburban seraglio: —

> Brounker, Love's squire, through all the field array'd,
> No troop was better clad, nor so well paid.

De Grammont, Pepys, and Lord Clarendon, alike give him credit for his genius at chess.

It was evidently owing to his cowardice or his folly, that the Dutch escaped a complete defeat, in the great naval engagement of 1665. After one of the hottest actions recorded in naval warfare, night closing on the two fleets, the Dutch, who had undoubtedly suffered the most severely in the encounter, moved off from the scene of action. A council of war was held, in which, in the presence of the Duke of York, the propriety of pursuit was unaccountably discussed. The Duke's personal friends, either anxious for their master's safety or their own, endeavoured to persuade him to rest satisfied with the advantage he had already obtained. Cowardice, however, was not a fault of James, and accordingly, disregarding their pusillanimous counsel, he gave orders to set all sail, with the view of overtaking the Dutch, and then retired to rest in his cabin. "The Duchess," says Burnet, "had given a strict charge to all the Duke's servants, to do all they could to hinder him to engage too far. When matters were settled, they went to

sleep; and the Duke ordered a call to be given him, when they should get up to the Dutch fleet. It is not known what passed between the Duke and Brounker, who was of his bed-chamber, and was then in waiting; but he came to Pen, as from the Duke, and said the Duke ordered the sail to be slackened. Pen was struck with the order, and did not go to argue the matter with the Duke himself, as he ought to have done, but obeyed it. When the Duke had slept, he, upon his waking, went out on the quarter-deck, and seemed amazed to see the sails slackened, and that thereby all hope of overtaking the Dutch was lost. He questioned Pen upon it. Pen put it upon Brounker, who said nothing. The Duke denied he had given any such order; but he neither punished Brounker for carrying it, nor Pen for obeying it. He indeed put Brounker out of his service; and it was said that he durst do no more, because he was so much in the King's favour, and in the mistress's." *

The whole of this affair, excepting as regards the conduct of Brounker, is enveloped in mystery. According to Lord Clarendon, in the Continuation of his Life, the Duke of York was not made aware of Brounker's untoward interference till some years afterwards: moreover, it is certain that the latter was not dismissed from the Duke's household till two years had elapsed; † and even then, it was not

* The Duchess of Cleveland. † Pepys, vol ii. p. 115.

on account of his extraordinary conduct after the action with the Dutch, but for words spoken disrespectfully against Lord Clarendon. According to Pepys, every one was glad of his dismissal, for, he adds, — "He was a pestilent rogue and atheist, and one that would have sold his King and country for sixpence almost, so corrupt and wicked was he by all men's report." Again, it was not till 1668, three years after the action, that Brounker's conduct became so openly talked about as to lead to an investigation in Parliament. During all this time it is quite impossible that the Duke could have been in utter ignorance of the affair;—indeed it would seem to have been generally canvassed at the time: Sir John Denham, in his "Directions to to a Painter," published as early as 1667, has the following lines:

Now all conspire unto the Dutchman's loss;
The wind, the fire, we, they themselves do cross;
When a sweet sleep began the Duke to drown,
And with soft diadems his temples crown;
And first he orders all the rest to watch,
And they the foe, while he a nap, doth catch.
But lo, Brounker, by a secret instinct,
Slept on, nor needed:—he all day had winkt.
The Duke in bed, he then first draws his steel,
Whose virtue makes the misled compass wheel;
So, e'er he waked, both fleets were innocent;
But Brounker Member is of Parliament.

It may be remarked that the investigation of Brounker's conduct led afterwards to his dismissal from the House of Commons, where it was fur-

ther ordered that he should be impeached. From henceforward we hear nothing of his pursuits, nor is his name mentioned by his contemporaries. He died about the 4th of January 1687, and was buried at Richmond, in Surrey, where a monument was erected to his memory.

William, Viscount Brounker, the elder brother of the libertine, bears fortunately a more reputable character. "He was born about the year 1620. Aubrey says, "He was of no university, as he himself told me." He early made mathematics his study, in which he afterwards rendered himself famous. Both Aubrey and Anthony Wood bear testimony to his successful application, and Bishop Burnet styles him a "profound mathematician." According to Evelyn, however, — "He was noted for a hard, covetous, vicious man, though, for his worldly craft and skill in gaining, few exceeded him."

Lord Brounker is famous as having been the first President of the Royal Society, on its foundation by Charles the Second. He continued in that honourable situation about fifteen years; according to Wood, — "doing much honour to the Society, and advancing it by his learning and experience." He also held the appointments of Chancellor to Queen Catherine; Keeper of her Great Seal; was a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty, and Master of St. Catherine's Hospital, near the Tower. With the exception of a Treatise,

of which he is the author, entitled "Experiments of the Recoiling of Guns," we have now no evidence either of his scientific or literary attainments. Lord Brounker died at his house in St. James's Street, 5th April 1684, at the age of sixty-four. He was buried in the Church of St. Catherine's, in a vault which he had erected in his lifetime for the reception of his remains.

THOMAS THYNNE.

The "Issachar" of Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel" — his great Wealth — his Friendship with the Duke of Monmouth. —Thynne's diplomatic Employments—his singular Marriage with Lady Elizabeth Percy — murdered in Pall Mall at the instigation of Count Coningsmark — Account of the three Assassins. — Fate of Coningsmark. — Monument of Thynne in Westminster Abbey.

The "Issachar" of Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel;" the possessor of Longleat; and, from his greath wealth, styled by his contemporaries Tom of Ten Thousand. He is principally remarkable for his friendship with the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, and the manner of his own untimely end.

He seems to have mingled in the politics, as well as in the pleasures, of the Court of Charles. He had originally attached himself to the party of the Duke of York, by whom, in 1669, he was despatched to Dunkirk, on a mission of congratulation to the French King. Owing, however, to some personal misunderstanding, he afterwards separated himself from the interests of James, and joined with the faction of the Duke of Monmouth, with whom he soon grew to be on the most intimate terms.

Dryden rather implies, that, on the part of Monmouth, the luxurious and proverbial hospitality of Thynne was the principal cementer of their friendship: —

> But hospitable treats did most commend
> Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend.

Notwithstanding the epithet "wise," which Dryden applies to Thynne, there is an ill-natured couplet of Lord Rochester's, which attributes to him anything but brilliancy of parts: —

> Who'd be a wit in Dryden's cudgelled skin,
> Or who'd be rich and senseless like Tom Thynne?

Notwithstanding this contemptuous sarcasm, it is certain that in 1677, Thynne was employed in an important mission to Holland, to negotiate a peace with the Dutch: they were times, however, when selection for public employment depended but little on the fitness of the individual to fill the station assigned to him by his sovereign.

The story of Thynne's assassination is so full of painful interest, that a repetition of it can hardly be wearisome. The great heiress and beauty of her day, was Elizabeth, the only daughter of Jocelyn Percy, eleventh Earl of Northumberland. She had become the wife of Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, son and heir of Henry Duke of Newcastle, who, dying in 1680, she was left, as Echard expresses it, a "virgin widow" at an early age. Soon after the death of Lord Ogle, her mother had contracted her to Thynne; obliging him, however, to enter

into an agreement, that, on account of her daughter's youth, the marriage should not be consummated till a year had elapsed. As the time passed on, the young lady, it seems, conceived such a rooted dislike to her future husband, that, according to Reresby, she quitted her home and fled into Holland.

In the mean time, the famous Count Coningsmark, — noted for his beauty and intrigues in most of the Courts of Europe, — had accidentally met Lady Ogle in public, and had either fallen in love with her person, or the fortune of which she was mistress. That the feeling was reciprocal there is not the least reason to suppose. Coningsmark, however, a daring and unprincipled man, determined that no obstacle should exist which it was in his power to remove, and, as the first step, projected the assassination of his rival. The persons whom he bribed to commit the crime, were three foreigners like himself,—one Captain Vratz, a German; a Lieutenant Stern, a Swede; and one George Borotski, a Pole. The two former seem to have been as daring and reckless adventurers as the age produced; — the latter a quiet and uneducated man, who appears to have acted entirely from a feeling of retainership, and without a thought of the gold which he was to earn.

Everything having been prepared for the tragedy, and the actors having their proper parts assigned to them, between seven and eight o'clock,

on the night of Sunday, the 12th of February 1682, the three assassins, being mounted on horseback, posted themselves in a part of Pall Mall through which they had ascertained the equipage of Thynne would shortly pass. As soon as the coach appeared in sight, the three rode up to the window, and by their imposing attitude easily compelled the coachman to stand. Only one shot was fired, which was from a musketoon by Borotski; so true, however, was the aim, that as many as five bullets entered the body of his unfortunate victim. The villains contrived to make their escape for a time, while Thynne was conveyed to his own residence, where he lingered till the following morning about six o'clock, when he expired.

The account of Reresby, who was employed in his magisterial capacity in discovering the assassins, is full of interest. "I happened," he says, "to be at Court that evening, when the King hearing the news, seemed greatly concerned at it; not only for the horror of the action itself, which was shocking to his natural disposition, but also for fear the turn the anti-court party might give thereto. I left the Court, and was just stepping into bed, when Mr. Thynne's gentleman came to me to grant him an hue-and-cry, and immediately at his heels comes the Duke of Montagu's page, to desire me to come to him at Mr. Thynne's lodging, sending his coach for me, which I made use of accordingly. I there found his Grace surrounded by

several lords and gentlemen, Mr. Thynne's friends, and Mr. Thynne himself mortally wounded with five shots from a blunderbuss." By the exertions of Reresby the three assassins were soon in custody. The last who was seized was Captain Vratz, who was discovered in the house of a Swedish doctor, in Leicester Fields. "I went first into his room," says Reresby, "followed by Lord Mordaunt, where I found him in bed, with his sword at some distance from him on the table; his weapon I in the first place secured, and then his person, committing him to constables. I wondered he should make so tame a submission, for he was certainly a man of great courage, and appeared quite unconcerned at the very beginning, though he was very certian he should be found the chief actor in the tragedy." This man, a short time previously, had commanded the forlorn hope at the siege of Mons; on which occasion, out of fifty individuals, only two besides himself escaped with their lives.

Count Coningsmark's share in the transaction very shortly transpired. He was met with alone, and in disguise, at Gravesend, and was arrested by a servant of the Duke of Monmouth, at the very moment when he was about to set his foot on board a foreign ship. He was examined before the King in council, where he demeaned himself throughout with the most imperturbable assurance. According to Reresby, who was present at the examination, it was evident from the manner of

Charles throughout, that it was his intention to save the life of the most culpable of the party.

The trial of Coningsmark and his accomplices took place at Hicks's Hall. The Count, after some hesitation, was acquitted, while the other three, according to sentence passed upon them, were executed, on the 10th March, in Pall Mall.

There is extant a curious tract, containing "An account of the Deportment of Captain Vratz, Lieutenant Stern, and George Borotski, the murderers of Thomas Thynne, Esq. both in the prison and at the execution." It was drawn up, evidently with some care, by Bishop Burnet, who attended the criminals in their last moments. Stern and Borotski confessed their crime, and died penitent. Vratz, however, who seems to have been an extraordinary person, notwithstanding the admission of his associates, insisted to the last that he had merely intended to challenge Thynne to single combat, and that the fact of Borotski having fired the blunderbuss, was entirely from a misapprehension of his orders. When Burnet expostulated with him on the heinousness of his offence, "he considered it to be sufficient," he said, "if he confessed his sins to God;" and added ingeniously, that "he thought it was a piece of popery to press him to confess."

His tenets and demeanour seem throughout to have puzzled the honest Bishop. He expressed his firm conviction that he should be "received into

eternal happiness," and added, as his opinion of the next state, that the only punishment of the damned would be their exclusion from the presence of God, and their seeing others happier than themselves. To Dr. Horneck, a foreign minister of religion who attended him, he expressed similar eccentric opinions. He was confident," he said, " that God would consider a gentleman, and deal with him suitably to the condition and profession he had placed him in; and that he would not take it ill, if a soldier, who lived by his sword, revenged the affront offered to him by another."

Burnet had more than once warned him against a false affectation of courage, which would be certain to desert him at the last. When they finally met at the place of execution, — " He smiled on me," says Burnet, " and said, that I should see it was not a false bravery, but that he was fearless to the last." —" It is certain," adds the Bishop, " that never man died with more resolution and less signs of fear, or the least disorder. His carriage, both in the cart, as he was led along, and at the place of execution, was astonishing: he was not only undaunted, but looked cheerful, and smiled often. When the rope was put about his neck, he did not change colour nor tremble; his legs were firm under him: he looked often about on those that stood in balconies and windows; and seemed to fix his eyes on some persons: three or four times

he smiled; he would not cover his face as the rest did, but continued in that state, often looking up to heaven, with a cheerfulness in his countenance, and a little motion of his hands."

Reresby also bears witness to his intrepidity. "The Captain," he says, "died without the least symptom of fear; and seeing me in my coach as he passed by in the cart, he made a bow to me with the most steady countenance, as he did to several of the spectators he knew, before he was turned off." Stern, on the scaffold, complained that he died for "a man's fortune whom he never spoke to; for a woman whom he never saw; and for a dead man, whom he never had a view of."*

The most interesting particulars connected with the fate of Count Coningsmark are related by Horace Walpole: — "George the First," he says, "while Electoral Prince, had married his cousin the Princess Dorothea, only child of the Duke of Zell; a match of convenience to reunite the dominions of the family. Though she was very handsome, the Prince, who was extremely amorous, had several mistresses; which provocation, and his absence in the army of the confederates, probably disposed the Princess to indulge some degree of coquetry. At that moment arrived at Hanover the famous and beautiful Count Coningsmark, the charms of whose person ought not

* Scott's Dryden, vol. ix. p. 292.

to have obliterated the memory of his vile assassination of Mr. Thynne. His vanity, the beauty of the Electoral Princess, and the neglect under which he found her, encouraged his presumption to make his addresses to her, not covertly; and she, though believed not to have transgressed her duty, did receive them too indiscreetly. The old Elector flamed at the insolence of so stigmatized a pretender, and ordered him to quit his dominions the next day. The Princess, surrounded by women too closely connected with her husband, and consequently enemies of the lady they injured, was persuaded by them to suffer the Count to kiss her hand before his abrupt departure; and he was actually introduced by them into her bed-chamber the next morning before she rose. From that moment he disappeared; nor was it known what became of him, till the death of George the First. On his son the new King's first journey to Hanover, some alterations in the palace being ordered by him, the body of Coningsmark was discovered under the floor of the Electoral Princess's dressing-room — the Count having probably been strangled there the instant he left her, and his body secreted. The discovery was hushed up; George the Second intrusted the secret to his wife Queen Caroline, who told it to my father: but the King was too tender of the honour of his mother to utter it to his mistress; nor did Lady Suffolk

ever hear of it, till I informed her of it several years afterwards. The disappearance of the Count made his murder suspected, and various reports of the discovery of his body have of late years been spread, but not with the authentic circumstances."

The same story is repeated in the "Memoirs of Charles Seymour, late Duke of Somerset." It is there affirmed, that Coningsmark was assassinated in the palace of Herenhausen, in the presence of George the First; and further, that the interview afforded him by the Princess, was at the instigation, from revengeful motives, of Melosina, Countess of Munster.*

In allusion to the peculiar circumstances which led to the assassination of poor Thynne, the following Epitaph, or rather Epigram, was in vogue at the time:—

Here lies Tom Thynne of Longleat Hall,
Who never would have miscarried,
Had he married the woman he lay withal,
Or lain with the woman he married.

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* Erangard Melosine Schulenberg, the well-known German mistress of George the First. In 1716, she was created a Peeress of Ireland, as Baroness of Dundalk, Countess and Marchioness of Dungannon, and Duchess of Munster. She was afterwards raised, in 1719, to be a Peeress of England, with the titles of Baroness Glastonbury, Countess of Feversham, and Duchess of Kendal, *for life*. At a later period she was created Princess of Eberstein in Germany. She died in 1743.

"Two anecdotes," says Walpole, "are attached to these lines. Miss Trevor, one of the maids of Honour to Catherine of Portugal, wife of Charles the Second, having discovered the Duke of Monmouth in bed with a lady, the Duke excited Mr. Thynne to seduce Miss Trevor. She was the woman he lay withal. The woman he married was the great heiress, to whom he was affianced, when he was killed by Count Coningsmark, in Pall Mall." This story is corroborated by a passage in Archdeacon Echard's History. After the death of Thynne, Lady Ogle became the wife of Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, by whom she had three sons;—Algernon, who succeeded his father in the Dukedom, and Percy and Charles, who both died unmarried.

The Duke of Monmouth seems to have sincerely lamented his friend. He sat up with Thynne during the whole night that preceded his dissolution, and exerted himself in the most indefatigable manner to bring the assassins to justice. It was, perhaps, a satisfaction to the Duke, that Coningsmark was arrested by his own servant. Monmouth openly and loudly expressed his dissatisfaction at the escape of the Count, and was a spectator at the execution of his friend's murderers.

Thynne was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his monument, executed in white marble, can seldom have been overlooked. His figure is recumbent,

while, in front, he is represented, in relievo, in his coach ;—one of the assassins is stopping the horses, another is securing the footman behind, and the third is in the act of shooting his victim. There is besides a long epitaph in Latin, which, however, is indifferent enough.

LUCY WALTERS.

The first Mistress of Charles — her Lineage — her Influence over the young King — her Son, the Duke of Monmouth — Doubt whether the King was his Father. — Infidelities of Lucy Walters — her Manner of living at the Hague — returns to England and is sent by Cromwell to the Tower — her examination before the Council — reported to have been married to Charles — her miserable Death.

The mother of the unhappy Duke of Monmouth; the ancestress of the Dukes of Buccleugh; and apparently the first passion of Charles, whose mistress she became in 1648, when he was only eighteen. Beautiful in person, reckless in conduct, and abandoned in morals, her story unfortunately is the tale of many a fair face and broken heart; but, in this instance is rendered peculiarly affecting, from the contrast between the splendid prosperity of her early life, and the misery which attended its close.

In her life-time, the beautiful girl was generally addressed as Mrs. Barlow, but her *maiden* name was Walters. According to Anthony Wood, she was a native of Pembrokeshire. King James also tells us, in his Memoirs, that she was born of a gentleman's family in Wales, whence she came to London to seek her fortune. In corroboration of her being born of respectable parents, we have the

evidence of her own statement, that her mother bequeathed her the then considerable fortune of 1,500*l.* a-year; Evelyn, however, is of a different opinion as to her origin, and speaks of her as the "daughter of some very mean creatures." The Peerages, possibly with more complaisance than truth, style her daughter of Richard Walters Esquire, of Haverford West, in Pembrokeshire.

The feeling of Charles for his early mistress, as is generally the case with first attachments, appears to have been paramount and absorbing. "The Prince," says Madame Dunois, "had many mistresses, yet none whom he so tenderly loved as Mrs. Barlow, mother to the Duke of Monmouth. She was so perfect a beauty, and so charmed and transported the King, when he first saw her in Wales, that amidst the misfortunes which disturbed the first years of his life and reign, he enjoyed no satisfaction nor pleasure, but in loving and being beloved by this charming mistress. This being his first passion, the equipage he allowed her, the care he took to please her, and the complaisance he had for her, were so exceeding great, that it made the world believe he had promised her marriage." Even when her notorious infidelities had compelled the King to separate from her, we find him still keeping a jealous watch over her actions, and liberally supplying her wants.

According to Lord Clarendon, (who speaks of her as "a private Welshwoman of no good fame,

but handsome,") she expressly transplanted herself to the Hague, in the hopes of winning the heart of the young King. This was certainly not the case. Algernon Sidney assured the Duke of York, that when he was an officer in Cromwell's army, he had agreed with her for "fifty broad pieces," as the price of her virtue, but that being hastily ordered away with his regiment, he missed his bargain. He added, that she afterwards went over to Holland, where she fell into the hands of his brother, Colonel Robert Sidney, with whom she lived for some time, till the fame of her exceeding beauty having reached the King's ears, he found means to entice her into his own keeping. At the time when she quitted him, Sidney was heard to say,—"Let whoever will have her, she is already sped;" and King James tells us, that she proved with child so soon after her intercourse with his brother, that the world never doubted whose offspring it was. This child was the Duke of Monmouth. According to James, the real parentage was so suspicious, that "when he grew to be a man, he very much resembled the colonel both in stature and countenance, even to a wart on his face." The fact is corroborated by Evelyn, who especially mentions the resemblance, which Monmouth bore, in after life, to his mother's first paramour, Colonel Robert Sidney.

James admits in his Memoirs that Mrs. Walters was "very handsome," and he adds,—"Though

she had not much wit, she had a great deal of that sort of cunning which those of her profession usually have." In 1649, the quiet and respectable Evelyn travelled with her in Lord Wilmot's coach from Paris to St. Germains, and in recording the circumstance, speaks of her as a "brown, beautiful, bold, but insipid creature." The companionship between the philosopher and the courtesan is unlikely to have been mutually agreeable. Possibly it produced pity on the one hand and ridicule on the other.

During the absence of Charles on his unfortunate expedition into Scotland, his beautiful mistress conducted herself with such extreme indiscretion, that on his return the following year, after his defeat at Worcester, he refused to have any further commerce with the unfortunate creature. "She tried in vain," says Lord Clarendon, "all her little arts, and endeavoured to persuade Dr. Cousins that she was a convert, and would quit her scandalous way of life; but had at the same time a child by the Earl of Arlington, who grew up to be a woman, and was owned by the mother to be hers, as like the Earl as possible." This daughter was evidently Mary Walters, who became the wife of William Sarsfield, Esq. of Ireland, and afterwards of William Fanshaw, Esq.

That Charles, as Lord Clarendon would lead us to suppose, broke off *all* commerce with his mis-

tress, after his return from Worcester, is undoubtedly not the fact. There are some curious letters in Thurloe's State Papers, which prove that, even as late as 1656, six years afterwards, he still continued to supply her necessities; that he still watched over the actions of his early mistress with a deep interest; and apparently that she still maintained no slight degree of influence over his heart. Moreover, they afford an insight,—amounting almost to a painful interest—into the history of her character and career.

The following are extracts from two letters of Mr. Daniel O'Neile to Charles the Second, relative to his unhappy mistress: the first is dated Hague, 8th February 1656; "I have hitherto forborn giving your Majesty any account of your commands concerning Mrs. Barlow; because those that I employed to her, brought me assurances from her, she would obey your Majesty's commands. Of late I am told she intends nothing less, and that she is assured from Cologne your Majesty would not have her son from her. I am much troubled to see the prejudice her being here does your Majesty, for every idle action of hers brings your Majesty upon the stage; and I am no less ashamed to have so much importuned your Majesty to have believed her worthy your care. When I have the honour to wait upon your Majesty, I shall tell you what I have from a midwife of this town, and one of her maids, which she had not the dis-

cretion to use well after knowing so much of her secrets."*

The next extract is from a letter dated the 14th of the same month: "I had," says O'Neile, "the opportunity to save her from public scandal at least. Her maid, whom she would have killed by thrusting a bodkin into her ear as she was asleep, would have accused her of miscarrying of two children by physic, and of the infamous manner of her living with Mr. Howard; but I have prevented the mischief, partly with threats, but more with one hundred gilders I am to give her maid. Her last miscarriage was since Mr. Howard went, as the midwife says to one that I employ to her. Dr. Rusuf has given her physic, but it was always after her miscarrying; and though he knew anything, it would be indiscreet to tell it. Therefore I would not attempt him, and the rather, that I was sufficiently assured by those that were nearer. Though I have saved her for this time, it's not likely she'll escape when I am gone; for only the consideration of your Majesty has held Monsieur Heenuleit and Monsieur Nertwick, not to have her banished this town and country for an infamous person, and by sound of drum. Therefore it were well, if your Majesty will own this child, to send her your positive command to deliver him unto whom your Majesty will appoint. I know it from one who has read

* Thurloe's State Papers, vol. i. p. 683.

my Lord Taaffe's letter to her of the 11th, by this last post, that he tells her, your Majesty has nothing more in consideration than her sufferings; and that the next money you can get or borrow, shall be sent to supply her. While your Majesty encourages any to speak this language, she will never obey what you will have; the only way is to necessitate her, if your Majesty can think her worth your care."*

The fact is not impossible that the catastrophe actually happened to this beautiful creature, which had been anticipated by O'Neile, and that she was afterwards ignominiously expelled by the States. At all events, within the period of four months, we find her in London, having in the mean time paid a visit to Flushing. She had no sooner set foot in England, — where she arrived with Mr. Howard, her brother, and Ann Hill her maid,—than she was taken into custody by order of Cromwell, and sent to the Tower. The examination of Ann Hill took place upon oath, on the 26th June 1656. She deposed, — "that she was servant to the Lady Walters, in Holland, about seven months; that the same lady came lately out of Flushing, hiring a boat to bring herself, two children, Mr. Justus Walters her brother, and Thomas Howard gentleman of the horse to the Princess Royal, at the Hague; that she had often heard that her lady had one of the said children by Charles Stuart,

* Thurloe, vol. i. p. 684.

and that the said lady had no other means to maintain her but what she hath from the said Charles Stuart, although she lives in a costly and high manner; and that her brother swore to the said informant, the said lady had been lately with the King, meaning Charles Stuart, a night and a day together." *

At another examination, on the 2nd of July following, Hill declares, on the authority of Mrs. Walters herself, — "That the very same night in which she came from Antwerp to Brussells, Charles Stuart came thither, whereupon this informant asked her in these words, 'did your honour see him?' to which she answered, 'yes, and he saw your master too'— meaning one of her children, who is usually called master. And this informant saith that she knows not who came with the said lady into England besides Justus Walters, and Thomas Howard, and saith that she heard the said lady and her brother confer together about a necklace of pearl, which the lady intimated to him she had bought; and that they discoursed it must have cost about 1500*l.* That she heard the said lady say, she had bespoke a coach, and that she would have it lined with red velvet, and have gold fringe on it within three weeks; and said, although they lived but closely in their lodgings, yet very plentifully in clothes and diet, and had a coach to attend them continually from week to week." Impove-

* Thurloe, vol. v. p. 160.

rished himself, and surrounded by starving followers, how astonishing that Charles should have found the means and the conscience, to lavish such large sums and unmeaning luxuries on a false mistress and an abandoned woman!

The unfortunate girl herself subsequently underwent an examination, in which she acknowledged that she had formerly had a child by Charles, (which, however, she declared was dead,) accounting for the two who were still alive, by declaring they "were by a husband in Holland, who was also dead."* On being further questioned, she stated that she had left Flushing about three weeks; that she had not seen the King for two years; that she had accidentally fallen in with Howard at Flushing; and that her object in visiting England was to recover 1500*l.* a-year, which had been bequeathed her by her mother. According to Anthony Wood, she continued in the Tower from the commencement of 1656 till July in that year. We have seen, however, that she did not even arrive in England till about the middle of June.

Much has been said respecting the probability of Lucy Walters having been married to Charles; but on a review of the circumstances on both sides of the question, the fact appears so extremely unlikely, that it is hardly worth while to introduce the arguments that were brought forward by our

* Thurloe, vol. v. p. 169.

ancestors on the subject. The following circumstances, however, which have given rise to the supposition, are not uninteresting :—

" 1st.—It is said, that at the time she brought the Duke of Monmouth into the world, and on her death-bed, she asserted her marriage with Charles.

" 2ndly.—That the Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Fuller, asserted that he had married them.

" 3dly.—That an innkeeper at Liege made it a great mystery with his English guests, that the marriage had been celebrated and consummated in his house.

" 4thly.—That when Lord Clarendon was accused of having sinister reasons for bringing about the match with the Infanta,* he had asserted, to prove what little advantage it was likely to bring to his family, that the King had already an heir to the throne, and named the Duke of Monmouth.

" 5thly.—That, in the time of Cromwell, a letter from Charles had been intercepted, superscribed, to his wife."

In addition to the above arguments may be quoted the following extracts of two letters from the Princess of Orange to her brother Charles. In the first, dated Hague, 20th May 1655, the Princess writes,—" *Your wife* is resolving whether she will

* Lord Clarendon, as is well known, is accused of having been aware of the Infanta's inability to bear children; and nevertheless to have advised the match, in order that his daughter's offspring might succeed to the throne.

write or no, therefore I am to say nothing to you from her." And again, on the 21st of June 1655, she says, "*your wife* desires me to present her humble duty to you, which is all she can say. I tell her 'tis because she thinks of another husband, and does not follow your example of being as constant a wife as you are a husband. 'Tis a frailty, they say, is given to the sex; therefore you will pardon her, I hope."*

Unless the person were Lucy Walters of whom the Princess speaks to Charles as his wife,—which, however, is in the last degree unlikely,—the identity is not easy to be established. It is possible indeed, that, as a mere term of endearment, Charles may have been in the habit of addressing his beautiful mistress by a title to which she had no claim; and that the Princess, allowing for foreign manners, may have been induced to admit her brother's paramour to a certain degree of intimacy. But this is rendered very unlikely, when we consider that poor Lucy was unusually lax even for one of her own profession; and indeed that her mode of living at the Hague had acquired her such a disreputable notoriety, as almost to procure her expulsion from the town. Besides, it is just as possible, that, in a playful humour, Charles might have designated some fair member of his sister's family by that endearing term.

From the period of her release from the Tower,

* Thurloe, vol. i. p. 665.

we hear little of the beautiful courtesan. Evelyn, who saw her afterwards in Paris, informs us that she was still lovely, and adds that she was earning herself a wretched subsistence by her charms. We learn from the same authority, that she died in the French capital, "miserably and without anything to bury her." Her death, the date of which is unknown, is attributed, both by King James and Lord Clarendon, to a disease incidental to her profession.

The history of this unfortunate woman, as far as her intercourse with Charles is concerned, was pretended to be told in a scandalous work, entitled the "Perplexed Prince." The book, which has little merit, was naturally read with avidity by our ancestors, but is now deservedly forgotten.

NELL GWYNN.

Low Origin of this celebrated Woman — she wanders from Tavern to Tavern singing Ballads — her early Frailty—poetical Life of her by Sir George Etherege — her Intercourse with Lacy and Hart, the Actors — falls into the hands of Lord Buckhurst — becomes the Mistress of Charles II. — her Merits as an Actress — Freedom with the King.—Anecdotes.—Nell Gwynn's Residence in Pall Mall—her House at Windsor and in the King's Road — her Habit of Swearing—her Rivalship with the Duchess of Portsmouth. — Anecdote. — Looked upon as the Champion of Protestantism at Court — her benevolent Charities—regarded with Affection by the Public — her pious End — Description of her Person.

The society of this sprightly and warm-hearted creature, must have exactly suited the tastes of a sauntering voluptuary, such as Charles had become in the latter period of his career. Always in good humour, ever prepared with her wild wit and merry laugh, she was completely at her ease in his presence, and neither soured him with jealousies like the Duchess of Cleveland, or wearied him with politics like her rival, Portsmouth.

Nell, or rather Eleanor Gwynn, is said to have been of Welsh extraction, and Hereford has been named as her birth-place. We cannot give dignity to her origin. It is certain, that the ragged and light-hearted girl, who afterwards became the mo-

ther of a Duke, and the grandmother of a bishop, was nurtured in the foulest regions of filth and the lowest haunts of iniquity. It would even appear that she was born in a night-cellar, and commenced earning her livelihood as an itinerant vender of fish. Rochester says,—

> Her first employment was, with open throat,
> To cry fresh herrings, even ten a groat.

In this capacity, she is said to have wandered from tavern to tavern, charming the company, after dinner or supper, with her gay songs and exquisite voice. She seems indeed at one period to have been actually domesticated at a tavern. Pepys tells us,—"Nelly and Beck Marshall falling out the other day, the latter called the other my Lord Buckhurst's mistress. Nell answered her, 'I am but one man's mistress, though I was brought up in a tavern to fill strong waters to gentlemen; and you are mistress to three or four, though a Presbyter's praying daughter.'" The poor girl appears to have sinned in her first womanhood, falling into the hands of a Madam Ross, a celebrated courtesan of the period. It was probably this unfortunate connection which led to her becoming an orange-girl at the theatre; to her intimacy with Lacy and Hart, the actors, and subsequently to her appearance on the stage.

There is a poetical life of Nell Gwynn, by Sir George Etherege, of which the following is the doggrel argument,—

The life of Nelly truly shown,
From coal-yard and cellar to the throne,
Till into the grave she tumbled down.

The poem appears to have had its origin in personal pique. Possibly Sir George may have made some amorous overtures to Nelly, which were not over well received, as no man ever abuses a beautiful and kind-hearted woman, unless his pride or his feelings are unusually concerned. He says of her in the commencement of her career,—

He that has seen her muddling in the street,
Her face all pot-lid black, unshod her feet;
And in a cloud of dust her cinders shaking,
Could he have thought her fit for monarch's taking?
Even then she had her charms of brisk and witty,
Which first enslaved a cully of the city.

After the "cully of the city," Etherege mentions her having conferred her favours on more than one lover, before she became the mistress of Lord Buckhurst. Among these, it is well known, were Lacy, and afterwards Hart, the actors. She is said also to have been the mistress of Lord Rochester, but the fact is extremely questionable.

Nell Gwynn first appeared on the stage in the early part of 1667, when we find her acting in Killegrew's company at the New Theatre Royal, in Drury Lane. About this period she fell into the hands of Lord Buckhurst, who was then as notorious for his profligacy, as afterwards, when Earl of Dorset, he became celebrated for his breed-

ing and his wit. The tale of their brief intimacy is casually recorded by Pepys in his Diary.

"July 1667, Mr. Pierce tells me what troubles me, that my Lord Buckhurst hath got Nell away from the King's House, and gives her 100*l.* a year, so as she hath sent her parts to the house, and will act no more.

"14th July 1667. To Epsom, by eight o'clock, to the well, where much company. And to the town to the King's Head; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them; and keep a merry house. Poor girl! I pity her; but more the loss of her at the King's House.

"26th August, 1667.—Sir W. Penn and I had a great deal of discourse with Mall, who tells us that Nell is already left by my Lord Buckhurst, and that he makes sport of her, and that she is very poor, and hath lost my Lady Castlemaine, who was her great friend: but she is come to the play-house, but is neglected by them all."

According to more than one authority, it was the splendid promises of Charles, and the temptation of becoming the royal mistress, which induced her to quit the protection of Buckhurst. One writer observes, that his lordship was sent on "a sleeveless errand into France," and Lord Rochester has the line,—

Gave him an earldom to resign his b——.

These suppositions, however, are not only dis-

proved by the minute particulars of Pepys, but it is certain that the King paid her no particular attention, till she had quitted Buckhurst nearly a year.

On the merits of Nell Gwynn as an actress, it is scarcely necessary to dwell. In droll characters, or light and showy parts, especially where the song or the dance were introduced, her performances were the delight of her contemporaries. Her Florimel in "The Maiden Queen," and her Jacinta in "The Mock Astrologer," are especially recorded. In tragedy she was less successful; nor is it easy to imagine her as Queen Elizabeth in "The Earl of Essex," or Cidaria in "The Indian Emperor;" the latter, according to Pepys, she played "most basely." Nevertheless, as Valeria in "Tyrannic Love," and as Almahide, in "The Conquest of Granada," her performance is spoken of as meritorious. Lord Lansdown, in his "Progress of Beauty" regretting "with Charles the Cupids and the Graces gone," thus, many years afterwards, alludes to her famous acting in the latter character,—

> Past is the gallantry, the fame remains
> Transmitted safe in Dryden's lofty strains;
> Granada lost, beheld her pomps restored,
> And Almahide once more by Kings adored.

It was in this play, or rather in speaking the Prologue to it, that she appeared in the famous costume of the "broad-brimmed hat." Nokes, at

the rival theatre, had recently appeared in an immense hat; a piece of foolery, which had rendered a dull play successful. Dryden, therefore, at the King's house, had caused a hat to be made as large as a cart-wheel, in which Nelly appeared, to the great delight of our forefathers, and especially of Charles himself. The King is described, during the whole scene, as being in convulsions of laughter; equally on account of her *piquant* manner, as from the excessive drollery of her appearance.

It was in the part of Valeria in "Tyrannic Love," that she is said to have captivated the susceptible heart of Charles. Dryden had introduced her in this character, from the circumstance of its being necessary that she should die on the stage, in order to admit of her speaking the epilogue. The great poet had been partial to her from the commencement of her career, and is said to have composed this particular epilogue, — and indeed, at other times, to have selected her for agreeable parts, — in order that she might attract the notice of Charles. Probably, he not only liked her for her own sake, but, in speaking his agreeable Prologues, she was the person who approached the nearest to his own conceptions. As the epilogue to "Tyrannic Love" was written expressly to suit the charming extravagances of Nelly's manner, and as it is said to have been the scene in which she captivated a monarch, probably an insertion of it

at length may not be unacceptable. It professes to be, "Spoken by Mistress Ellen, when she was to be carried off dead by the bearers."

TO THE BEARERS,

Hold, are you mad? you damn'd confounded dog!
I am to rise, and speak the Epilogue.

TO THE AUDIENCE.

I come, kind gentlemen, strange news to tell ye;
I am the ghost of poor departed Nelly.
Sweet ladies, be not frighted: I'll be civil,
I'm what I was, a little harmless devil.
For after death, we spirits have just such natures
We had, for all the world, when human creatures:
And, therefore, I, that was an actress here,
Play all my tricks in hell, a goblin there.
Gallants look to't, you say there are no sprites;
But I'll come dance about your beds at nights.
And faith you'll be in a sweet kind of taking,
When I surprise you between sleep and waking.
To tell you true, I walk, because I die,
Out of my calling in a tragedy.
O poet, damn'd dull poet, who could prove
So senseless, to make Nelly die for love!
Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in the prime
Of Easter-term, in tart and cheese-cake-time!
I'll fit the fop; for I'll not one word say,
To excuse his godly out-of-fashion play;
A play, which, if you dare but twice sit out,
You'll all be slander'd, and be thought devout.
But, farewell, gentlemen, make haste to me,
I'm sure ere long to have your company.
As for my epitaph when I am gone,
I'll trust no poet, but will write my own:—
Here Nelly lies, who, though she lived a slattern,
Yet died a Princess, acting in St. Catharine.

We have now been introduced to this gay creature in her public capacity, and must trust to Pepys to admit us behind the scenes. He was first introduced to her at the King's theatre, in January 1667, previous to her becoming the mistress of Buckhurst: she had been acting Cœlia, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Humorous Lieutenant:"—"Knipp,"* he says, "took us all in, and introduced us to Nelly, a most pretty woman, who acted the great part of Cœlia to-day, very fine, and did it very well: I kissed her, and so did my wife, *and a mighty pretty soul she is.*" There are several notices of her in his Diary, which are full of interest: on a subsequent occasion he says,—

"After dinner with my wife to the King's house, to see "The Maiden Queen," a new Play of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit, and the truth; for there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimel, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark, the most that ever

* A married actress of whom little is known. She was on the Stage at least as late as 1677.

I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her."

One more extract from the Diary of the soft-hearted Pepys. On the 1st May 1667, he writes, —" To Westminster, in the way meeting many milk-maids, with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them, and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodging's door in Drury Lane, in her smock sleeves and bodice, *looking upon one;* she seemed a mighty pretty creature." His evident and unqualified admiration of female beauty constitutes, undoubtedly, the chief charm, in the *naïve* Memoirs of the otherwise sober-mind-secretary.

The first instance of Charles having paid any particular attention to his future mistress, is recorded by Pepys, in January 1668, when he tells us that, at the theatre, the King " sent several times for her." According to Sir George Etherege she was first introduced to him by the Duke of Buckingham; while others relate, that being particularly charmed with her in a new character, he sent his carriage for her after the performances were over, and took her home to sup with him. According to Bishop Burnet, who quotes the Duke of Buckingham as his authority, she required a settlement from the King of five hundred pounds a-year, which Charles refused to allow her: he adds, however, that before four years had elapsed, the King had lavished on her as much as sixty

thousand pounds. Burnet happily describes her as the "wildest and indiscreetest creature that ever was in a Court." It is a circumstance not generally known, that, some years afterwards, Nell Gwynn became one of the ladies of the Privy Chamber to Catherine of Braganza, the Queen of Charles the Second; a fact placed beyond doubt by the books in the Lord Chamberlain's Office. She was sworn into the post in 1675, but never appears to have occupied apartments at Whitehall.*

The circumstance is undoubtedly curious, that after she became the royal mistress, Nell Gwynn should have been pretty freely admitted to the best society of the period. Lady Sunderland writes to Lord Halifax, 27th July 1680,—"There is one place of council I should never have suspected, (my Lady Orrery's,) till I did know that my Lord Shaftesbury, the Duke of Monmouth, and my Lord Cavendish, do meet and sup there, and Mrs. Nelly, who the King hath forbid letting the Duke of Monmouth come to her house. To-day my Lady Orrery is gone to Windsor, to furnish for the better diverting them." It appears also by the evidence in the State Trials, on the suit for a divorce between the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk in 1695, that Nell Gwynn had formerly been the intimate friend of the Duchess.

The intercourse between the lively actress and her royal lover was remarkable for the playful familiarity which was practised by the one, and

* Pegge's Curialia, p. 58.

permitted and enjoyed by the other. She used to speak of her royal paramour as *her* Charles the Third; having previously been under the protection of two others of the same name. Etherege says, with more vulgarity than humour,—

> When he was dumpish, she would still be jocund,
> And chuck the royal chin of Charles the Second.

Evelyn mentions his being the companion of one of the King's walks in St. James's Park, in 1671, when he was an ear-witness to a "very familiar discourse" between his Majesty and Nell Gwynn, whom he styles an impudent comedian. "She was looking," he says, "out of her garden, on a terrace at the top of a wall," while the King continued standing, in gay dalliance, on the green walk beneath it. Colley Cibber, also, in his Apology for his Life, relates an amusing instance of her playful humour, and the good-natured forbearance of Charles, — "This reminds me," he says, "of an anecdote which I had from old solemn Boman, the late actor of venerable memory. "Boman, then a youth, and famed for his voice, was appointed to sing some part in a concert of music, at the private lodgings of Mrs. Gwynn; at which were only present, the King, the Duke of York, and one or two more, who were usually admitted upon these detached parties of pleasure. When the performance was ended, the King expressed himself highly pleased, and gave it extraordinary commendations. 'Then, Sir,' said

the lady, to show you don't speak like a courtier, I hope you will make the performers a handsome present.' The King said he had no money about him, and asked the Duke if he had any? To which the Duke replied, 'I believe, Sir, not above a guinea or two.' Upon which the laughing lady, turning to the people about her, and making bold with the King's common expression, — cried, ''Od's fish! what company have I got into?'"

According to Pennant, (1791,) the London residence of Nell Gwynn was in "what was then called Pall Mall; the first good house on the left hand of St. James's Square, as we enter from Pall Mall. The back room on the ground floor was, within memory, entirely of looking-glass, as was said to have been the ceiling. Over the chimney was her picture, and that of her sister was in a third room." We learn from Evelyn's trifling anecdote, already recorded, that the back of the house looked into St. James's Park, and in a letter from one of Granger's correspondents, a Mr. Ewin, dated 7th March 1771, we trace some further particulars respecting it. "My friend, Dr. Heberden," says the writer, "has built a fine house in Pall Mall, on the palace side; he told me it was the only freehold house on that side; that it was given by a long lease by Charles the Second to Nell Gwynn, and upon her discovering it to be only a lease under the Crown, she returned him the lease and

conveyance, saying she had always *conveyed free* under the Crown, and always would; and would not accept it till it was conveyed free to her by an act of Parliament, made on and for that purpose. Upon Nelly's death it was sold, and has been conveyed free ever since."* This house (No. 79, Pall Mall,) is still the only freehold residence on the Park, or South side, of the street.

Nell Gwynn had also a house close to the castle at Windsor, which was afterwards the residence of Queen Anne, when Princess of Denmark; and another in the King's Road, Chelsea, about two miles and a half from London, built, it is said, by the architect of Chelsea Hospital. The latter residence, which is now called Sandford Manor-house, and is occupied by a Gas Company, is in nearly the same state as when the laughing actress received the visits of Charles: indeed, his frequent journeys to her suburban residence are said to have given the name of the King's Road to that particular route.

Nelly, it is to be feared, indulged but too frequently in the very indifferent habit of swearing. Latterly she seems to have rattled out her merry oaths with the view of diverting her royal lover; the habit, however, was originally one of the vices of her profession, and was contracted apparently long before her acquaintance with Charles. Pepys informs us, 5th October 1667, — "To the King's

* Granger's Letters, p. 308.

house; and there going in met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tiring-rooms, and to the woman's shift, where Nelly was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit: and here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me through all her part of "Flora's Vagaries," which was acted to-day. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted, would make a man mad, and did make me loath them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! But to see how Nell cursed, for having so few people in the pit, was strange; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play." Sir George Etherege, also, in his satire entitled "Madam Nelly's Complaint," has the following allusion to her unfortunate habit: —

> Before great Charles let quacks and seamen lie,
> He ne'er heard swearers till Moll Knight and I:
> Never heard oaths less valued, or less true;
> And yet 'tis said he's paid for swearing too:
> Louder we swore than plundering dragoons,
> S'blood follow'd s'blood, and zounds succeeded zounds.

As soon as she had become the acknowledged mistress of Charles, the name of Nelly, by which alone she had hitherto been familiarly known, became dignified into the title of Madam Ellen. Her lively and fascinating manners, her joyous laugh, her wild extravagance of speech, her warm-hearted

disposition and imperturbable good-nature, established her so rapidly in the affections of Charles, and rendered her so necessary to his ease and happiness, as to constitute her a dangerous rival to the then reigning sultana, the Duchess of Portsmouth.

Madame De Sevigné, speaking, in one of her letters, of the influence of the French mistress, draws an amusing picture of her rivalship with the openhearted English actress. "The Duchess of Portsmouth," she says, "has not been disappointed in anything she proposed. She desired to be mistress to the King, and she is so: he lodges with her almost every night in the face of all the Court; she has had a son, who has been acknowledged, and presented with two duchies. She amasses treasure, and makes herself feared and respected by as many as she can. But she did not foresee that she should find a young actress in her way, whom the King dotes on; and she has it not in her power to withdraw him from her. He divides his time, his care, and his health, between these two. The actress is as haughty as the Duchess: she insults her, she makes grimaces at her, she attacks her; she frequently steals the King from her, and boasts whenever he gives her the preference. She is young, indiscreet, confident, wild, and of an agreeable humour. She sings, she dances, she acts her part with a good grace. She has a son by the King, and hopes to

have him acknowledged. She reasons thus: — 'This Duchess,' she says, 'pretends to be a person of quality; she affirms, she is related to the best families in France, and whenever any person of distinction dies, she puts herself in mourning. If she be a lady of such quality, why does she demean herself to be a courtezan. She ought to die with shame. As for me, it is my profession; I do not pretend to anything better. The King entertains me, and I am constant to him at present. He has a son by me: I pretend that he ought to acknowledge him; and I am well assured he will, for he loves me as well as the Duchess."

An expedient adopted by the light-hearted actress, to procure the advancement of her young son to the same rank which had been conferred by Charles on his other natural children, is described as amusing enough. The King happened to be in her apartments, when the boy was amusing himself with some childish sport. "Come here, you little bastard!" — was the free-spoken summons. Charles, to whose ears the term sounded somewhat harsh, blamed her, in his good-natured way, for the expression. "Indeed," she said demurely, "I am very sorry, but I have no other name to give him, poor boy!"

There is extant an amusing pasquinade, entitled "A pleasant battle between two lap-dogs of the Utopian Court." Part of the argument is,—

> The English lap-dog here does first begin
> The vindication of his lady, Gwynn:
> The other, much more Frenchified, alas,
> Shows what his lady is, not what she was.

The two curs, Tutty and Snap-short, the former the property of Nell Gwynn, the other of Portsmouth, enter into a ludicrous and snarling discussion respecting the merits of their respective mistresses. This dispute is about to end in a fray, when the rival ladies sweep into the room, and conclude a diverting scene with the following dialogue.

"Duchess of Portsmouth.—Pray, Madam, give my dog fair play; I protest you hinder him with your petticoats; he cannot fasten. Madam, fair play is fair play.

"Madam Gwynn. — Truly, Madam, I thought I knew as well what belonged to dog-fighting as your ladyship: but since you pretend to instruct me in your French dog-play, pray, Madam, stand a little farther, as you respect your own flesh, for my little dog is mettle to the back, and smells a Popish Miss at a far greater distance: pray Madam, take warning, for you stand on dangerous ground. Haloo, haloo, haloo! ha brave Tutty, ha brave Snap-short! A guinea on Tutty,—two to one on Tutty: done, quoth Monsieur; begar, begar me have lost near tousand pound.

> "Tutty it seems beat Snap-short, and the bell
> Tutty bears home in victory: farewell!"

Nell Gwynn, to the last, was a favourite with the public at large. When Rochester says of her,—

> " Look back and see the people mad with rage,
> To see the —·— in such an equipage,

he evidently says what is not the truth. The world regarded her with kindness, not only from their recollections of her playful manner and delightful performances on the stage, but, what is strange, seem to have looked upon her as the Court champion of the Protestant interests, in opposition to the Papist Duchess of Portsmouth, — a lady who was ever on the watch to advance the Romish doctrines, as well as the French interests. That the two great divisions of the Christian Church should mutually have looked up to, and indeed have courted the chamber influence of, a couple of courtesans, is a fact as astonishing as it is true. Nell Gwynn was one day passing through the streets of Oxford in her coach, when the mob, mistaking her for her rival the Duchess of Portsmouth, commenced hooting and loading her with every opprobrious epithet. Putting her head out of the coach window, " Good people," she said, smiling, " you are mistaken; I am the Protestant whore."

There is evidence indeed that the erring and low-born actress especially prided herself on her orthodoxy, and her regard for the Church of England. She was one day ascending Ludgate-hill

in her coach, when some bailiffs were in the act of hurrying an unfortunate clergyman to prison. Ordering her coachman to stop, she sent for some persons, whom the poor debtor named as attestators to his character, and finding the case a fit subject for charity, immediately defrayed the debt, and afterwards obtained preferment for the worthy clergyman. Her charities indeed were as just as they were frequent, and there was not a grain of avarice in her disposition.

After her elevation, Nell Gwynn never forgot her old theatrical friends, and was ever the benefactor of genius in distress. The former kindness of Dryden was generously remembered, and Otway, Lee, and Butler, are known to have shared the contents of her purse. The fact of her having instigated Charles to erect Chelsea Hospital as an asylum for disabled soldiers, and her having given the ground, on which the building stands, as an encouragement to the undertaking, are evidences of her generosity and kindness of heart, which have never been called in question. A tavern in the neighbourhood of the Hospital still exhibits her head as its sign, and one of the first toasts which was formerly drunk by the veteran inmates of Chelsea, on the anniversary of the birth-day of Charles, was to the memory of their patroness Nell Gwynn.

An agreeable anecdote, illustrative of the affection with which she was regarded by the public,

is related by an anonymous writer of the last century.* "She was the most popular of the King's mistresses: an eminent goldsmith, who died about fifteen years ago, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, assured me that when he was a prentice, his master made a most expensive service of plate (the King's present) for the Duchess of Portsmouth. He remembered well that an infinite number of people crowded to the shop out of mere curiosity; that they threw out a thousand ill wishes against the Duchess, and wished the silver was melted, and poured down her throat; but said 'twas ten thousand pities his Majesty had not bestowed this bounty on Madam Ellen."

Nell Gwynn is believed to have quitted the stage about the year 1671. By Charles she was the mother of two children,—Charles Beauclerk, born in Lincoln's Inn Fields 8th May 1670, created Baron of Heddington and Earl of Burford in 1676, and Duke of St. Alban's in 1684; her remaining son, James Beauclerk, died in his childhood in France. Their mother was perhaps the only one of the mistresses of Charles whose fidelity to their royal master was never questioned. His affection for her continued to the last, and one of his latest injunctions was, — "Do not let Nelly starve." She is believed to have remained virtuous after his decease.

The death of Nell Gwynn took place at her

* Gent. Mag. 1752, vol. xxii. p. 199.

house in Pall Mall, in the year 1691. Her funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Tennison, Vicar of St. Martin's, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. In his discourse, he spoke warmly of her charities, her real goodness of heart, her sincere repentance, and pious end. The encomiums which he bestowed on the repentant actress, were afterwards maliciously dwelt upon to the Queen of William the Third, in hopes that it would weaken his growing influence at Court. The reply of Mary was creditable to her heart. "I have heard as much," she said:—"it is a sign that the poor unfortunate woman died penitent; for if I can read a man's heart through his looks, had she not made a pious and Christian end, the doctor could never have been induced to speak well of her." * Nell Gwynn was buried at St. Martin's in the Fields, to the ringers of which church she bequeathed a small sum annually, which they still continue to enjoy.

The beauty of Nell Gwynn is placed beyond a doubt, both from the tributes of her contemporaries and the portraits that remain of her. On the other hand, she was somewhat low in stature and careless in dress. Granger says,—"She continued to hang on her clothes with her usual negligence when she was the King's mistress, but whatever she did became her." It may be remarked, that Messrs. Child, the well-known bankers in Fleet-street, still retain in their possession the checks which she drew on their ancestors.

* Biog. Brit. vol. vi. p. 3926.

MARY DAVIS.

A beautiful Comedian — captivates the Heart of Charles in the Character of Celania — supposed to be a natural Daughter of the Earl of Berkshire. — Jealousy of the Queen, the Duchess of Cleveland, and Nell Gwynn, on Mary Davis becoming the King's Mistress. — Characteristic Manner in which each discovered her Spleen. — Notices of two other Mistresses of Charles, Jane Roberts and Mary Knight; the former the Daughter of a Clergyman — her contrite Repentance—admonishes the King in her last Moments.—Conduct of Bishop Burnet on the Occasion. — Mary Knight — her beautiful Face and charming Voice—her Habit of Swearing—believed to have died penitent.—Portrait of her by Kneller.

A BEAUTIFUL comedian, whose fair face and exquisite voice captivated the susceptible heart of Charles. She is said to have completed her conquest by singing, in the character of Celania, "The Mad Shepherdess," the song,—

My lodging is on the cold ground.

According to all accounts, she was a natural daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, and first appeared at the Duke's Theatre at the commencement of the year 1667, where she quickly caught the King's eye, and almost as expeditiously became his mistress. According to Pepys, her noble and worthy father procured her for the King. This, however,

is not clear. The Earl of Berkshire in 1667, was Thomas Howard, the first Earl, celebrated for his loyalty during the civil troubles; a man of virtue and honour, and who, at this period, must have been in his eighty-eighth year. The probability is, that she was a daughter of Charles Howard, the second Earl of Berkshire, of whom little or nothing is known. Pepys, in revising his diary, may possibly have spoken of the *then* Earl, by a title which did not belong to him when the scandalous circumstance transpired.

Pepys informs us that, in 1667, Mary Davis was publicly acknowledged by Charles;—that he presented her with a ring valued at seven hundred pounds, and furnished for her a house in Suffolk-street. Pepys happened one day to be passing by when she was stepping into her coach in Suffolk-street, and he tells us a "mighty fine coach" it was.

Her intercourse with the King excited a considerable commotion at Court. The Queen, the Duchess of Cleveland, and Nell Gwynn, were all differently affected by the circumstance, and the manner in which each discovered her spleen is sufficiently characteristic. When it was the turn of the new favourite to dance a jig at Court, poor Catherine, we are told, contented herself by quietly retiring, as if unwilling to be rendered publicly contemptible. On the other hand, the Duchess of Cleveland, with the usual irritability

of spoiled and insulted beauty, was unable to conceal her indignation. A lady of the Court told Pepys, that during the acting of some private theatricals at Whitehall, the King kept his eyes so constantly fixed on his new favourite, that the Duchess was unable to conceal her chagrin, and was "in the sulks" during the whole of the play. Pepys on another occasion was present at the theatre, when the King, during the whole evening, kept gazing at a particular box. Mary Davis was the heroine of the night: the Duchess of Cleveland, he says, turned up her eyes to discover the object of the King's regard, and perceiving who the person was, grew so enraged, that "she looked like fire." The effect of the King's partiality on the mind of Nell Gwynn was the opposite of that on her rivals. The story of her secretly administering jalap to Mary Davis, on the first night on which the latter was to become the companion of Charles, is one which, for many reasons, need not be dwelt upon.

The affection of Charles for his new mistress, according to Burnet, was neither very ardent nor of very long duration; however, as she had a daughter born by the King nearly six years after their intercourse commenced, the fact may reasonably be doubted. The child in question was named Mary Tudor, and married in 1687 Francis Ratcliffe, afterwards Earl of Derwentwater. Their son was the gallant and unfortunate nobleman of

that name, executed for his share in the Scottish Rebellion of 1715. Of the history of Mary Davis, after she ceased to be under the protection of Charles; of the manner in which she lived or died; or even of the period of her decease, nothing can be ascertained. Her portrait was painted by Lely and is now at Billingbere in Berkshire.

There were two other mistresses of Charles, Jane Roberts and Mary Knight, without a passing notice of whom our gallery of beauty would be incomplete.

Jane Roberts, beyond the story of her frailty, and the fact of her being the daughter of a clergyman, possesses but slight claim to the notice of the historian. The tale, however, of her seduction and disgrace appears to have been attended by circumstances unusually distressing, and subsequently to have been dwelt upon by the unfortunate creature with the bitterest remorse. "Her first education," says Bishop Burnet, "had so deep a root, that, though she fell into many scandalous disorders, with very dismal adventures in them all, yet a principle of religion was so deep-laid in her, that, though it did not restrain her, yet it kept alive in her such a constant horror of sin, that she was never easy in an ill course, and died with a great sense of her former ill life." The bishop was sent for to her when she was dying, and was frequently in her sick chamber, during the three

last months preceding her dissolution. In the enthusiasm of her heart-felt repentance, she was anxious to address a letter to the King, expressing the bitter sense she entertained of the wickedness of her past life, and reminding her royal lover of the value of his own soul, and the disastrous consequences of a life of pleasure. She was, however, too weak to endite the letter herself, and, at her express wish, the bishop undertook the task. Unfortunately, he could not forbear illustrating so affecting an appeal with some impertinent admonitions of his own, and, as he himself tells us, expressed his hope in his ill-timed epistle, that "the reflections on what had befallen his Majesty's father on the 30th of January, might move him to consider these things more carefully." — "Lord Arran," adds the bishop, "happened to be then in waiting, and he came to me next day, and told me he was sure the King had a long letter from me; for he held the candle to him while he read it; he knew at all that distance that it was my hand; the King read it twice over, and then threw it in the fire; and not long after Lord Arran took occasion to name me, and the King spoke of me with great sharpness, so he perceived that he was not pleased with my letter." Charles, indeed, was well acquainted with the character of the episcopal coxcomb: Burnet tells us in the same page—"Nor was the King well pleased with my being sent for by Wilmot Earl of Rochester when he died; he fancied that he had told me many things, of which

I might make an ill use." Charles was undoubtedly aware of the Bishop's propensities, and that such a person could collect scandal even among the horrors of a death-bed.

Colley Cibber, in his "Apology for his Life," alluding to Burnet's contemptuous remarks on the death-bed repentance of Nell Gwynn, is justly indignant at the "mitred historian" for slurring over the merits of one penitent, while he enhances the contrition, and softens down the frailty of the other. He has been assured, he says, on unquestionable authority, that the repentance of Nell Gwynn, "appeared in all the contrite symptoms of a Christian sincerity," and as Burnet could scarcely have been ignorant of the fact, he naturally traces the invidious distinction from the circumstance of the one being a "sister of the theatre," and the other the daughter of a churchman.

The penitent and unfortunate creature, who forms the subject of the present memoir, appears to have died in 1681. Her portrait was undoubtedly painted by Lely, but of the fate of the picture we have no record.

Mary Knight, another mistress of Charles, is principally distinguishable for the lustre of her beauty and the sweetness of her voice. She appears to have become the mistress of the King as early as 1667, when, according to a lampoon of the

period, she was employed by him as the channel of his overtures to Nell Gwynn. The very fact of engaging a former mistress in a transaction of so delicate a nature, would naturally imply a total cessation, if not of confidence, at least of either sentiment or regard. It would seem, however, that Charles continued the intimacy during a lapse of many years. On the 13th March 1682, Pepys writes to Lord Brounker—"I have not yet been to Mrs. Nelly's, but I hear that Mrs. Knight is better, and the King takes his repose there once or twice daily." Probably her admirable singing served to prolong the connection, after the enticement of mere beauty had ceased to charm. Her sweet voice is celebrated by Pepys, and in Waller's Poems we find, "a song sung by Mrs. Knight to her Majesty on her birth-day :—"

> This happy day two lights are seen,
> A glorious saint, a matchless Queen;
> Both named alike, both crown'd appear,
> The saint above, the Infanta here.

The verses are indifferent enough: with a Queen to eulogize, and a beauty to sing his verses, the poet might have soared a higher flight.

According to the lampoons of the period, Mary, or Moll Knight, was as celebrated for her profane swearing as for her charming voice. Possibly, however, like her companions in frailty, Nell Gwynn and Jane Roberts, she died sorrowful and repentant, as her picture by Kneller represents her in mourning,

kneeling in a devout posture before a crucifix. The portrait in question is whole length, and seems to have been taken when she was in the decline of life; her hands are clasped together upon her breast; her countenance exhibits exceeding beauty; while the characters of penitence and humility are strongly impressed upon her features.*

* Granger's Letters, p. 162.

MRS. MIDDLETON.

Summary of the remaining Beauties at the Court of Charles II. —Lineage of Mrs. Middleton—Tributes to her Beauty—she is the Friend of Waller and St. Evremond — De Grammont becomes her Suitor—his Portrait of her—Epitaph on her by St. Evremond. — Person and Character of Miss Boynton — her Marriage with Richard Talbot.—Miss Wells—her Beauty and Frailty — her singular Mishap at Whitehall.—Notice of Miss Warmestré — her agreeable Supper-parties — supposed to have been seduced by Lord Taaffe — banished the Court — her Marriage with Sir Thomas Vernon—her Sister, the Countess of Oxford. — Notice of Miss Price — she is lampooned by Lord Rochester—her Portrait By Lely.

The recapitulation of such ephemeral qualities, as mere beauty and reputed wit, is a task sufficiently wearisome to the author, and may not be very acceptable to his reader. There is, however, more than one fair face and doubtful character, whose connexion with the merry Court of Charles, and whose position in the lively pages of De Grammont, demand at least a passing record.

Of these, Jane Middleton, a silly and sentimental beauty, as she was the first who attracted the attention of the gay chevalier, De Gram-

mont, after his arrival in England, shall be the first noticed. She was a daughter of Sir Roger Needham, and was probably related to Robert Needham, Viscount Kilmurrey, whose daughter Eleanor, Lady Byron, has already been mentioned as a mistress of Charles. Of her husband, Mr. Middleton, whoever that person may have been, his contemporaries appear to have troubled themselves little, and consequently the world is in the dark as to his identity. Granger speaks of Mrs. Middleton as "a woman of small fortune, but of great beauty;" Pepys also styles her "a very beautiful woman;" and Evelyn, still more enthusiastically, speaks of that "famous and indeed incomparable beauty, Mrs. Middleton." Simpleton as she is generally described, Evelyn lauds her for her skill in painting, and we find her the friend of Waller and St. Evremond.

There must have been a certain charm about Mrs. Middleton, to have fascinated the fastidious De Grammont. Not only was the selection flattering in itself, but his heart was evidently engaged in the pursuit, and we find him lavishing on her the most expensive presents. Notwithstanding, however, this evident partiality, his description of her character and person is anything but flattering. According to the Chevalier's own account, he was cured of his passion by the mere sight of her engaging rival Miss Hamilton : there is a passage, however, in his brother-in-law's Memoirs,

which renders it more probable that a partiality on the part of Mrs. Middleton, for Ralph Montagu, afterwards Duke of that title, was in reality the secret of his apostacy. The conjecture derives greater weight from the fact of Montagu being mentioned in the lampoons of the period as her accepted lover :—

> Next Middleton appeared in view,
> Who strait was told of Montagu, &c.

"Mrs. Middleton," says De Grammont, "was one of the handsomest women in town : so much of a coquette as to discourage no one ; and so great was her desire of appearing magnificently, that she was ambitious to vie with those of the greatest fortunes, though unable to support the expense. She was well made, fair, and delicate ; but had in her behaviour and discourse something precise and affected. The indolent airs she gave herself did not please everybody : people grew weary of those sentiments of delicacy, which she endeavoured to explain without understanding them herself ; and instead of entertaining she became tiresome. In these attempts she gave herself so much trouble, that she made the company uneasy, and her ambition to pass for a wit, only established for her the reputation of being tiresome, which lasted much longer than her beauty." It would appear by one of the pasquinades of the time, that Mrs. Middleton was

the mistress of one of the Hydes, probably of Laurence, first Earl of Rochester of that name:—

Not for the nation, but the fair,
Our Treasury provides;
Bulkeley's Godolphin's only care,
As Middleton is Hyde's.

The Duke of York; Richard Jones, afterwards Lord Ranelagh; and Colonel William Russell, a brother of the Earl of Bedford, also figure as her admirers.

In the first volume of the State Poems, there is a copy of verses entitled "Cullen with his Flock of Misses," which contain some abusive lines on Mrs. Middleton, too gross for repetition. They support the charge, however, of her having been too tender both to Hyde and Montagu. Later in life, we find Mrs. Middleton one of the most frequent atttendants at the gay parties of the Duchess of Mazarine, and, if we may trust St. Evremond, — who has celebrated her in several of his small pieces, — one of their chief ornaments. The admirable epitaph on her by the witty and courtly poet must not be omitted.

Ici gît Middleton, illustre entre les belles,
Qui de notre commerce a fait les agrémens:
Elle avait des vertus pour les amis fidèles,
Et des charmes pour les amans.
Malade sans inquiétude,
Resolue à mourir sans peine, sans effort
Elle aurait pû faire l'étude
D'un philosophe sur la mort,

Le plus indifférent, le plus dur, le plus sage
Prennent part au malheur qui nous afflige tous
Passant, interromps ton voyage,
Et te fais un mérite à pleurer avec nous.

Mrs. Middleton was alive as late as 1685, if not considerably later. There is a portrait of her by Lely.

Miss Boynton, the "languishing Boynton" of De Grammont, shall be the next mentioned. She was a Maid of Honour to Queen Catherine, and a daughter of Matthew, second son to Sir Matthew Boynton, Bart. of Barmston, Yorkshire. Her sister married the celebrated Earl of Roscommon, the poet. "Her person," says De Grammont, "was slender and delicate, to which a good complexion, and large motionless eyes, gave at a distance an appearance of beauty, that vanished upon nearer inspection. She affected to lisp, to languish, and to have two or three fainting fits a-day. The first time that Talbot fixed his eyes upon her, she was seized with one of these fits. He was told that she swooned away upon his account: he believed it, was eager to afford her assistance, and ever after that accident showed some kindness, more with the intention of saving her life, than to express any affection he felt for her. This appearance of tenderness was well received, and at first she was visibly

affected by it. Talbot was one of the tallest men in England, and to all appearance was one of the most robust; yet she showed sufficiently, that she was willing to expose the delicacy of her constitution to whatever might happen in order to become his wife." This was the stalwart coxcomb, Richard Talbot, afterwards Earl and Duke of Tyrconnel, of whom sufficient mention has already been made. The charms of "La belle Jennings" interposed for a time, but on being rejected by her, he returned to her languishing rival, and Miss Boynton subsequently became his wife. She died, Countess of Tyrconnel, about the year 1677.

Winifred Wells, another handsome coquette, and one of the Maids of Honour to Queen Catherine, was, according to De Grammont, of a loyal family, who had faithfully adhered to the fortunes of Charles the First during the civil wars. The debt was paid by the second Charles by the seduction of their kinswoman. Of the loyalty of the Wells family we have no record; unless, indeed, we may mention a Mr. George Wells of Nottingham, who was compelled to compound with the Parliament for his estate.

Pepys mentions his meeting Miss Wells at dinner, in 1660, at the apartments of Chiffinch at Whitehall. The company consisted, besides, of the sister of the host; Edward Progers; and Sir

Thomas Allen; and, he adds,—"by and by fine Mrs. Wells, who is a great beauty; and there I had my full gaze upon her, to my great content, she being a woman of pretty conversation." —"This was a tall girl," says De Grammont, "exquisitely shaped: she dressed well, and walked like a goddess; and yet her face, though made like those that generally please the most, was unfortunately one of those that please the least." According to the same authority, her countenance was devoid of expression, and her conversation only characterized by insipidity.

A story is commonly related of Miss Wells, which is amusingly touched upon by Pepys:— "1662-3, Captain Ferrers," he says, "tells me, among other Court passages, how about a month ago, at a ball at Court, a child was dropped by one of the ladies in dancing, but nobody knew who, it being taken up by somebody in their handkerchief. The next morning all the Ladies of Honour appeared early at Court for their vindication, so that nobody could tell whose mischance this should be. But it seems Mrs. Wells fell sick that afternoon, and hath disappeared ever since, so that it is concluded it is hers." Again, he adds, after the lapse of some days: —"Mr. Pickering tells me the story is very true of a child being dropped at a ball at Court, and that the King had it in his closet a week after, and did dissect it; and making

great sport of it, said that in his opinion it must have been a month and three hours old; and that, whatever others think, he hath the greatest loss, (it being a boy, as he says,) that hath lost a subject by the business." If Charles, as seems probable, were the father of the child, this philosophical investigation affords a singular illustration of delicate sentiment and parental regard. In the pages of De Grammont, an amusing, though not very delicate, reason is assigned, for the very brief period which Miss Wells continued her influence over the heart of Charles.

The Miss Warmestré of De Grammont is known, under this fictitious name, to have been Mary Kirk, a maid of honour to Queen Catherine, and daughter of George Kirk, Esq. Groom of the Bed-chamber to Charles the Second. Horace Walpole believed the name to have been Warminster, of which family, he says, five persons are interred in the cathedral at Worcester: one of them, he adds, was a Dean of Worcester, and on the authority of his epitaph, a staunch adherent of the Stuarts. There can, however, be no doubt that Miss Warmestré and Miss Kirk were one and the same person: were any proof required, it was afforded by the testimony of the last Earl of Arran, who may almost be looked upon as contemporary, and whose evidence has

established the identity beyond the possibility of a doubt.

The little supper parties, in Miss Kirk's apartments at Whitehall, must have been extremely agreeable. The company, generally speaking, seems to have consisted of the Duke of Richmond; Lord Taaffe, — the eldest son of the Earl of Carlingford, who afterwards lost his life at the battle of the Boyne;—the beautiful Miss Stewart; the Count de Grammont; and, for the sake of appearances, the governess of the maids of honour. Lord Taaffe was the admirer of Miss Kirk, and apparently her seducer. "The governess of the maids," says Count Hamilton, who, for the world would not have connived at anything that was not fair and honourable, consented that they should sup as often as they pleased in Miss Warmestré's apartments, provided that their intentions were honourable, and she one of the company. The good old lady was particularly fond of native oysters; and had no aversion to Spanish wine: she was certain of finding at every one of these suppers two barrels of oysters; one to be eaten with the party, and the other for her to carry away: so soon, therefore, as she had taken her dose of wine, she took her leave of the company."

In the midst of these scenes of revelry, while Miss Kirk was in the pride of her youth and loveliness, there arrived in London a country gentle-

man of large fortune, a relation of Thomas Killegrew's, who immediately fell in love with the heroine of our tale. We have the authority of Lord Arran, that this person was Sir Thomas Vernon, whose wife Miss Kirk subsequently became. At this period, however, she rejected his overtures with disdain, and the poor gentleman returned to his country seat, forsook his dogs and horses, and gave himself up to despair.

Not long afterwards, Miss Kirk, "in the face of the whole Court," was delivered at Whitehall of a child. The Queen was naturally indignant, and sent to inquire of Lord Taaffe, the presumed seducer of her fair attendant, whether he chose to acknowledge Miss Kirk as his wife. Lord Taaffe, with something of brutality, observed that he acknowledged neither Miss Kirk nor her child, and expressed his wonder that he should have been selected for the honour in preference to others. Miss Kirk was in consequence dismissed the Court, whither the unfortunate creature never appears to have returned.

Such is too often the fate of women! The victim of confiding love and unprincipled professions may either wear away her life in a penitentiary, or expire of starvation in the public streets; while her titled sister in crime, if she has ingenuity enough to prevent public exposure, may carry her profligacy into brilliant and heartless circles, and though an acknowledged courtesan, not unfre-

quently continues an admired favourite to the last. The punishment which awaits on female frailty, is not on account of committing the fault, but from want of cleverness to conceal it. When the Spartan boy allowed the fox which he had stolen to gnaw into his vitals, it was not from any fear of being punished for the theft, that he endured the pain, but from dreading the charge of clumsiness and the ignominy of detection. It was too true, that while poor Miss Kirk, a miserable and despised being, was turning her back on regretted splendour and sneering friends, more than one insolent and imperious Duchess was being delivered of her unhallowed offspring, in the face of the Court. The great charm of a woman's character is modesty, and the penalty inflicted on female frailty may possibly not be too severe; nevertheless, the sentence is frequently partial, and often bitterly unjust.

Miss Kirk's former lover, Sir Thomas Vernon, had continued so absurdly disconsolate after his rejection, that, in order to cure him of his folly, his relation Killegrew hastened to him after the affair had transpired, and bluntly detailed to him the circumstances of his idol's disgrace. Instead, however, of being shamed out of his attachment, the honest simpleton exhibited the most ridiculous symptoms of joy; renewed his former honourable overtures; and Miss Kirk, under existing circumstances, consented to become his wife. The de-

scription which Count Hamilton gives of their married life is pleasing enough:—"His passion," he says, "even increased after marriage, and the generous fair one, attached to him at first from gratitude, soon became so through inclination, and never brought him a child of which he was not the father; and though there has been many a happy couple in England, this certainly was the happiest." According to the same authority, Miss Kirk was a person of indifferent figure, with beautiful eyes, and very tempting looks. She had a sister, Diana Kirk, who became the wife of Aubrey De Vere, twentieth and last Earl of Oxford. Their daughter, Diana, the sole heiress of that distinguished race, married Charles Beauclerk, the natural son of Charles the Second, and first Duke of St. Alban's, from whom the present family of Beauclerk is descended. The character of the Countess of Oxford appears to have been scarcely more immaculate than that of her frail sister. In a lampoon, intitled "Queries and Answers from Garraway's Coffee-house," we find: —

"Q. How often has Mrs. Kirk sold her daughter Di, before the Lord of Oxford married her?

"A. Ask the Prince, and Harry Jermyn."

We should have more readily pardoned the early frailty of Lady Oxford, had she borne a twenty-first heir to a gallant and illustrious house. The portrait of her sister, Mary Kirk, was painted by Lely.

Henrietta Maria Price, the last of this class of persons whom it is necessary to mention, was also a Maid of Honour to Queen Catherine. According to De Grammont, she was possessed of considerably more wit than beauty; was anything but afflicted with bashfulness; took an exceedingly great interest in the amours of others; and, above all things, loved an affair of her own. Her inclination to pry into the secrets of others, obtained for her the unenviable honour of being satirized by Lord Rochester. It seems that she had discovered some low amour in which the libertine was engaged, and was foolish enough to publish it to the world. When Rochester was afterwards practising as a mountebank astrologer on Tower Hill, one of the persons by whom he was visited was Miss Price's maid. He told her, that she waited on "a good-natured lady, whose only fault was loving wine and men:" so strong an evidence of preternatural power, the girl of course repeated to her mistress.

Anthony Wood mentions a Lady Price, the daughter of Sir Edmund Warcup, a cadet of an ancient family in Oxfordshire, and the translator of some trivial topographical works on Italy, Sicily, and other countries. This person, according to the Oxford Antiquary, had the vanity to think that Charles would marry his daughter, and in his letters mentions her being "one night and t'other with the King, and very graciously

received by him." Granger, in referring his readers to Wood's notice, seems to think it probable that these two ladies were one and the same individual: Miss Warcup, however, and Miss Price, whatever similarity there may have been of character and in name, were evidently very different persons. Miss Price sat to Lely for her picture, from which there is a copy in mezzotinto, by Browne.

JAMES II.

JAMES II.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and Infancy of James.—The Parliament forbid his joining the King. — The Marquess of Hertford disobeys their orders and conveys him to York — he falls into the Hands of Fairfax. — Homage paid to him by Cromwell. — James is committed to the Guardianship of the Earl of Northumberland— his Interviews with his Father — escapes from St. James's in Disguise — his Arrival at Middleburgh. — Commotion at St. James's on the Discovery of his Flight — his Residence in a Benedictine Monastery — accompanies Charles the Second to Jersey — his Want of Respect for his Mother — visits Rhenen and the Hague.

James, the second surviving son of Charles the First and Henrietta Maria, was born at St. James's Palace, 15th October 1633. He was immediately proclaimed Duke of York at the palace gates, though the title was not formally conferred on him by patent till 27th January 1643. He was christened by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the 24th of October, nine days after his birth.

His childhood was passed at St. James's, where he continued to reside with his young brother and sister, the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth, till 1641; when, at the commencement of the civil troubles, he was sent for by the King to attend him to York. The Parliament forbade

his removal, but the gallant Marquess of Hertford, to whom the service had been intrusted, unhesitatingly disobeyed the edict, and conveyed the Duke to the arms of his parent. Shortly after this event James was created a Knight of the Garter. He was now in his eighth year, and in the first of a long series of wanderings and misfortunes, which continued to persecute him to the last.

James was present in the town of Hull, in 1641, when his unfortunate father appeared with his retinue at the gates, and was refused admittance by Sir John Hotham, the governor. As Hotham was immediately declared a traitor by Charles, and as it was evident that hostilities must shortly commence, it seems strange that so important a personage as the young Duke of York should have been allowed by the rebels to slip through their hands: he was permitted, however, to rejoin his father, in whose company he continued till the surrender of Oxford in 1646, when the unhappy King was not only deprived of the society of his children, but of every social right, and even of all decent respect. Previous to this period, the young Duke had been present at the siege of Bristol, and had beheld from an insecure eminence the battle of Edgehill. During the engagement, his life, as well as that of his elder brother Charles, was at one time in imminent danger: they were not only left with very few attendants, but, on one occa-

sion, had a very narrow escape from the fire of the enemy.

In 1646, when Fairfax entered Oxford with his victorious army, he was probably not a little elated at discovering the Duke of York among the number of his prisoners. James, who was then in his fourteenth year, was immediately placed under the guardianship of Sir George Ratcliffe, till the pleasure of the Parliament should be ascertained. Fairfax, attended by his principal officers, shortly afterwards paid him a visit of ceremony; on which occasion, according to James's own account, the General was the only officer present who neglected to kiss his hand; on the other hand, Cromwell, he says, was the only officer who knelt to him during the ceremony.

In July, the same year, the Duke was removed from Oxford to St. James's, and, with the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth, placed under the guardianship of Algernon Earl of Northumberland. During the period he was under the charge of that nobleman, we have the authority of Lord Clarendon, and indeed of James himself, that nothing could be kinder or more considerate than the Earl's treatment of the royal children.

Previous to the escape of James from the Parliament, in 1647, he was permitted more than one interview with his unhappy parent. They had been allowed to embrace each other at Maidenhead, (at the period when Charles was a prisoner

at Lord Craven's seat at Caversham,) and subsequently James, with his brother and sister, had permission to spend two whole days with their parent. The same favour was afterwards frequently allowed by the army when Charles became a prisoner at Hampton Court; on which occasions, either the royal children were brought to their father, or else he would ride over to Sion-house to enjoy their society. The great object of Charles, the principal topic of his conversation, and the spirit of all his affectionate messages, was to endeavour to instil a due sense of religion, and especially a regard for the tenets of the Church of England, into the mind of his son. The effect of these appeals on the wrong-headed Prince, is sufficiently indicated by his subsequent career.

The story of the Duke's escape from St. James's, when in his fifteenth year, is replete with an interest which almost amounts to romance. He had previously been twice detected in similar attempts; had been examined by a Committee of the Parliament; threatened with the horrors of the Tower, and indeed seems narrowly to have escaped being immured within its walls. A third essay therefore of a similar nature, not only discovers considerable nerve in a mere boy, but from the close manner in which he was watched, and the caution with which the adventure was conducted, displays a reserve and quickness of perception which could harldly have been expected in one so young. Con-

sidering these circumstances, it is singular to find Lord Clarendon speaking of James at this period as a remarkably backward boy.

The only persons to whom James had intimated his intentions, previous to the attempt being made, were a Mr. George Howard and Colonel Bamfield. The latter had formerly served as a colonel in the royal army, but having more recently professed the tenets of the republican party, his connivance was the less likely to be suspected. So cautious indeed was the young Duke in his proceedings, that when on one occasion, at the tennis-court, a letter from his mother was privately offered to him by a confidential messenger, — lest a discovery of their correspondence might indirectly lead to a detection of his plans, — he positively refused to receive it. The particulars of his flight which took place on the 20th April 1648, are related in the Stuart Papers, and bear high testimony to his courage, acuteness, and presence of mind.

"All things," proceeds the narrative, "being in readiness on the night of the forementioned day, the Duke went to supper at his usual hour, which was about seven, in the company of his brother and sister, and when supper was ended, they went to play at hide and seek with the rest of the young people in the house. At this childish sport the Duke had accustomed himself to play for a fortnight together every night, and had used to

hide himself in places so difficult to find, that most commonly they were half an hour in searching for him; at the end of which time he came usually out to them of his own accord. This blind he laid for his design, that they might be accustomed to miss him, before he really intended his escape; by which means, when he came to practise it in earnest, he was secure of gaining that half hour, before they could reasonably suspect he was gone.

"His intention had all the effect he could desire; for that night, so soon as they began their play, he pretended, according to his custom, to hide himself. But instead of so doing, he went first into his sister's chamber, and there locked up a little dog that used to follow him, that he might not be discovered by him; then, slipping down by a pair of back stairs, which led into the inmost garden, having found means beforehand to furnish himself with a key of a back door from the said garden into the park, he there found Bamfield, who was ready to receive him, and waited there with a footman who brought a cloak, which he threw over him and put on a periwig. From thence they went through the Spring Garden, whence one Mr. Tripp was ready with a hackney-coach, which carried them as far as Salisbury-house. There the Duke went out of the coach with Bamfield, as if he had intended some visit in that house, and Tripp went forward with the coach, having received

directions to drive into the city, and keep the coach as long as he could conveniently at that end of the town. But when they were gone, the Duke and Bamfield went down Ivy-lane, where they took boat, and landed again on the same side of the river close by the bridge. From thence they went into the house of one Loe, a surgeon, where they found Mrs. Murray, who had woman's clothes in readiness to disguise the Duke. Being immediately dressed in them, he departed thence, attended by Bamfield and his footman to Lion-key, where there waited a barge of four oars, into which they entered, and so went down the river, the tide serving for the passage.

"They were no sooner in the barge but the master began to suspect somewhat; for when Bamfield bespoke his attendance there with his barge, he had only told him he was to bring a friend, but now, finding a young woman was brought without other company, it made him jealous there was something more in the business than he had first imagined; the consideration of which did so much affright him, that his whole discourse in going down was employed in telling them, it was impossible to pass by the Blockhouse at Gravesend without discovery, and that they had no other way to get on board the ship, which waited for them in the Hope, than to land at Gravesend, and there to procure a pair of oars to carry them on shipboard. And when Bamfield debated the matter

with him, showing the difficulty and hazard of procuring a boat, which should convey them to their ship, he raised new objections of his own danger, from the shining of the moon and other inconveniences: but while they two were thus reasoning the matter, the master of the barge became fully satisfied concerning those suspicions which he had, that this woman was some disguised person of considerable quality; for peeping through a cranny of the door into the barge-room, where there was a candle burning before the Duke, he perceived his Royal Highness laying his leg upon the table, and plucking up his stocking in so unwomanship a manner, that he concluded his former surmizes of him were undoubted truths, as he afterwards acknowledged to them."*

The Duke and Bamfield, perceiving the suspicions of the sturdy navigator to be fairly awakened, considered it their more prudent step, to impart to him the real secret of their adventure. Their arguments, and more especially the gold which they freely promised him, had the desired effect, and he consequently agreed to use his utmost endeavours to carry them further down the river, without stopping at Gravesend. This important step he happily accomplished, by adopting the expedient of extinguishing the lights on board, and, instead of using his oars, allowing the vessel to float with the tide. They subsequently arrived safely on board

* Clarke's Life of James II. vol. i. p. 34, 35, and 36.

a Dutch vessel of seventy tons which was waiting for them; and after experiencing some fear from the near vicinity of an English vessel, which they suspected to have been sent in pursuit of them, and twice striking against the bar, in their hurry to get into Middleburg, they at length landed in safety at that place.

It would be difficult to describe the commotion at St. James's, on the discovery of the Duke's flight. According to a communication, conveyed in a message from the Lords to the Commons, which subsequently led to a conference between the two Houses, — "The Duke of York, with the Duke of Gloucester, and the Lady Elizabeth, being together in a room playing after supper by themselves, the Duke of York privately slipped from them down the back stairs, without cloak or coat, in his shoes and stockings, by way of the Privy Garden, having got a key of the door, by which he escaped through the Park, and could not be found; none of his servants who attended him being missing."* James himself describes the confusion after his departure: — He had not gone, he says, above an hour, before they began to miss him, and to search for him in every room of the house; where, not finding him, they sent immediate notice of it to Whitehall, and to the General, Sir Thomas Fairfax. Thereupon there were orders issued out, that all the passages about

* Oldmixon, p 341.

London should be laid for him, especially the northern road, and those towards Wales; imagining he had either taken that way or towards Scotland. Orders were also issued to guard all the ports, but James had already left Gravesend behind him when the despatches arrived. The pursuit, however, was not relinquished till the fact of his having landed in Holland was satisfactorily established.

After passing a night at Middleburg, the Duke proceeded to Dort, where he remained in his female attire till the return of a messenger whom he had despatched to his sister, the Princess of Orange. He was immediately supplied with proper habiliments, and a yacht was despatched to convey him to Maesland Sluice, where he was welcomed by the Princess and her husband with all possible kindness. Lord Byron, who had been recently raised to the peerage for his military services during the civil wars, was shortly afterwards appointed his governor. The Duke remained with his relations in Holland till the commencement of 1648, when he received a message from his mother to join her at Paris. He had advanced as far as Cambray on his route, when the news reached him of the tumults in Paris, and the flight of the royal family to St. Germains. He was proceeding to settle himself in an uncomfortable abode at Cambray, when he received a considerate message from the Archduke Leopold, proposing to him to make

the Benedictine monastery of St. Amand his present residence. He accepted the proposal, and appears to have been highly gratified at his splendid reception among the kind-hearted monks. They retained him as their guest till February 1649, when he received another summons from the Queen, to join her in the French capital. He repaired thither in due time, and was affectionately received by his remaining parent, and with flattering attention by the French King.

Towards the middle of 1649, we find him accompanying his brother Charles to Jersey, where he continued about four months, when he received a message from the Queen to return to France. His recent intimacy seems to have weakened his respect for his mother, though Lord Clarendon speaks of her over-severity as his excuse. Accordingly, instead of obeying her orders, he proceeded to Brussels, ostensibly with the intention of paying another agreeable visit to his sister the Princess of Orange at the Hague; who refused, however, to receive him unless he could previously make his peace with his mother. On this he proceeded to Rhenen, a seat of his aunt the Queen of Bohemia, where he remained till the commencement of 1650, when an invitation reached him to visit his relations at the Hague. His stay, however, was of short duration: the States being compelled to receive the Parliamentary Ambassadors with all due honours, the Duke, — to avoid the mor-

tification of being a witness of the ceremony, — returned hastily to Breda. After the offensive rejoicings were at an end, he again visited the Hague, where he remained till the month of June, when a message reached him from his brother Charles, desiring him to proceed to Paris, and make his peace with the Queen.

CHAPTER II.

James serves in the French Army under Turenne — his military Services. — Compliment paid to James by the Prince de Condé — he joins the Spanish Service — indifferent Figure which he presented at the Court of his brother Charles — his Want of social Humour. — Anecdotes. — Accession of James to the Throne — his first Speech to the Privy Council — his Bigotry — publicly attends Mass in the Queen's Chapel. — The Duke of Norfolk refuses to attend him — Spirited Opposition of the Duke of Somerset. — The King's intemperate Zeal in religious matters. — Rebuked by the Spanish Ambassador — by the Bishop of Oxford. — Cutting Speech of the unfortunate Ayloffe. — James discards his Mistress, Catherine Sedley — his Love of Hunting — ominous Coincidences at his Coronation — takes up his Residence at St. James's.

From the year 1652 to 1658, the history of James is that of a soldier of fortune. In the former year, when he had attained the age of twenty, he obtained, to his great satisfaction, the permission of his mother to serve in the French army, under the great Turenne, against the Spanish forces in Flanders. The principal difficulty, however, was to raise a sum of money, sufficient for his decent outfit. This, he himself tells us, was at last procured from one Gautier, a Gascon, who advanced him three hundred pistoles. To this, his brother Charles added a set of Poland

coach-horses, the present of Lord Crofts, with which he departed, in high spirits, to commence his first campaign. His companions were Sir George Berkeley and a Colonel Worden, who, together with three or four servants, composed his retinue.

A regular narrative of his life, during the next five years, would amount to little more than the mere record of an uninteresting warfare. During a series of campaigns, he appears to have encountered the usual hazards of a soldier, and to have mingled in all the stirring scenes of a military life. Throughout, he is said to have exhibited a capacity of no common order, and especially to have distinguished himself by that constitutional fearlessness, which, with the single exception of his grandfather, was inherent in the race from which he sprang. The reputation, indeed, which he acquired, and more particularly the flattering encomiums of Turenne, procured for him a celebrity at the time, which almost threw the character of his brother Charles into the back ground. It was a saying of the celebrated Prince de Condé, that if ever there was a man without fear, it was the Duke of York.

James continued to serve under Turenne, till the year 1655, when, in consequence of a treaty between Louis the Fourteenth and Cromwell, he was banished from the French dominions. Shortly after this event, he made an offer of his ser-

vices to the Spanish monarch, which were accepted. He joined his new friends in 1657, and afterwards particularly distinguished himself at the defence of Dunkirk, previous to the surrender of that town to the English in 1658. During the period he was employed in the Spanish service, he seems to have been allowed a body-guard of fifty men handsomely accoutred, as well as two hundred pounds a month, to support the expenses of his table.*

The figure presented by James at the gay Court of his brother Charles, was in no degree either creditable to his own character, or likely to throw additional liveliness over the brilliant circle in which he mixed. Neither his duties as a husband or a father, his respect for the rank which he held, or the absorbing interest which he professed for his religion, could tempt him from the then fashionable routine of unprofitable debaucheries, or from becoming the hero of indelicate intrigues. James had as many mistresses as his brother Charles, and entertained the same libertine opinions regarding female virtue; but his amours were without interest, and have nothing even of the spirit of gallantry to distinguish them from every-day profligacy. His mistresses were without beauty. Charles the Second used to say, alluding to their unusual plainness, that the

* Thurloe's State Papers, vol. vi. p. 363.

priests had inflicted his brother's mistresses on him as a *penance.*

James appears to have been far from what we call an entertaining companion, and to have been totally deficient in that agreeable kind of wit for which his brother was so distinguished. Among Dr. Birch's MSS. however, in the British Museum, an anecdote is related of him which is not without humour. James, one day trying on a pair of new boots, inquired of his chaplain how he liked them. The divine answered, that he could perceive nothing particular in their manufacture, and inquired of James what price might have been given for them. He was told about two or three guineas, on which the chaplain began to inveigh against the bootmaker as a cheat, and declared his ability to purchase a better pair for thirty shillings. "Hold, Doctor," said James, "I would undertake to purchase a better sermon for sixpence, than ever you preached in your life; and yet it is not at that rate that you value, or that I pay for them."

Bevil Higgon, in his Short View of English History, relates an anecdote of James, which he professes to prefer to all the wise apophthegms of Plutarch's worthies, and affirms enthusiastically that it should be written in golden capitals. Shortly before his accession, it seems, James, having speculated in an African company, had received five hundred pounds as his dividend.

After looking over the account, and handing a receipt to the person who brought him the money,— "This gold," he observed, "thus honestly gotten, does me more good than if Parliament had given me a million." The merit of the saying, however, is scarcely clear. Had the money been earned, either by intellectual or manual labour, instead of being the proceeds of what was little better than a gambling transaction, the remark made by James would certainly have been creditable enough. In the present instance encomium is sufficiently preposterous.

From the Restoration of his brother Charles, to his own accession to the throne, there are few circumstances connected with the personal history of James deserving of particular notice. His marriage with Anne Hyde, to which we shall hereafter advert, — his naval engagements with the Dutch, — his squabbles with Monmouth and Shaftesbury, — his unfortunate declaration of his being a Catholic,—his second marriage with Mary of Modena, and the attempts made in Parliament to exclude him from the throne, are matters too intimately connected with the history of the period to require any comment.

Notwithstanding his unpopularity when Duke of York, and also the well known fact that he was a Roman Catholic, the news of his accession was received by his subjects, if not with actual joy, at least with decent forbearance and respect. He

was immediately proclaimed, with the usual ceremonies, at Whitehall, Temple Bar, and the Royal Exchange; wine, according to ancient usages, being liberally distributed among the people. According to Burnet, the proclamation was read in solemn silence: "There were no tears," he says, "for the last King, and no shouts for the present one." On the other hand, Echard paints the scene in very different colours: the proclamation, he tells us, was everywhere listened to with enthusiasm; former prejudices were forgotten, and amidst the loud acclamations of the multitude, "all people began now to wipe their eyes, and to dry up those tears they had so plentifully shed." Between the accounts of the two churchmen we must draw our own inferences. It may be remarked, however, that Welwood, from whom no partiality can be expected, alludes to the "loud acclamations" of the populace; and Dr. Calamy, a non-conformist, observes forcibly that his "heart ached within him," as he listened to their shouts. Whatever may have been the enthusiasm of the mob, there was certainly not a sensible individual in the kingdom, to whom the well-known bigotry of James, and his high notions of the prerogative, were not matters of reflection and alarm. It is a singular fact, however, that no monarch, on his accession, ever received a greater number of addresses, or such as teemed more servilely with fulsome adulation.

James succeeded to the throne, on the death of his brother Charles, 6th February 1685. He immediately assembled his Privy Council, and, apparently with the most unaffected zeal, expressed his firm determination to maintain the government of Church and State as by law established. His address was printed the same day, and nothing could appear more satisfactory, or more calculated to allay former prejudices or win for him present esteem. "I have been reported," he said, "a man for arbitrary power; but that is not the only story which has been said of me. I shall make it my endeavour to preserve this government, both in Church and State, as it is now by law established. I know the principles of the Church of England are for monarchy, and the members of it have shown themselves good and loyal subjects: therefore I shall always take care to defend and support it. I know too that the laws of England are sufficient to make the King as great a monarch as I can wish; and as I shall never depart from the just rights and prerogatives of the crown, so I shall never invade any man's property. I have often heretofore ventured my life in defence of the nation, and I shall still go as far as any man in preserving it in all its just rights and liberties." Such was the famous speech of James the Second on his accession to the throne. The council requested it might be printed, and the

people received it, not only with satisfaction, but with the most sanguine anticipations of a peaceful, happy, and glorious reign.

It seems too probable that James, at this moment, deceived himself: how bitterly he deceived his subjects we have yet to see. Dr. Lingard considers, and apparently with some reason, that, at this period, James rather meditated extending to his Catholic subjects, a free exercise of their religious duties, and an exemption from those certainly oppressive restrictions, and "barbarous punishments," to which the laws still subjected them, than to restore the ascendency of the ancient worship over the Protestant faith. Certainly, at this early period, he could scarcely have planned that sweeping and daring system of misrule and bigotry, for which he afterwards forfeited his crown.

Whatever may be the merits of the case, the agreeable anticipations of his subjects were soon destined to be destroyed. On the following Sunday, two days after his brother's death, James openly insulted the prejudices of his people, and infringed the sanctity of the laws, by publicly attending mass in the Queen's chapel, at St. James's, surrounded by all the insignia of royalty, and the splendid paraphernalia of the Romish Church. He was attended, both to and from the chapel, by the band of gentlemen pensioners; his life-guards; several of the more complaisant of the nobility; as well as by the Knights of the Garter,

in the collars of their order. It was on this occasion that a Protestant nobleman, the Duke of Norfolk, whose office it was to carry the sword of State, stopped short when he came to the door of the chapel, with the evident intention of proceeding no further. James was naturally disconcerted: — "My Lord," he said, "your father would have gone further." — "Your Majesty's father," replied the Duke, "would not have gone so far."

We may mention another instance of praiseworthy opposition which he encountered from one of the ancient nobility. When Signior D'Ada, the Pope's Nuncio, made his public entry at Windsor, Charles Duke of Somerset was the lord in waiting, in which capacity it was his duty to assist in the reception of any foreign minister. The Duke, however, on this occasion positively declined to be present, observing he had been credibly informed it was contrary to the laws. "Are you not aware," said James, "that I am above the law?" — "If your Majesty be above the law," replied the Duke, — "I at least am aware that I am not." For this honourable resistance the Duke was dismissed from all his offices and employments.

In the same spirit of intemperate zeal, the King not only published some private papers which proved his brother Charles to have been a Roman Catholic, but even despatched Caryl, as his acknowledged agent, to Rome, for the express pur-

pose of paving the way for the re-admission of England into the bosom of the Church. On another occasion, when a Roman Catholic priest was about to kneel to him, to kiss his hand, James was shocked at the intended act of humiliation, and anticipated his design; — "Since you are a priest," he said, "I ought rather to kneel to you and kiss your hand." Again, when another of these individuals was lamenting to him that his next heir, the Princess of Orange, was a heretic, —"God," he replied, "will provide me with an heir." No wonder, when the subsequent birth of the Prince of Wales took place, that the event was regarded by the superstitious monarch as a miracle wrought in favour of the Catholic faith.*

The headstrong and impolitic ardour of James was unpalatable even to the Court of Rome, and Innocent the Eleventh, the reigning Pontiff, went so far as to remonstrate with him on his precipitancy. James could bear from the father of the church, what he could not endure from another, and when Don Pedro Ronquillo, the Spanish Ambassador, remonstrated with him in the same spirit of policy and kindness, the King is said

* There is extant a curious Pamphlet, entitled "The first Sermon preached before their Majesties, in English, at Windsor, on the first Sunday of October, 1685, by the Rev. Father Dom. P. E. Monk of the Holy Body of St. Benedict, and of the English congregation: published by His Majesty's command," 1686, 4to. The text is Matt. xxii. 37. Four other such Sermons are said to be extant, preached before the King,

to have been highly incensed at his boldness. "Is it not the custom," he said, "in Spain, for the King to consult on such subjects with his confessor?" — "Yes, Sir," answered the ambassador, "and that is the very reason that our affairs succeed so ill."

James appears to have received more than one answer, as blunt and unwelcome, from those whom he admitted to discourse with him. He was once engaged in conversation with Henry Compton, Bishop of Oxford, — who had formerly been a Cornet in the Horse-guards, — when the King, disliking the tenor of his sentiments, observed rather angrily to him, that "he talked more like a colonel than a bishop." — "Your Majesty does me honour," retorted the other, "in reminding me that I formerly drew my sword in defence of the constitution: I shall certainly do so again if I live to see the necessity." Compton, who was afterwards Bishop of London, was the same prelate who, in 1688, put himself at the head of a gallant troop, and accompanied the Princess Anne in her flight to Nottingham.

in English, by Philip Ellis, brother of Dr. Welbore Ellis, the Protestant Bishop of Meath. Among other evidences of the remarkable change, which the example of the King had wrought on the times, it may be mentioned that a mendicant friar, begging alms in the streets of London, was no uncommon sight at the period. A portrait of a fat Franciscan, entitled "Frater Mendicans," is inserted among a set of Cries published at the time, and is well known to the curious.

Another unpalatable reply to which James was subjected, was from poor Ayloffe, the gallant adherent of the unfortunate Argyle. This person, after the Duke's defeat, had been apprehended with others, and brought up to London, where he was examined by the King in person, who endeavoured to elicit from him the secrets of his party. Ayloffe, however, remaining sullen, and refusing to make the slightest discovery; — "Do not you know," said James, "that it is in my power to pardon you?" — "I know it is in your *power* to pardon me," said the other, — "but I equally know it is not in your *nature*." Ayloffe, being a nephew of the great Lord Clarendon, and consequently a connection of the King, it was naturally expected he would escape with life: he received no mercy, however, but was executed with his friends.

Previous to the accession of James, his celebrated mistress, Catherine Sedley, had exercised a powerful influence over her royal lover. Hume observes, somewhat sarcastically, — "Good agreement between the mistress and the confessors of princes is not commonly a difficult matter to compass." Whether, however, in this instance the holy fathers had failed in establishing a proper understanding with the lady, or whether an illness, supposed to be consumption, under which the Queen was then labouring, had revived a more tender feeling in her husband, certain it is that

the reign of Mrs. Sedley ceased almost at the period, when that of her lover commenced. The priests, indeed, are said to have been the constant objects of her unbridled raillery, and with James, to smile at a mountebank miracle, or to ridicule a cassock, even though it covered a knave, were crimes of unpardonable iniquity. Mrs. Sedley was consequently created Countess of Dorchester, and dismissed to Ireland with a pension. Her absence, however, was not of long duration. She returned after a brief period, and their former unfortunate intercourse was openly renewed. It may be noticed among the anomalies of human nature, that a man, who afterwards sacrificed a throne to his religious principles, who was, moreover, a husband and grandfather, should have been so far the slave of his passions, as to be unable to resist the single temptation of a disreputable intrigue.

James, however, on his elevation to the throne had evidently entertained a laudable intention of reforming his own morals and those of his Court. In a letter of the period we find,* — "The King is very intent on his business, seldom or never absent from council; takes no diversion but hunting, which he does for health once a week, on Mondays, at Putney Heath, or other places, not far distant. Soon after his brother's death he forbid Mrs. Sedley the Court; and has since declared he will reform the Court from swearing, drinking,

* Letters, Illustrative of the Herbert Family, vol. i. p. 125.

and wenching." Oldmixon, however, gives a different reason for Mrs. Sedley's dismissal. The Queen, he tells us, who was then in an ill state of health, was so indignant at her rival being created Countess of Dorchester, that on a particular day she collected in her closet as many priests as were in her confidence, and, on their being assembled, despatched a messenger to the King, to bring him to her sick chamber. James, he adds, was much surprised, when he found himself in the midst of such a company, but much more so when they all fell on their knees, and the Queen began mournfully to upbraid him, for the manner in which he had so publicly distinguished her rival. "The priests told the King," continues Oldmixon, "that a blemish in his life blasted their designs; and the more it appeared, and the longer it continued, the more ineffectual all their endeavours would prove. The King was moved, and out of countenance, for what he had done; but to quiet them all, he promised to see the lady no more. He indeed sent her to Ireland, but she returned after a short stay, and his ill commerce with her was still continued."

The King's love of hunting is frequently alluded to in the letters of the time: for instance, in a letter dated London, 27th March 1686, — "His Majesty to-day, (God bless him!) underwent the fatigue of a long fox-chase: I saw him and his followers return, as like drowned rats as ever appendixes to

royalty did." And again, in another letter dated 19th April 1687, "The King visits Richmond often, makes it his hunting quarter twice a week, and most commonly attends the Queen thither with great civility."* It was but the following year, that the unfortunate monarch was persecuted and hunted down by his subjects.

King James was crowned with his Queen, in Westminster Abbey, on St. George's day, 23rd April 1685. The ceremony, which was performed by Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, though sufficiently splendid, was shorn of many of the triumphs which had distinguished the coronation of his brother Charles.† There was no new creation of Knights of the Bath; the city neglected the customary erection of triumphal arches; and the former gorgeous cavalcade from the Tower to Westminster was omitted. James was inclined to be penurious, and the omission of a part of the usual splendour, is said to have saved him sixty thousand pounds.

One of the King's fancies was to commemorate any particular event of his life by striking a medal on the occasion. On that of his coronation, his bust was represented, after the manner of the

* Ellis' Correspondence, vol. i. pp. 82. 271.

† The ceremony was performed according to the rites of the Protestant faith. James, it seems, overruled his conscientious scruples on the occasion, believing it was necessary to the stability of his throne.—*Lingard*, vol. xiii. p. 16.

Roman Emperors, with a laurel wreath entwining his head, surrounded by the words: JACOBUS II. D.G. ANG. SCO. FR. ET HIB. REX. On the reverse was a branch of laurel upon a cushion, with an armed hand from the clouds holding out a crown, — the inscription was — A MILITARI AD REGIAM EXURG.

At a period so nearly approaching our own time, it is curious to observe the general superstitious forebodings, to which some accidents during the ceremony gave rise. How singular was the persuasion (which probably still influences more persons than would be inclined to admit it), that Providence should discover its motives by the shaking of tapestry, or the fall of a picture! There occurred, however, more than one singular coincidence at the coronation of James. During the ceremony, the crown was at one moment tottering on the King's head, when Henry Sidney, the brother of the high-minded and lamented Algernon Sidney, stepped forward, and prevented it from falling: — "It was not the first occasion," he said, "of his family having supported the crown." The subject is again touched upon in a letter of the period: Dr. Hicks writes to Dr. Chartlett, 23rd January 1711: — "I happened to dip in page 46, where I cast my eye on the *Sortes Virgilianæ* of Charles the First.

At Bello audacis populi vexatus, &c.

This gave me some melancholy reflections for

an hour or two, and made me call to mind the story of Bernini and his bust,* burnt in Whitehall. It made me also call to mind the omens that happened at the coronation of his son, James the Second, which I saw, viz. — the tottering of his crown upon his head, the broken canopy over it, and the rent flag hanging upon the white tower over against my door, when I came home from the coronation. It was torn by the wind at the same time the signal was given to the Tower that he was crowned. I put no great stress upon omens, but I cannot despise them: most of them I believe come by chance, but some from inferior intellectual agents, especially those which regard the fate of Kings and nations."† The same day, according to Echard, a part of a window in one of the London churches, on which the royal arms were beautifully painted, suddenly fell down, in an unaccountable manner.

James, it may be mentioned, was the first English monarch who inhabited the palace which bears his name; a compulsory measure from the destruction of a great part of Whitehall during his reign by fire. St. James's, as is well known, was built by Henry the Eighth, who also enclosed the Park. It had formerly been a hospital for leprous persons, a foundation coeval with the Conquest.

* See vol. ii. p. 59, *note*.

† Aubrey, Letters of Eminent Persons, vol. i. p. 213.

CHAPTER III.

Cruelties permitted by James. — Jeffreys' Barbarities after the Suppression of Monmouth's Rebellion.—Brutality of Colonel Kirke. — The Queen delivered of a Son. — Merits of the Warming-pan Story. — Remarkable Weather-cock at Whitehall.—The Prince of Orange embarks to oppose King James —lands at Torbay. — James is deserted by his officers—Defection of his own Family — his Grief and Consternation. — Anecdotes. — The King's Flight from Whitehall — he is seized by the Populace, and returns to London — his second Flight — his gratifying Reception by the French King — his Bigotry and Imprudence — lands with an army in Ireland — State of his affairs in that Country — the King's Courage forsakes him. — Battle of the Boyne. — Return of James to France.

We will pass over, as briefly as possible, the wretched annals of bigotry and despotism, which distinguish the brief reign of James. There is one circumstance, however, that, more than any other, throws a blight and a curse over his name. We allude to the cruelties, which, however they may have been prompted by motives of presumed exigency, have scarcely their parallel in our history, and are as disgraceful to the monarch who permitted them, as they are abhorrent to the best feelings of our nature. The King's personal treatment of the captive and crouching Monmouth has

already been discussed. But this was nothing to the horrid barbarities, which, after the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion, were not only tolerated by James, but were gratefully and liberally rewarded. In addition to the judicial slaughters of the drunken and atrocious Jeffreys, — a man, with the spirit of a Caligula and the morals of an alehouse, — whose very name is a disgrace to the country which produced him, — there were others whose share in the bloody work was scarcely less inhuman and disgusting. One Colonel Kirke, who had formerly served at Tangier, appears among the most prominent. This person actually ordered a number of his victims to be brought out and put to death, while he himself was drinking the King's health, in brutal joviality, with his friends. Observing the poor creatures to tremble dreadfully through fear, he gave directions for the trumpets to sound, telling them, in the same wretched and unnatural strain of wit, that they should not want music for their dancing. His regiment from their ferocity were styled ironically Kirke's lambs. Of this person it is related, that he promised a young girl her brother's pardon on condition that she should yield to his criminal desires; and that, on her compliance, he exhibited her brother to her hanging on a gibbet. James afterwards endeavoured to convert Kirke to the Roman Catholic faith, to which the other replied, that when he was quartered at

Tangier, he had promised the King of Morocco, should he ever change his religion, that he would become a Mahomedan. It is impossible that James could have been ignorant of, or even averse to, the cruelties which were committed: in fact, after the return of Jeffreys from his circuit of blood and horror, he created him a Peer, and shortly afterwards raised him to the chancellorship.*

After Monmouth's rebellion, about two hundred and fifty persons were actually executed, and eight hundred and fifty transported. According to Burnet, the King was not only acquainted with the barbarities which were practised in his dominions, but had an account of the executions sent to him every day, which he took a pleasure in reading to the foreign ambassadors at his levees, and among his own circle spoke jestingly of the work of horror as "Jeffreys' Campaign." It may be remarked that when Jeffreys was dying in the Tower, he was attended by Dr. Scot, an excellent divine of the period, who exhorted him more especially to repentance on account of the barbarities of which he had been guilty after Monmouth's rebellion; — "Whatever I did then,"

* Such was the general horror conceived of the barbarities of the bestial Jeffreys, and with such vividness were the heart-rending accounts of his cruelty transmitted from father to child, that many years afterwards, when his grand-daughter, the Countess of Pomfret, was travelling in the West of England, she was attacked by an infuriated mob, merely on account of her relationship.

said Jeffreys, "I did by express orders; and I have this farther to say for myself, that I was not half bloody enough for him that sent me thither." — "This," says Onslow, "I had from Sir J. Jekyll, who told me that my Lord Somers told it him, and that he (Lord Somers) had it from Scot himself." Nearly the same story is repeated in the Life of Archbishop Sharp. When that prelate, who had formerly received some kindness from Jeffreys, went to visit him in the Tower, he was assured by the wretched prisoner that whatever atrocities he had been guilty of, were with the connivance and concurrence of the Court. It must be admitted, however, that the apologists of James have brought forward some favourable evidence on his behalf. Sheffield Duke of Buckingham affirms, that such was James's commiseration for his suffering subjects, that he never forgave Jeffreys for his wholesale inhumanities; and it is elsewhere stated, that when Bishop Ken and Sir Thomas Cutler interceded in favour of some of the condemned criminals, James not only readily extended his mercy to them, but afterwards expressed his thanks to Cutler for his humane interference, and regretted that his example had not been followed by others.*

In the same spirit of tyranny was the revival of the court of high-commission by the infatuated James; his obstinate contest with Magdalen Col-

* See Burnet, vol. ii. p. 26, note.

lege; his committal of the bishops to the Tower; and other acts of the same nature, equally oppressive and unconstitutional. It was in the midst of the universal revilings and discontent consequent on these measures, that the Queen, on the 10th of June 1688, was delivered at St. James's of a son;* an event as gratifying to the King, as it was displeasing to his Protestant subjects. The one beheld, in his future heir, the supporter of orthodoxy and the champion of popery in England; while the Protestants, who had long fixed their hopes on the succession, however distant, of the Princess of Orange, beheld her probable exclusion with the deepest regret.

Such was the universal opinion of the King's bigotry, and to such lengths did party animosity proceed, that it was generally believed James had imposed a surreptitious offspring on his heretical subjects. The celebrated warming-pan story is well known, — a story which has been so clearly and satisfactorily disproved, that the particulars of it, though they may be regarded as matters of curiosity, are scarcely of historical importance. The evidence, however, was formerly considered decisive, and is still replete with an interest of a peculiar order.

The arguments in favour of a fictitious parturition, were as follows: — It was affirmed that, for

* The celebrated Philibert Count de Grammont was despatched by the French King to England, to congratulate James and his Queen on the occasion.—*Ellis' Correspondence*, ii. p. 5.

certain private reasons, the King was become incapable of having children; that the Queen had continued seven years without bearing a child; that her delivery was mysteriously sudden, and immediately after changing her apartments; that it occurred on a Sunday, when all the Protestant ladies of the Court were attending Divine service; that neither the Princess of Denmark, the Archbishop of Canterbury, nor the Dutch Ambassador, (the three persons whose attendance was of the most importance, attended at the birth); that during the labour the bed was not left so open as it ought to have been; that, previous to her delivery, the Queen neither permitted the Princess Anne, nor any one of the Protestant ladies, to satisfy themselves of her pregnancy; that, during her labour, though the weather was hot and the room heated by the crowd of persons who were present, a warming-pan was introduced into the bed; and lastly, though an imposture had been previously suspected by the nation, that the Court had taken no precautions to put the question beyond the possibility of a doubt.

To these general arguments, Burnet adds his quota of ingenuity and ill-will. "The Queen," he tells us, "for six or seven years had been in such a wretched state of health, that her death had been constantly anticipated:—she had buried all of her children shortly after they had been born, and her affairs were managed with a mysterious secrecy,

to which none had access but a few Papists." These, and many other arguments of less importance, are adduced by the bishop. He adds, however, with more common sense and justice, that however unfounded the suspicions might have been, considering the malicious reports which were abroad, she owed it to herself, to the King, to the Princesses Mary and Anne, and to the child which she bore in her womb, to prove the fallacy of the suspicion to the world.

It would be needless, however, to detail the various and unanswerable arguments, which refute the idle theory of a surreptitious birth. It would be alone a sufficient refutation, that besides the necessary attendants, there were present at the Queen's delivery forty-two persons of rank, — eighteen of the privy-council, four other noblemen, and twenty ladies, all of whom, as far as circumstances and modesty would allow, were witnesses of the birth of the Prince of Wales. By the desire of James, the depositions of these persons were taken down, and may still be seen, with the autographs of the deponents, in the Council Office. The evidence of the ladies who may be supposed to have had a near admittance is sufficiently decisive. On the other hand, the male persons who were present, — among whom were the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President of the Council, the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Privy Seal, and the Secretary of State, — deposed that they had seen the child immediately after the Queen's delivery; that they perceived it

was a prince, and had all the signs of being new born. No person indeed, who was ever introduced to the Pretender,—as he was afterwards invidiously styled, — who had previously been acquainted with the features and character of his misguided father, ever for a moment questioned that he was the genuine offspring of King James.

Notwithstanding the troubled state of the times, the baptism of the young Prince of Wales was celebrated with all the splendour customary on such events. The usual congratulations were received from foreign powers, and the Pope consented to become a sponsor. The latter was a step of great imprudence : nor was there any circumstance more likely to exasperate the nation, than seeing the proxy of the sovereign pontiff, attending, with all the ceremonials of the Church of Rome, the baptism of their future King. The grateful prospect, however, of bequeathing his throne and his bigotry to a son, whose feelings and principles he intended should be congenial with his own, was not long destined to be the secret solace of the unfortunate James. It was but a few months, scarcely indeed weeks, that the news reached him of the projected invasion of his hereditary dominions, by his Protestant son-in-law the Prince of Orange.

The submissive conduct of James, which was rendered compulsory by the impending storm, must have been as humiliating to his own mind, as it rendered him contemptible to his subjects. The High Commission Court was immediately broken up; the

University was attempted to be conciliated, by restoring to Magdalen College her excluded Fellows; the bishops were received into favour, while, at the same time, the King was unbounded in his professions of regret for the past, and his promises of amendment for the future. When the certainty of the Prince of Orange's intentions was at length clearly comprehended by him, he is said to have turned deadly pale, and to have allowed the despatch which brought the tidings to fall unconsciously on the ground.

Among other evidences of disquietude which were exhibited by James, was his causing a weather-cock, of no ordinary dimensions, to be erected immediately opposite his own apartments, on the roof of the Banqueting-House at Whitehall; it was intended to give him momentary notice of the state of the wind, whether favourable or not to the approach of the Dutch fleet. The anxiety on this subject was not confined to the King, but according as the wind happened to blow from the east or the west, it was styled the Popish or Protestant wind. The circumstance is alluded to in the merry political ballad of Lillibulero :—

> Oh, but why does he stay behind ?—
> By my soul 'tis a Protestant wind.

The weather-cock may still be seen at the north end of the Banqueting-House, and is rendered the more remarkable from its being transversely ornamented with a cross.

This story of the weather-cock is corroborated by M. Misson, who was in England at the time. On the 23rd October, he writes,—"James the Second, being extremely restless and uneasy, has ordered a weather-cock to be placed where he may see it from his apartment, that he may learn with his own eyes whether the wind is Protestant or Popish." And again, M. Misson writes, on the 31st of the same month:—"I was present when James received letters from Newport, informing him, with extravagant exaggerations, of the dispersion of the Prince of Orange's fleet. At his dinner, he said to M. Barillon, the French Ambassador, laughing,—'At last the wind has declared itself Popish,'—and he added, (resuming his serious air and lowering his voice,) 'you know that for these three days, I have caused the Holy Sacrament to be carried in procession.'"

On the 21st of October 1688, the Dutch fleet, consisting of about six hundred vessels and sixteen thousand men, set sail from Helvoet-Sluice on their hazardous expedition. Fortune, in the first instance, was not propitious to them. A tempest overtook them; several horses were lost; the fleet was compelled to put back, and the troops to be disembarked. All difficulties, however, being again surmounted, after a rapid refit, the fleet set sail with a fair wind for the west of England. As they passed down St. George's Channel, the heights of Dover, and other places, were covered with a

multitude of people, equally admiring the beauty of the spectacle, and anxiously speculating on the result. On the 5th of November, the anniversary of the Gunpowder treason, the Prince landed with his army in Torbay.

James, on the first news of the Prince's landing, had marched his army to Salisbury, where, had he shown the least spirit or courage, his troops would have fought with him to the death. Their numbers, and their fine state of discipline, seem originally to have inspired James with the most sanguine hopes of success, but the worst miseries of falling greatness were already gathering over his head. His generals, many of whom he had loaded with all kinds of benefits, with the most contemptible ingratitude, were daily deserting their posts. The want of confidence in all about him, the general disaffection of his officers, and the almost hourly dereliction of some valued friend, at length decided his conduct; and miserable, neglected, and betrayed, he returned once more to his capital. It may be remarked, that the trifling circumstance of a bleeding at the nose, as it compelled him to alter his route, is said to have prevented his actually being delivered over into the hands of his enemies.*

* The circumstance of the bleeding of the King's nose is alluded to by Lord Clarendon, Burnet, Reresby, Sir Patrick Hume, in his Diary, and a letter in the Ellis' Correspondence. See especially the last-mentioned work, vol. ii. pp. 328, 329.

The news of his son-in-law, Prince George of Denmark, having deserted to the standard of the Prince of Orange, appears to have affected James but slightly. When any fresh instance of defection had reached Prince George's ears, he had been accustomed to say affectedly — *est-il-possible?* When James therefore was informed of the Prince's own departure,—"What!" he said, "has little *est-il-possible* left me too?" His feelings, however, and behaviour were very different, when, on reaching London, he was informed that his favourite daughter Anne had also flown from his hearth; he burst into tears:—"Good God!" he said, "am I then deserted by my own children?" He afterwards dwells on her conduct, though with more of sorrow perhaps than of bitterness, in his Memoirs; and Reresby tells us, that "he was so deeply afflicted, that it disordered him in his understanding." In a moment of bitterness he exclaimed in the words of the Psalmist, —"*Oh, if my enemies only had cursed me, I could have borne it!*" And again we are told in the Stuart Papers, that "those strokes had been less *sensible, had they come from hands less* dear to him." The words marked in italics were interlined by his son. Even Burnet admits that James had ever been "a kind and indulgent father" to the Princess.

On his return to London James summoned a council of the peers, to whom he expressed his determination of calling a new Parliament, — re-

peated his assurances of supporting Church and State, — and concluded by asking the peers for their advice. During the debate which followed, his humbled manner was remarked by every one :— "Where," it was said, "are the looks, and where the spirit, that but yesterday made three kingdoms tremble?" The sight of humbled pride, the fallen and pitiable aspect of one who has "seen better days," is always a painful scene ; probably, in all that proud assembly, with the single exception of his relation Lord Clarendon, whose brutal and violent reproaches are well known, there was not one individual who felt not in his heart for the oppressed and degraded monarch. It was on his way to this assembly, that James encountered the old Earl of Bedford, whose son, the celebrated Lord Russell, had lost his head in the last reign, principally at the instigation of James. The King took the Earl aside and requested him to use his influence, which was considerable, in promoting his views. "I am old, Sir," replied the venerable Earl, "but *I had a son* who might have been of service to your Majesty on this occasion."

Betrayed by his early friends, deserted by his army, shunned by the summer crew of parasites and flatterers who had buzzed about him in his prosperity, abandoned at his utmost need by his own children, the harassed monarch began to consult his own safety, and adopted the resolution of escaping to France. Edmund Waller had long

before prophesied, that the King would in the end be left alone, "like a whale upon the strand." In common with the wiser part of mankind, the venerable poet and experienced statesman had long foreseen the miserable results to which the inordinate bigotry of his sovereign, and his unfortunate selection of his friends and advisers, must eventually lead. He was once in conversation with the King at one of the royal palaces, when James, taking him into his private closet, pointed out to him a particular picture and inquired how he liked it?—"My eyes are dim, Sir," replied Waller, "and I know not who it is." The King intimating that it was the Princess of Orange,—"It reminds me," said the poet, "from its likeness, to one of the greatest Princesses in the world." James inquiring who he meant, Waller replied that he alluded to Queen Elizabeth:—"I wonder," said the King, "you should think so; but I must confess she had a wise council."—"And pray, Sir," retorted Waller, "did you ever know a fool choose a wise one?"

But we must return to the fortunes of the misguided King. Every measure that prudence could suggest having been adopted to secure his flight, on the night previous to the attempt, he imparted his determination to the Duke of Northumberland, the lord in waiting, desiring him on his allegiance to keep it a profound secret, till the necessity for concealment should no longer exist. On the following

morning, the 11th of December, about three o'clock, attended only by Sir Edward Hales, and two servants, he withdrew from Whitehall by a private passage, and entered a boat, rowed by only two watermen, which was in waiting for him. He had some time before destroyed the writs issued for the election of a new Parliament, and now carried with him the great seal, which he threw into the river. The instrument was afterwards found by a fisherman, and restored to the Government.

The morning of his flight, the King's antechamber was thronged as usual, by those who were in the habit of attending his levee, and their surprise was excessive, when, on the door of the bedchamber being thrown open, instead of the King, the Duke of Northumberland made his appearance, and informed them of his Majesty's flight. Having performed this last act of kindness for his sovereign, the Duke, who was a natural son of Charles the Second, immediately placed himself at the head of his regiment of guards, and declared for the Prince of Orange.

James, in the mean time, had proceeded as far as Feversham, where he was boarded by a boat, containing thirty-six armed men, who, as Reresby expresses it, "were bound priest-codding or catching." By these persons, who, however, were entirely ignorant of his rank, James was seized and shamefully ill-treated. His sword was taken from him, as well as a considerable sum of money which

he carried about his person. According to the authority of his natural son, the Duke of Berwick, he was mistaken by his persecutors for the chaplain of one of his own attendants, and it was on the presumption of his being a Roman Catholic priest that he met with so little favour. "Among others," says the Duke, "that crowded about the King, there came one who knew his face, and who presently fell at his feet, begging his Majesty to pardon the rudeness of the mob, and bidding the fellows return the jewels and gold which they had taken from him. But the King would only receive the jewels, and suffered the populace to share among them the gold, being about four hundred guineas." * According to a letter of the time, the King not only refused to receive back his money, but caused another ten guineas to be given to the mob, with which he desired them to drink his health. †

The Prince of Orange had by this time advanced as far as Windsor, and as it was unquestionably his interest that James should quit the kingdom unmolested, he was naturally annoyed and disconcerted at the King's progress being arrested. The Prince immediately despatched a messenger to his father-in-law, desiring him on no account to proceed nearer to London than Rochester; the despatch, however, arrived too late, for James was

* Life of the Duke of Berwick, p. 23.

† Ellis' Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 362.

already far advanced on his return to London. Strange as it may appear, — not only the mere mob, who a few hours before had been engaged in burnings, and every sort of disorder,—but even the more respectable and enlightened inhabitants exhibited the most enthusiastic joy, at his *happy* return to Whitehall. The Duke of Berwick informs us that the whole city was illuminated, nor is there any reason to question the fact. Reresby mentions the ringing of bells and the lighting of bonfires, and in a letter of the period the fact is corroborated:—"The King," says the writer, "returned on Saturday from Feversham to Rochester, and on Sunday, about four in the afternoon, came through the city, preceded by a great many gentlemen bareheaded, and followed by a numerous company with loud huzzas. The King stopped at the Queen Dowager's before he came to Whitehall, and the evening concluded with ringing of bells and bonfires.* — "This was a day of triumph;" says Father Orleans: "no man ever remembered to have seen the like: ringing of bells, bonfires, and all the solemnities that are usually exhibited to testify joy, were practised on this occasion."

Gratifying as must have been these evidences of reviving loyalty, his return to Whitehall proved of no advantage to the fallen monarch. He was approached by few persons of distinction; he had the mortification of seeing Dutch sentries beneath

* The Ellis' Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 362.

his windows; and it was evidently the intention of the Prince to drive him to a second flight.

James was in bed, when, about midnight, his privacy was broken in upon by Lords Halifax, Shrewsbury, and Delemere, — two of whom had actually been in arms against him,—who informed him that he must quit London the next morning, for a seat of the Duchess of Lauderdale's at Ham. For the purpose of being nearer the sea coast, he subsequently petitioned to make Rochester his residence, and, as it suited the views of his adversaries, the request was readily granted. He was conveyed down the river, attended by a Dutch guard, on a very tempestuous night, not without danger from the elements as well as from man. And yet at that very moment,—when the wretched monarch was about to wander an unhappy exile over those seas, on which he had more than once ridden the triumphant Admiral of a gallant fleet,—his daughter, the Princess Anne, conducted in her father's coaches, and surrounded by his guards, is said to have displayed herself, decorated with Orange ribbons, at the public theatre.

The King continued at Rochester till the 23rd of December, on which day it was determined to make a second attempt at flight. The companions whom he thought proper to select, were his gallant son, the Duke of Berwick; Biddulph, a gentleman of the bedchamber; and a M. L'Abadie, a page of the back stairs. According to the

account of the Duke of Berwick, on the night of the 23rd, the King, having retired to bed, and dismissed his attendants, laid his commands on the Duke to remain with him in his bedchamber. As soon as the apartment was cleared, he rose from his bed, and having hastily dressed himself, passed from the house by a back-door, and embarked on board a large sloop, which was in readiness to receive him. The account of the night's adventure, as related in the Stuart Papers, is not without interest.—"The King went to bed at his usual hour. As soon as the company were gone, he got up, dressed, and went, by the back stairs, through the garden, where Macdonald stayed for him, with the Duke of Berwick and Mr. Biddulph, to show him the way to Trevanion's boat. About twelve at night, they rowed down to the smack, which was waiting without the fort at Sheerness. It blew so hard right a-head, and ebb-tide being done before they got to the Salt Pans, that it was near six before they got to the smack. Captain Trevanion not being able to trust the officers of his ship, they got on board the Eagle fire-ship, commanded by Captain Wilford; on which, the wind and tide being against them, they stayed till day-break, when the King went on board the smack." After encountering adverse and boisterous weather, finding themselves unable to reach Calais, they bore away for Boulogne, and on Christmas day, 1688, arrived safely at Ambleteuse in Picardy. The

French King received his brother monarch with a sympathy and kindness, which were as honourable to the one, as they must have been gratifying to the other.

The King's abdication and flight were celebrated, as may well be supposed, by all kinds of vulgar ballads and unfeeling lampoons: of these a single specimen may be acceptable to the reader.

Farewell Petre, farewell Cross;
Farewell Chester, farewell ass;
Farewell Peterborough, farewell tool;
Farewell Sunderland, farewell fool!

Farewell Milford, farewell Scot;
Farewell Butler, farewell sot;
Farewell Roger, farewell trimmer;
Farewell Dryden, farewell rhymer!

Farewell Brent, farewell villain;
Farewell Wright, worse than Tressilian;
Farewell Chancellor, farewell mace;
Farewell Prince, farewell race!

Farewell Queen, and farewell passion;
Farewell King, farewell nation;
Farewell Priests, and farewell Pope;
Farewell!—all deserve a rope!

However culpable may be considered the excessive bigotry of James, however contemptible may be his folly, it is impossible not to do credit to his sincerity, or indeed not to admire that conscientious, however mistaken, rectitude of mind, which could prefer resigning a splendid inheritance, to any failure in what he religiously believed

to be the path of his duty. If his zeal was unfortunate, it was not criminal. Dr. King observes, in his curious Anecdotes of his Own Time: — "If James had been indifferent in matters of religion, or had professed the same faith with the Emperor of China, he would have proved one of the best princes who have governed the British Islands. But his great bigotry obscured all his good qualities, and his zeal to introduce Popery was so violent, and prompted him to such extravagant attempts, as must necessarily, if they had succeeded, have ended in the total ruin, not only of our religious, but our civil liberties. The King's intemperate zeal was ridiculed even by the Court of Rome. And how must he have been mortified, if, upon his first appearance at Versailles, after his abdication, he had heard Cardinal —— say to the person who stood next him —'*See the man who lost three kingdoms for an old mass!*'"

Even his Queen, Mary of Modena, bigoted as she was in all religious matters, never fully entered into the headstrong enthusiasm of her misguided consort. When Lord Stair was afterwards ambassador at Paris, she bitterly lamented to him the misconduct of her husband, and attributed the whole blame to Father Petre.

James, by his abuse of power, having forfeited his sovereignty over England, his hopes of being restored to his inheritance rested entirely on the exertions of his friends in Scotland and Ireland.

It would be needless to dwell at length on his unfortunate expedition to the latter country. The French King is said to have offered him an army of fifteen thousand men; but his reply, if genuine, does him credit. "No," he said, "I will succeed by the assistance of my own subjects, or perish in the attempt." On the 7th of March 1689, James embarked at Brest. He was attended by about twelve hundred British subjects, among whom were the Duke of Berwick; another natural son, Henry Fitz-James, commonly called the Grand Prior; the Earls of Dover, Melfort, Abercorn, and Seaforth; and the gay and gallant brothers, Counts Anthony and John Hamilton. He was accompanied also by a fleet of fourteen sail of the line, besides frigates and fire-ships, and liberally provided by the French monarch with arms, money, and ammunition. The same kind friend attended carefully to his personal comforts, and presented him with splendid equipages and plate, and all the household necessaries which could be required. At parting, Louis gracefully presented his brother monarch with his own sword:—"The best wish I can make you," he said, "is that I may never see you again."

On the 22nd of March, James landed at Kinsale, and at the end of the month made his public entry into Dublin, amidst the rejoicings and acclamations of the people. He was met at the gate of the castle by a grand procession of the Roman

Catholic Clergy, bearing the Host, which he worshipped with the usual homage. James remained in Dublin till the spring, when he advanced to the siege of Londonderry: he was one day reconnoitering the works, when he narrowly escaped a shot from the town, an officer being killed by his side.

On the 29th of April, the French fleet, under the command of Château Renaud, was descried off the coast of Ireland, and on the first of the following month, made its appearance in Bantry Bay. The same day it was engaged by an English squadron under Admiral Herbert, afterwards Earl of Torrington, when the French obtained a slight advantage over their foes. James was in Dublin, when Count Devaux, the French Ambassador, came to inform him of the news, and with the exaggeration, not unusual to his countrymen, assured him that the English had been entirely defeated. The remark of James was creditable to his heart. Forgetting the advantage which such an event would naturally confer on his own fortunes, and remembering the time when he had himself led an English fleet to victory, he answered coldly, — "It is then the first time." It may be remarked, for the credit of our countrymen, that in the engagement of Bantry Bay, the English fleet was not only ill manned, but was considerably inferior in numbers to the French. The force of the invaders amounted to twenty-eight sail of the line, while the English

fleet is generally believed to have consisted of eighteen ships, and has never, we believe, been computed at more than twenty-two. Even the circumstance of the French obtaining the advantage has sometimes been disputed, but, it must in fairness be admitted, on insufficient grounds.

James, ever the foot-ball of fortune, had but little reason to be satisfied with the progress of his undertaking. The increasing differences between his French and Irish followers, the slight advantages which he had hitherto obtained, the news of the death of the brave Dundee at Killicranky, the miseries which he saw around him, and of which he knew himself to be the author, as well as the anticipated arrival of King William with an overwhelming force, appear to have completely soured his temper ; while, at the same time, they excited the most unbecoming fears, and implanted the deepest despondency in his mind.

That courage, indeed, for which in his youth he had been so distinguished, (owing to his timid and irresolute proceedings during the invasion of 1688, and subsequently to his pusillanimous abandonment of his throne,) had already been reasonably called in question. But in this, his second extremity, all sense of honour, every feeling of honest pride and self-respect, appear to have deserted his breast. Although at the head of a powerful and devoted army, no sooner was there the least apparent drawback to success, than, with

a dastardly ingratitude, he determined to desert his own standard, — to abandon to their fate the gallant and faithful followers, who were risking life and fortune for his sake,—and to withdraw himself secretly into France. We have heard of the ingratitude of the Stuarts, but certainly cowardice was not in general their fault. It must be admitted, however, that as soon as information was received of the rapid approach of William, (whose expedition had been such that he had been six days in Ireland before James was even acquainted with his landing,) than the utter ignominy, the impossibility, indeed, of flying in the immediate hour of danger, impressed themselves on the mind of James, and shamed him out of his dastardly resolution.

On the particulars of the famous battle of the Boyne it would be unnecessary to dwell. The Irish were entirely defeated, and James, who had kept aloof from the danger, and had posted himself on a hill, surrounded by some squadrons of horse, was the first to turn his back on the foe. Instead of attempting to rally his followers,—a measure which might easily have been effected,—he retreated precipitately to Dublin, and from thence to Waterford; at the suggestion of his French followers, destroying the bridges in his way, in order to arrest the pursuit of the victors.

At Dublin he had the assurance to complain of the conduct of the gallant troops whom he had

recently so ignominiously deserted; observing that that he would never again trust his fate to an Irish army. Such a speech was naturally commented upon in no measured terms. It was justly remarked, that—"complaints of cowardice came but ill from the mouth of a coward; — that he himself had been the first to fly; — that he was the only person, not of foreign birth, who had fled from the kingdom; —and that if the English would change kings with them, they would fight the battle over again." At sea James fortunately fell in with a French squadron under the Sieur de Foran. He was taken on board a swift-sailing frigate, and landed safely on the coast of France, from whence he proceeded to his former residence at St. Germains.

CHAPTER IV.

Battle of La Hogue. — Conduct of James in Adversity — his Visit to the Monks of La Trappe.—Romantic History of the Abbot, M. De Rancé. — The Throne of Poland offered to James — his last Illness — his dying Interview with Louis XIV.—his Death and Burial —interesting Inscriptions to his Memory.— Miracles believed to have been wrought through his Intercession.—Character of James.—Children by his two Wives, Anne Hyde and Mary of Modena — his natural Offspring.

In the year 1692, a second invasion was meditated by James, with the view of re-establishing himself on the throne. Louis again stood forth his friend, and made extensive preparations to forward his views. James had himself repaired to La Hogue, and was ready to embark with his army, consisting of French troops and British refugees, when, on the 19th of May, the English fleet, under Admiral Russell, appeared in view of the coast. An order was immediately given to clear for action, and in the engagement which followed, known as the celebrated battle of La Hogue, the French fleet, under Admiral de Tourville, was totally defeated. James was a witness of the engagement from the sea-shore,

and appears to have exhibited a greater sensitiveness on the occasion than he usually displayed. Observing the gallantry and activity of the British seamen in scaling, from their boats, the lofty sides of the enemy's vessels, his remark was characteristic of the conflict which was passing in his mind. —"Ah!" he said, "none but my brave English could perform such acts of gallantry." Again, at the close of the action, some of the ships having been burnt to the water's edge, their guns occasionally exploded: as some of the spent balls passed close to James's person, —"Ah!' he exclaimed, mournfully, "I find that Heaven itself fights against me," and immediately retired to the privacy of his own tent.

From this period James became an altered being. He retired to the bosom of his little court at St. Germains, where he continued to reside during the few remaining years of his life, reflecting on the vanity of human wishes, devoting his attention to his spiritual welfare, and doing good to his fellow-creatures. He was never heard to speak despondingly of his fortunes, or virulently of his foes. He ever spoke with enthusiasm of his former subjects; and even among the French, of whom he was a pensioner, dwelt with raptures on the subject of English valour and English glory, at the very time when the latter were triumphing over their hereditary foes. Nothing, indeed, can be more perfect than the portrait drawn of him at this

period by his biographer Bretonneau. According to that writer, he spoke an ill word of no one; he read, unmoved, the scurrilous attacks which were constantly promulgated by his enemies; he reproved those who spoke with bitterness of his persecutors; was severe in his penances and constant at his devotions; was extremely abstemious in his mode of living; and regarded the loss of his kingdom as a just ordination of the Supreme Being, and as a wholesome infliction for the many errors of his past life. Maintaining, in a proper degree, the dignity of his little court, and living on affectionate terms with his family, he took an interest in the happiness and economy of his household, and lived frugally on the pension awarded him by the French Court. Setting aside the religion which he professed, could we estimate the general character of James from his mode of living at this period, it would be impossible to present a more amiable picture. Harmless in his amusements, kind and considerate to those about him, and strict in his religious duties, what more can be said of the wisest and the best?

A visit which was paid by the exiled King to the rigorous and exemplary monks of La Trappe, in Normandy, appears to have deeply impressed itself on his mind.— "According to a very curious contemporary account, the first visit of James to La Trappe was on the 20th of November 1690; on the

evening of which day he arrived on horseback at the door of the monastery. As soon as the King alighted, the Abbot, M. de Rancé, who was in readiness to receive him, prostrated himself at his feet; —an act of respect, it appears, which the Abbot was in the habit of performing to all strangers. James, shocked at seeing so holy a man in so humiliating a posture, immediately raised him up, and solicited his benediction, which the other having solemnly given, they proceeded to chapel. They afterwards conversed together for an hour, when the King again attended evening service, with which he expressed himself much comforted and edified. The writer, in his very interesting narrative, gives a minute account of what followed.

"The King's supper was served by the monks, and consisted of roots, eggs, and vegetables. He seemed much pleased with all he saw. After supper, he went and looked at a collection of maxims of Christian conduct, which were framed and hung up against the wall: he perused them several times, and expressing how much he admired them, requested a copy.

"Next day the King attended the chapel. He communicated with the monks; this he did with great devotion. He afterwards went to see the community occupied at their labour for an hour and a half. Their occupations chiefly consisted of ploughing, turning, basket-making, brewing, car-

pentering, washing, transcribing manuscripts, and book-binding.

"The King was much struck with their silence and recollection. He, however, asked the Abbot, if he did not think they laboured too hard. M. de Rancé replied, — 'Sire, that which would be hard to those who seek pleasure, is easy to those who practise penitence.'

"In the afternoon the King walked for some time on a fine terrace, formed between the lakes surrounding the monastery. The view from this place is peculiarly striking."

During his stay, James paid a visit to a hermit, who resided in a small hut which he had constructed among the woods of La Trappe. This person, who is said to have been a man of rank, was formerly one of the King's followers, and one of the most distinguished for personal valour in the royal army. He was now passing his time in this miserable retreat, inflicting on himself the most severe tortures and privations, and exchanging speech with no one except the pious Abbot of La Trappe. The King was much shocked at the contrast between the once gay and gallant soldier, and the wretched wreck of humanity which now stood before him. After recovering himself, however, he put several questions to the recluse, and, among others, inquired, at what hour in the morning he attended service in the convent during the winter. The hermit

replying, "at about half-past three." — "Surely that is impossible," interrupted Lord Dumbarton: —"how can you traverse this intricate forest in the dark, at a season of the year, too, when, even in the daytime, the road must be undiscernible from frost and snow?" — "My Lord," replied the recluse, "I should blush to esteem these trifles as any inconveniences, in serving a heavenly monarch, when I have often braved dangers, so much more imminent, for the chance of serving an earthly one."

Some minutes afterwards, Lord Dumbarton observing to the recluse that he must be thoroughly tired of passing his time alone in so gloomy a forest:—"No," interposed the King,—"he has indeed chosen a path widely different to that of the world; but death, which discovers all things, will show that he has chosen the right one."—"There is a difference," he proceeded, turning to the hermit, "between you and the rest of mankind: you will die the death of the righteous, and you will rise at the resurrection of the just; but they—" Here the King paused; the tears gathered in his eyes, and his thoughts seemed to be occupied with the most painful recollections. After a few moments he rose hastily, and taking a kind leave of the recluse, returned with his retinue to the monastery.

During the remainder of his stay at La Trappe, James assisted in all the religious offices of the

institution, and gave evidence of the most fervent devotion. At his departure, he threw himself on his knees before the Abbot, and with tears in his eyes, requested his blessing, which the other gave with the most affecting solemnity. In rising from his knees, James was assisted by one of the monks who was standing by, and who offered his arm for the purpose. Happening to cast his eye on the countenance of this person, the King recognized another of his gallant and faithful followers, who had fought for him in his necessity, and had afterwards accompanied him into exile.—"Sir," said the King, "I have never ceased to regret the generosity with which you made a sacrifice of a splendid fortune in behalf of your King. I can, however, grieve at it no longer; since I perceive that your misfortunes in the service of an earthly monarch have proved the blessed means of your having devoted your heart to a heavenly one." The King then mounted his horse and departed.* On taking leave of the Abbot,—"Reverend Father," he is reported to have said, "I have been here to perform a duty which I ought to have done long before. You and your monks have taught me how to die; and if God spares my life, I will return to take another lesson." From this period he be-

* "A Tour to Alêt and La Grande Chartreuse, from Dom Claude Lancelot, &c. &c. By Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck." 1816.

came a correspondent of the Abbot; and, during the remainder of his life, paid a visit to the pious monks, at least once a-year.

It may be remarked that the interesting monastery of La Trappe is situated in a large valley surrounded by mountains, and that the order was long considered one of the most severe and self-denying in Europe. The Abbot, at the period of James's visit, was Bouthillier de Rancé, a French nobleman, who had been a man of pleasure and gallantry in his youth. The story of his conversion is itself a romance. He had been devotedly attached to the beautiful Duchess de Montbazon; his love was returned; and to secure secrecy to their guilty meetings, the Duchess admitted him at all times to her apartment by a private staircase. His affairs having obliged De Rancé to absent himself for some weeks from Paris; on his return he was anxious to give his mistress a joyful surprise, and mounted the accustomed staircase uninvited. A private key admitted him to her apartment; but, on opening the door, the horror of his feelings may be easily conceived: his mistress had died of the smallpox during his absence; her disfigured remains were lying before him; and in a dish on the table was her head, which the surgeons, the coffin being too short, had just severed from the body. The shocking sight had such an effect on De Rancé, that he became an altered man; and shutting himself up in the con-

vent of La Trappe, remained there during the rest of his life, inuring himself to the most cruel penances, and the most gloomy devotions.*

It has been affirmed that, during his residence at St. Germains, the vacant throne of Poland was offered to James, and that he declined it with the significant observation, that "if he accepted the Sarmatian crown, it would truly be an abdication of his own." One of the arguments at the Revolution, for declaring the throne of England vacant, was the ingenious one, that James had virtually abdicated by quitting the kingdom. It was probably to this circumstance that he alluded.

In the last years of his life, the acquisition of an earthly crown appears to have been the object farthest from his thoughts. His affections were fixed on another world, and his prayer was to be speedily removed. "I am a great sinner," he said, "and yet cannot but desire death with all my heart." The desire for death indeed appears to have been as constantly on his lips as in his heart: "The Queen," say the Stuart Papers, once

* The house, which was the scene of the terrible spectacle we have just recorded, may still be seen (No. 14) in the Rue des Fossés St. Germain l'Auxerrois, at Paris. It is now known as the Hôtel Ponthieu. It is singular, that one of the apartments in the same hotel beheld the death of the great Admiral Coligny during the massacre of St. Bartholomew; that in the same apartment was born Sophie Arnould in 1740, and that it was afterwards tenanted by the celebrated French painter, Vanloo.

arguing this point, said, with tears in her eyes,—'Is it possible, Sir, you should have so little consideration for me and your children,—what would become of us if you were gone?'—'Madam,' he replied, 'God will take care of you and my children; for what am I but a poor weak man, incapable of doing anything without Him: whereas, He has no need of me to execute His designs!' And when one who was present saw how afflicted the Queen was at his discourse, and begged of him not to hold it any more before her, he answered,—'I do it on purpose to prepare her for it; for, according to all appearance, and the course of nature, I shall die first, and a stroke which is foreseen makes a slighter impression.'"

The last illness of James appears to have commenced on the 4th of March 1701, when he fainted away in the chapel at St. Germains: a passage in the Psalms, singularly applicable to his own misfortunes, is said to have affected him so sensibly as to produce the attack. Successful remedies, however, were applied, and on his partial recovery, the physicians recommended the waters of Bourbon, whither, in accordance with their advice, he proceeded. On his return, about the beginning of September, he was seized in the chapel with a similar fit, which again returned on his being removed to his chamber. The second time, he fell into the arms of the Queen, and the scene which followed is described as most affecting.

The next day he was better; but on the following Sunday he was seized with another attack, and continued for a considerable time without any appearance of life. It was at last thought necessary to force open his mouth, when he vomited a quantity of blood, a symptom which caused the greatest alarm to the Queen and his attendants. On his revival, James appeared the only person unconcerned. "His long desires of death," say the Stuart Papers, "had rendered the thoughts of it so familiar to him, that neither the terrors of its approach, nor the torments that attend it, gave him the least anxiety or disquiet. There was no need of exhorting him to resignation, or a due preparation of it: that was the first and only thing he thought of; he had made general confession just before he fell into that fit, and as soon as his vomiting ceased, he desired his confessor to send for the blessed Sacrament; and fancying he could not last long, pressed for expedition, minding him to take care he wanted none of the rites of the church. In the mean time he sent for the Prince his son, who, at his first entrance, seeing the King with a pale and dying countenance, the bed all covered with blood, burst out, as well as all about him, into the most violent expressions of grief. As soon as he came to the bed-side, the King, with a sort of contentedness in his look, stretched forth his arms to embrace him, and then, speaking with a force and vehemence that better

suited with his zeal than the weak condition he was in, conjured him to adhere firmly to the Catholic faith, let what might be the consequence of it, and be faithful in the service of God; to be obedient and respectful to the Queen, the best of mothers; and to be ever grateful to the King of France, to whom he had so many obligations. Those who were present, apprehending that the concern and fervour with which he spoke might do him prejudice, desired the Prince might withdraw, which the King being troubled at, said, 'Do not take away my son till I have given him my blessing at least,' which, when he had done, the Prince returned to his apartment, and the little princess was brought to his bed-side, to whom he spoke to the same effect, while she, with the abundance of her innocent tears, showed how sensibly she was touched with the languishing condition the King her father was in."

After the dying monarch had received the sacrament, he expressed himself at charity with all the world, and added that he forgave his enemies with all his heart. He desired particularly that the Prince of Orange, the Princess of Denmark, and the Emperor, might be informed of his forgiveness. The King of France came more than once to see him: his last visit is thus described in the Stuart Papers: — "His most Christian Majesty went in to the King, and coming to the bed-side said, 'Sir, I am come to see how

your Majesty finds yourself to-day;' but the King, not hearing, made no reply; upon which one of his servants telling him that the King of France was there, he roused himself up and said, 'Where is he?' upon which the King of France said, 'Sir, I am here, and am come to see how you do;' so then the King began to thank him for all his favours, and particularly for the care and kindness he had shown him during his sickness; to which his most Christian Majesty replied, 'Sir, that is but a small matter, I have something to acquaint you of greater importance:' upon which the King's servants imagining he would be private, the room being full of people, began to retire, which his most Christian Majesty perceiving, said out aloud, 'Let nobody withdraw,' and then went on, 'I am come, Sir, to acquaint you that whenever it shall please God to call your Majesty out of this world, I will take your family into my protection, and will treat your son the Prince of Wales in the same manner I have treated you, and acknowledge him, as he then will be, King of England:' upon which all that were present, as well French as English, burst into tears, not being able any other way to express that mixture of joy and grief with which they were so surprisingly seized; some indeed threw themselves at his most Christian Majesty's feet; others by their gestures and countenances (much more expressive on such occasions than words and speeches) declared their gratitude for

so generous an action; with which his most Christian Majesty was so moved, that he could not refrain weeping himself. The King all this while was endeavouring to say something to him upon it, but the confused noise being too great, and he too weak to make himself be heard, his most Christian Majesty took his leave and went away; and as he got into his coach, called the officer of the guard who waited upon the King, and gave him directions to follow and attend the Prince of Wales as soon as the King was dead, and show him the same respect and honours he had done to the King his father when he was alive."

The conduct of Louis was throughout highly creditable to his feelings; but James was fast progressing towards that state, in which human kindness or human sympathy can avail nothing. On the day in which he died — "The King," say the Stuart Papers, "found himself something better, so the Prince was permitted to come to him, which he was not often suffered to do, it being observed that when he saw him, it raised such a commotion in him, as was thought to do him harm: as soon, therefore, as he came into the room, the King stretching forth his arms to embrace him, said, 'I have not seen you since his most Christian Majesty was here, and promised to own you when I was dead; I have sent my Lord Middleton to Marly to thank him for it.' Thus did this holy Prince talk of his approaching death,

not only with indifference, but satisfaction, when he found his son and family would not be sufferers by it; and so composed himself to receive it with greater cheerfulness, if possible, than before; nor, was that happy hour far from him now, for the next day he grew much weaker, and was taken with continual convulsions, and the day following, being Friday, the 6th of September, about three in the afternoon, rendered his pious soul into the hands of his Redeemer; the day of the week and hour wherein our Saviour died, and on which he always practised a particular devotion, to obtain a happy death."*

The particulars which we have inserted from the Stuart Papers are singularly corroborated in a letter of the period. "The sad news," says the writer, "which some of King James's enemies have coveted and frequently published, is certainly come to pass. The account of his last sickness and decease is thus described by one of your society. He saith, the beginning of his last sickness was by a fainting fit, which lasted half an hour: afterwards he vomited clots of blood in great quantity, and after that streams of pure blood: when that stopped a little fever seized him, but such as did not give much disturbance to his physicians, till on Saturday he was pressed with a drowsiness, which approached almost to a lethargy. Blisters, nor anything else they could apply, were of force

* Clarke's Life of King James, vol. ii. p. 593, &c.

to rouse him. In this condition he continued till Tuesday, and then he came to himself, and was very sensible of his condition, and thereupon he desired and did receive the sacrament. As a preparatory to it, he asked pardon of all whom he might have any ways injured; at the same time he forgave all the world, the Emperor, the Prince of Orange, his daughter, and every one of his subjects who had designedly contrived, and contributed to his misfortunes."

The account given by Charlotte-Elizabeth, Duchess of Orleans, in her Memoirs, is of equal interest: — "King James," she says, "died with great firmness and resolution and without bigotry, that is to say in a very different manner from what he lived. I saw and spoke to him exactly twenty-four hours before his death. I told him I trusted very shortly to see him restored to health. He turned to me with a smile,—'and if I die,' he said, 'shall I not have lived enough?'" * Such were the last moments of King James. Whatever may have been his errors, whether in faith or conduct — however the man of the world may laugh at his folly, or the bigot scorn at his tenets, — the true Christian will admire him for his sincerity; the philosopher will envy him his resignation; and the wise man, whatever his creed may be, will pray that in the hour of dissolution his last end may be like his.

* Mémoires de Duchesse d'Orléans, p. 332.

King James died at St. Germains, 16th September 1701, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He had desired in his will that he should be buried in the parish church; — that he should be attended to the grave with only such ceremony as was usual at the interment of a country gentleman; — that a plain slab should be his only monument, and the words, "Here lies King James," his only epitaph. These injunctions, however, Louis, whether from a generous or ostentatious feeling, took upon himself to disobey. The body of the deceased King was embalmed on the day of his death, and his interment conducted with regal ceremony. The respect indeed for the departed was somewhat fantastically displayed. His body was inhumed in the parish church of St. Germains, his bowels in the English College at St. Omer: his brains, and the fleshy part of his head, were sent to the Scots' College at Paris, and what remained, after this singular distribution, was interred in the English Benedictine Monastery in that city. An interesting narrative has recently been published of the discovery of King James's remains, on digging the foundation of the new church at St. Germains. It is there stated that the body was re-interred beneath the altar, 9th September 1824.

In the chapel, of what was once the famous Scots' College at Paris, situated in the Rue des Fossés St. Victor, may still be seen a monument of black and white marble, executed by Louis

Garnier, to the memory of the exiled King. The inscription, which is deeply interesting, has never hitherto, we believe, appeared in print :—

D. O. M.
MEMORIÆ
AUGUSTISSIMI PRINCIPIS
JACOBI II^di, MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ, ETC. REGIS.

Ille patris terrâ ac mari triumphis clarus, sed
Constanti in Deum fide clarior, huic regna, opes, et
Omnia vitæ florentis commoda postposuit; per summum
Scelus a suâ sede pulsus, Absalonis impietatem, Achitophelis
Perfidiam, et acerba Semei convitia, invictâ lenitate
Et patientiâ, ipsis etiam inimicis amicus, superavit.
Rebus humanis major, adversis superior, et cœlestis gloriæ
Studio inflammatus, quòd regno caruerit, sibi visus
Beatior; miseram hanc vitam felici, regnum
Terrestre cœlesti, commutavit.
Hæc domus, quam pius princeps labantem
Sustinuit et patriè fovit, cui etiam ingenii sui
Monumenta omnia, scilicet sua manuscripta,
Custodienda commisit, eam corporis ipsius
Partem quâ maximè animus viget,
Religiosè servandam suscepit.

Vixit annis LXVIII. Regnavit XVI. Obiit XVII. Kal. Octob.
An. Sal. Hum. MDCCI.

Jacobus Dux de Perth,* Præfectus institutioni
Jacobi III. Magnæ Britanniæ, &c. Regis,
Hujus Domûs Benefactor,
Mœrens posuit.

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* James Drummond, Earl of Perth, and Lord Chancellor of Scotland, in which latter capacity his misconduct and mal-administration are well known. To escape being called to

The monument was formerly surmounted by an urn of gilded bronze, which contained the brains of the King; but during the Revolution it was removed by sacrilegious hands, and, it is to be feared, will never be restored.

In the parish church of St. Germains there is a no less interesting monument to the memory of the unfortunate James. It was erected at the private expense of George the Fourth, and is not a solitary instance of the respect paid by that munificent monarch to the memory of the ill-fated Stuarts. Of the opening words the idea and the expression are equally beautiful :—

Regio cineri pietas Regia.

Ferale quisquis hoc monumentum suspicis,
Rerum humanarum vices meditare.
Magnus in prosperis, in adversis major,
Jacobus 2^us^ Anglorum rex,
Insignes ærumnas dolendaque nimium fata
Pio placidoque obitu exsolvit
In hâc urbe
Die XVI^a^. Septembris anni 1701;
Et nobiliores quædam corporis ejus partes
Hic reconditæ asservantur.

---

account he is said to have turned Roman Catholic, upon which the Marquis of Halifax observed that "his faith had made him whole." He accompanied James into exile, and shortly afterwards was created a Duke, and made governor to the pretended Prince of Wales. He died at St. Germains in 1716.

Qui priùs augustâ gestabat fronte coronam
Exiguâ nunc pulverius requiescit in urnâ.
Quid solium, quid et alta juvant? terit omnia lethum;
Verùm laus fidei ac morum haud peritura manebit.
Tu quoque, summe Deus, regem quem regius hospes
Infaustum excepit, tecum regnare jubebis.

Such was the reputed piety of King James, and so much credit did he obtain from those of his own religion for having preferred his moral duties before the sovereignty of three kingdoms, that the Church of Rome entertained serious intentions of canonizing him as a saint. Among Nairne's papers, indeed, numerous instances are solemnly recorded of miracles having been wrought through his intercession.*

The character of James appears to have involved greater contradictions than that of most men. He was weak in judgment, bigoted and overbearing in his principles, cold in his nature and feelings, and stern and unrelenting in the dispensation of justice. On the other hand, his conduct was marked by less of duplicity than that of many others of his family, and he was a strict respecter of his word. A careful husbander of his time, he never permitted the enticements of pleasure to interfere with the duties of the day; and though his capacity rather fitted him to work out the details of business, than to be the originator of important measures, yet his industry and careful attention to public

* See Macpherson's State Papers, vol. i. p. 597.

affairs are undoubtedly redeeming features in his character. He loved and was proud of his country, and probably no one of our monarchs ever had its honour and glory more deeply at heart. He was extremely frugal of the public money; took a deep interest in all maritime concerns; watched personally and vigilantly over the navy of England; and, more than any other prince, gave encouragement to trade, and improved the commercial relations of the empire.

If, in private life, the conduct of James was not altogether unexceptionable, it was at least free from those glaring vices which characterized the career of his predecessor. If he was a severe enemy, he was also a warm friend; he was an affectionate and indulgent father; and, upon the whole, a kind and considerate husband. As regards his overweening bigotry,—his flagrant abuse of power,—and the gross oppression and intolerance for which he forfeited his crown, little can be brought forward in his defence. Still, it cannot be denied that James was a conscientious martyr to what he believed to be the truth. He regarded the Roman Catholic religion as the only true faith. He looked on a crusade against Protestantism as pointing the sure path to heaven;—viewing the latter faith as the source of all sedition, heresy, and rebellion, and tracing to the liberal principles it promulgated, the recent misfortunes which had befallen his family, and the death of his father on the

scaffold. Many, indeed, and heinous as were his offences, it must at least be admitted that he was arbitrary from principle, unrelenting from policy, and intolerant from conviction.

In private life, James was inclined to be as affable as his brother Charles; but he wanted the easy and ingratiating manners of his predecessor, and, like his unhappy father, was afflicted with an imperfection in his speech, which rendered still more ungraceful the natural coldness and reserve of his address. In person he rather exceeded the middle stature; his limbs were strong and well-proportioned, his face somewhat long, his complexion fair, and the expression of his countenance not displeasing. In early youth, the features both of his face and character are said to have borne a strong resemblance to those of his father. In allusion to these circumstances, it was observed by Sir Francis Wortley that the epithet of Jacobissimus Carolus, which had been applied to the latter, might be converted more happily into Carolissimus Jacobus. The remark reminds us of a witty saying of De Foe, that the father had suffered a *wet* martyrdom and the son a *dry* one.

James, by his wives and mistresses, was the father of a numerous offspring. By his first wife, Anne Hyde, he had ten children :—

Charles Duke of Cambridge, born 22nd October 1660, died at Whitehall, 5th May, 1661.

Mary, afterwards Queen of England, born 30th April 1662.

James, Duke of Cambridge, born at St. James's 12th July 1663,* died young.

The Dukes of Kendal† and Cambridge (twins), born at St. James's 4th July 1664; the former died 22nd May 1667, and the latter 20th June following.

Anne, afterwards Queen of England, born 6th February 1665.

A son born 4th July 1666.

Edgar, Duke of Cambridge, born at St. James's 14th September 1667, died 8th June 1671.

Henrietta, born at Whitehall, 13th January 1669, died 15th November following.

Catherine, born at Whitehall, 9th February 1671, died 5th December, the same year.

By Mary of Modena, his second wife, James had six children.

Charles, Duke of Cambridge, born at St. James's, 7th November 1667, died 12th December following.

* "On the 22nd of this month [July] was christened James, son of his Royal Highness, in the chapel of St. James's, by the Bishop of London, then elect Archbishop of Canterbury. His Majesty and the Lord Chancellor were godfathers, and the Queen-mother was godmother. The State was borne by the Earl of St. Albans and the Earl of Sandwich, and the Duchess of Buckingham held the infant."—*Heath's Chronicle*, p. 523.

† "The Duke and Duchess have had a most sensible loss of the young Duke of Kendal; and it is the heavier, in that the Duke of Cambridge lies also sick, past hopes of recovery. On Sunday the Court mourning for the former." Letter from the Earl of Arlington to Sir W. Temple, dated 24th May 1667.—*Arlington's Letters*, vol. i. p. 165.

Catherine-Laura, born at St. James's, 10th January 1675, died 4th October following.

Isabella, born at St. James's, 28th August 1676, died 2nd March 1681.

Charlotte-Maria, born at St. James's, 15th August 1682, died 6th October following.

James, commonly called the Pretender, born 10th June 1688.

Maria-Louisa-Teresia, born at St. Germains, 28th June 1692, died there, 8th April 1712.

His natural children were not so numerous. By Catherine Sedley he had one daughter, Catherine Darnley, who married first, James Annesley third Earl of Anglesey, from whom she was divorced; and afterwards John Sheffield Duke of Buckingham. By Arabella Churchill, the sister of the great Duke of Marlborough, James was the father of four children: — James, the celebrated Duke of Berwick: — Henry Fitzjames, commonly called the Grand Prior: — Henrietta, married to Sir Henry Waldegrave; and a daughter who died a nun.

ANNE HYDE, DUCHESS OF YORK.

Her Partiality for Henry Jermyn—contracted to James Duke of York.—Opposition of the Royal Family—married at Worcester House.—Court of the Duchess of York at St. James's —her generous Conduct to her Maligners — her Attachment to Henry Sidney — indulges in the Pleasures of the Table—her Character—her Merit as an Authoress—becomes a Convert to the Roman Catholic Religion — her Death and Burial.

Anne Hyde, the eldest daughter of the great Lord Clarendon, and the mother of two Queens, was born in 1638. During the exile of the royal family she attended her father abroad, and at an early age was appointed a Maid of Honour to the Princess of Orange, the eldest sister of Charles the Second. Of her history, previous to the Restoration, little is known. She seems, however, while at the Hague, to have been infected with the general partiality in favour of Henry Jermyn, although, however deeply her feelings may have been engaged, there is no reason to suspect her of the least imprudence.

Her intercourse with James Duke of York, then a young and gallant soldier, commenced when Miss

Hyde was in her twenty-first year. She had accompanied the Princess of Orange to Paris, on a visit to the Queen-mother, when the Duke met, and fell in love with her. Whether, at this period, he was really desirous of making her his wife, or whether he found it impossible to remove her scruples by any other mode, it is certain they were contracted at Breda, 24th November 1659. The obligation on the part of the Duke,—had he afterwards chosen to swerve from his promises, or had the King refused his consent,—would rather have been considered binding in a tribunal of honour, than in a court of law.

Shortly after the Restoration, Miss Hyde proved to be with child. It was naturally a crisis of great importance both to herself and her family; and, indeed, the probability of her ever becoming Duchess of York appears at one time to have been extremely remote. James had begun to weary of her charms; the match was not only unsuitable and incongruous, but was likely to encounter the strongest opposition of his family; moreover, his friends, among whom was Sir Charles Berkeley, who possessed the most unbounded influence over him, endeavoured, by every argument and exertion, to induce him to retreat from his engagement. Berkeley, whose motives may possibly have been well intentioned, even went so far as to persuade Lords Arran, Jermyn, and Talbot, three other friends of the Duke, to affirm that

Miss Hyde had encouraged them in their advances, and that they had repeatedly shared her favours. Probably Berkeley's intentions were seen through by the Duke. However, it was undoubtedly much to his credit that he allowed his better feelings to triumph, and that he used his utmost exertions to raise a woman who had confided in him to that station, which by nature no one was better qualified to adorn. We have the authority of Lord Clarendon, that Berkeley himself affirmed that she had been his mistress; adding, that "for the Duke's sake, he would be content to marry her, though he well knew the familiarity between them."

In the "Continuation of his Life," the Chancellor gives a detailed and interesting account of the circumstances which preceded the acknowledgment of his daughter, in which the conduct, both of James and his brother Charles, reflects the highest credit on the honour of the one, and the good-nature of the other. Lord Clarendon, who seems to have been the last to suspect the equivocal position in which his daughter was placed, was eventually the loudest in his reprobation, and, according to his own account, the most active in preventing the completion of the match. On being acquainted by the Marquess of Ormond and the Earl of Southampton with his daughter's connection with the Duke of York, he broke out, he tells us, into an immoderate passion of grief and rage; insisted

that he would turn her out of his house "as a strumpet, to shift for herself;" and even recommended her committal to the Tower.

The fact of the contract between James and Anne Hyde was communicated to Charles by the Duke himself, who, on his knees, and with tears in his eyes, implored his Majesty's consent to his marriage; adding, that if the boon were denied, he should immediately quit the kingdom, and reside for ever abroad. Had concession rested entirely with Charles, probably few difficulties would have arisen; but there were other members of the royal family, to whom the marriage would naturally have been unpalatable, and who, of course, opposed every obstacle in their power. So incensed was the Queen Dowager, that she immediately hastened to England, observing publicly, that — "whenever that woman should be brought into Whitehall by one door, she would instantly quit it by another, and never come into it again." Her children, the Princess of Orange and the Duke of Gloucester, supported her in her opposition. The Princess, on her part, was naturally unwilling to give precedence to a private gentlewoman, and especially to one who but a few months since had been her own attendant; while the young Duke of Gloucester, whose chances of succession to the throne the marriage would naturally curtail, appears to have conceived something of personal dislike towards his future sister-in-law. A saying

of his has been elsewhere recorded, that he disliked remaining in the same room with her, "she smelt so strong of her father's green bag."

The authority, however, of the good-natured Charles at length prevailed, and Miss Hyde became Duchess of York. King James tells us, in his Memoirs:—"The King, at first, refused the Duke of York's marriage with Miss Hyde. Many of the Duke's friends and servants opposed it. The King at last consented, and the Duke of York privately married her, and soon after owned the marriage." The ceremony was performed on the night of the 3rd of September 1660, at Worcester House, in the Strand, then the residence of Lord Clarendon. They were married by Dr. Joseph Crowther, the Duke's chaplain, Lord Ossory giving the lady away.

Shortly after the declaration of her marriage, the Duchess kept her court at St. James's with the usual state. Her situation must at first have been rather distressing than otherwise; and yet she demeaned herself with the same dignity and composure as if royalty and splendour had been her birthright. De Grammont, no indifferent judge on such an occasion, pays a just tribute to her conduct and behaviour. "She had a majestic air," he says, "a pretty good shape, not much beauty, a great deal of wit, and so just a discernment of merit that, whoever of either sex were possessed of it, were sure to be distinguished

by her: an air of grandeur in all her actions, made her be considered as if born to support the rank which placed her so near the throne." We learn from the same authority, that her Court, though not so numerously attended, was always more select than that of the Queen-mother. According to Burnet, she "took state on her," rather more than was necessary.

As the Court of England, in modern times, has unfortunately been shorn of much of the splendour and circumstance which formerly invested it, a list of the persons who composed the court of the Duchess and those of her infant children, in 1669, may perhaps be glanced over with interest by the curious. Wherever it was ascertainable, the salary attached to each office has been inserted against the name.

Groom of the Stole—The Countess of Rochester, 400*l.*

Lady of the Bedchamber—The Countess of Peterborough, 200*l.*

Four Maids of Honour—

Mrs. Arabella Churchill, 20*l.* Mrs. Anne Ogle, 20*l.*
Mrs. Dorothy Howard, 20*l.* Mrs. Mary Blague, 20*l.*

Mother of the Maids—Mrs. Lucy Wise.

Four Dressers—

Mrs. Catherine Elliot, 200*l.* Mrs. Lelis Cranmer, 150*l.*
Mrs. Margaret Dawson, 150*l.* Lady Apsley, 150*l.*

Starcher—Mrs. Mary Roche, 120*l.*

Sempstress—Mrs. Ellen Green, 80*l.*

Laundress—Mrs. Mary Cowerd, 250.

Lace-Mender—

Secretary to her Highness—Sir Phil. Froud, 100*l.*
Two Gentlemen Ushers; each 80*l.*
Six Gentlemen Waiters; principal one, 100*l.*; the others 40*l.*
Four Pages of the Back Stairs; each 80*l.*
Yeoman of the Month, 50*l.* Tailor, 90*l.*
Shoemaker, 36*l.* 10*s.* Master Cook. 40*l.*
Eighteen Watermen; each 2*l.*

Master of the Horse to the Duchess—Sir Rich. Powle, 266*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*
Two Equerries; each 100*l.* Five Grooms; each 32*l.* 10*s.*
Four Pages; each 52*l.* Two Chairmen; each 39*l.*
Eight Footmen; each 29*l.* Postilions and Helpers.
Four Coachmen; each 78*l.*

Officers and Servants of the Duke of Cambridge.

Governess—Lady Frances Villiers, 400*l.*
Under-Governess — Mrs. Mary Kilbert, 150*l.*
Wet Nurse, 80*l.* Dry Nurse, 80*l.*
Tutor of the French Tongue — Monsieur Lesne, 100*l.*
Three Rockers; each 70*l.* Cook, 38*l.* 5*s.*
Laundress to the Body, 60*l.* Musician, 31*l.* 4*s.*
Sempstress. Two Pages; each 52*l.*
Laundress to the Table. Four Footmen.
Page of the Back Stairs, 60*l.* One Groom.
One Coachman, Postilion, and Helper.

Officers and Servants belonging to the Princess Mary.

Two Dressers. *Laundress* — Mrs. Elizabeth
Mrs. Anne Walsingham, 80*l.* Brookes, 90*l.*
Mrs. Mary Langford, 80*l.* Page of the Back Stairs, 60*l.*
Rocker—Mrs. Jane Leigh, 70*l.* Dancing Master, 200*l.*
Sempstress. Singing Master, 100*l.*

Servants of the Princess Anne.

Dresser. Sempstress.
Three Rockers. Page of the Back Stairs.

It may be mentioned that at this period the Princess Mary was only seven; the Princess Anne only five, and the Duke of Cambridge only two

years old. The Princesses Mary and Anne were afterwards successively Queens of England.

One of the strongest proofs of the good sense of the Duchess, was her demeanour to Sir Charles Berkeley and his libertine associates, who had so infamously maligned her character previous to her elevation. What must have been their feelings, when the Duke, without any previous intimation of his marriage, introduced them to her as Duchess of York! "They were so completely possessed," says Count Hamilton, "both with surprise and astonishment, that, in order to conceal it, they immediately fell on their knees to kiss her hand, which she gave to them with as much majesty as if she had been used to it all her life." The account is corroborated by her father. "The Duke," says Lord Clarendon, "had brought Sir Charles Berkeley to the Duchess, at whose feet he cast himself, with all the acknowledgment and penitence he could express; and she, according to the command of the Duke, accepted his submission, and promised to forget the offence." The scandal, however, was long remembered, and many still affected to believe that she had been too kind to Berkeley before her marriage. Andrew Marvell, in one of his satires, speaks of "Falmouth's pregnant wench," and the scandal is elsewhere raked up in other lampoons of the time.

For some years after her marriage, the character of the Duchess appears to have been alto-

gether irreproachable. It was destined, however, to the "handsome Sidney" to prove that her heart was not invulnerable. Her affections appear to have been really engaged; and it is even affirmed that she proposed to her husband the journey which he undertook to York in 1665, in order to afford more favourable opportunities for the intrigue. The Duchess and her court were of the party, and Sidney was in the train of the Duke. The intrigue appears to have been notorious at the time, and indeed to have been carried on with so little discretion, that it escaped not even the dull intellects of the provincialists. After alluding to the arrival of the Duke and Duchess at York, Sir John Reresby proceeds in his Memoirs,—"It was observed," he says, "that Mr. Sidney, the handsomest man of his time, and of the Duke's bed-chamber, was greatly in love with the Duchess; and indeed he might well be excused, for the Duchess, daughter to Chancellor Hyde, was a very handsome personage, and a woman of fine wit: the Duchess, on her part, seemed kind to him, but very innocently." The story is repeated by Pepys, De Grammont, and Burnet. The latter informs us, that as soon as the Duke's suspicions were awakened, he precipitately dismissed Sidney from his court; and he adds, that the Duchess never afterwards recovered her influence over the mind of her husband. Burnet once had the assurance to repeat this story before the Duchess's

daughter, Queen Mary :—" It was in a good deal of company," says Lord Dartmouth, " as the Earl of Jersey, who was present, told me ; only with this difference, that he did conceal the gentleman's name." There is no question, however, as appears by Pepys, Reresby, and De Grammont, that Henry Sidney was the hero of the tale.*

Another of her failings is recorded by De Grammont. " The Duchess of York," he says, " was one of the greatest eaters in England ; as this was not a forbidden pleasure, she indulged herself in it, as an indemnification for other self-denials. It was really an edifying sight to see her at table. The Duke, on the contrary, giving way to new caprices, exhausted himself by his inconstancy, and was gradually wasting away ; whilst the poor Duchess, gratifying her good appetite, grew so fat and plump, that it was a blessing to see her." There is no sight more disagreeable than a

* Henry Sidney, *le beau Sidney* of De Grammont, was the youngest son of Robert, second Earl of Leicester, and brother of the celebrated Algernon Sidney. For the aid which he subsequently contributed in effecting the Revolution of 1688, he was created by William and Mary, 9th April 1689, Baron and Viscount Sidney, in Kent ; and, 25th April 1694, was advanced to the Earldom of Romney. Swift calls him an " idle, drunken, ignorant rake, without sense, truth, or honour." Burnet, on the contrary, characterizes him as " a very graceful man, who had lived long in court ; of a sweet and caressing temper ; and one who had no malice in his heart, but too great a love of pleasure." He died, unmarried, in 1704, when his titles became extinct.

woman indulging inordinately in eating. As regards the Duchess of York, there are many who would more willingly forgive her frailty than her voracity.

In the character of Anne Hyde there seems to have been more to admire than to love. She was possessed rather of dignity than grace; rather of masculine sense than feminine gentleness. Bishop Burnet, who was unlikely to be prejudiced in her favour, speaks pointedly of her as "a very extraordinary woman:" — "She composed well," he says; "had acquired considerable information from books; was a kind and generous friend, but a severe enemy." She had begun to write the life of her husband, of which Burnet saw the first volume, but unfortunately it was never completed. On account of this unfinished memoir, Walpole has included her among his Noble Authors. He could have little to say of her as an authoress, considering that the work which he speaks of he had never seen, and that Burnet, who had seen it, says nothing in its praise. The Duchess, moreover, was the author of a Character of her Sister-in-law the Princess of Orange, a circumstance of which Walpole appears to have been ignorant. Waller, in a copy of verses, addressed to the Princess, thus alludes to the fact:—

> While some your beauty, some your bounty sing,
> Your native isle does with your praises ring;
> But above all, a nymph of your own train,
> Gives us your character in such a strain

As none but she, who in that court did dwell,
Could know such worth, or worth describe so well.

Some time before her death, the Duchess had become a convert to the Roman Catholic religion; a fact, however, which, even by her own relations, was scarcely more than suspected. During the last fifteen months of her life, it was remarked that she had neglected to take the Sacrament; and when the omission was alluded to by her spiritual adviser, Bishop Morley, she either pleaded ill-health or business as the excuse, affirming, that her belief in the Protestant faith had never been shaken. In her last moments, however, she acknowledged her conversion, and received the Sacrament from the hands of Hunt, a Franciscan friar. After her death, a paper was published, which will be found in Bishop Kennet's History, containing the arguments which established conviction in her mind. It seems that, previously to her death, only five persons had been aware of her conversion. A report, however, which appears to have been some time prevalent, that she was wavering in her faith, was a source of great distress to the Chancellor, who was then in exile. He addressed to her a long letter on the subject, which is published in his life; but before it reached its destination, she had expired. Of her two brothers, the Earl of Rochester and Lord Cornbury, the former, disbelieving the fact of her apostacy, paid her a visit in her last moments; Lord

Cornbury, however, a zealous Protestant, appears to have been fully aware of her conversion, and absented himself altogether from her sick chamber.

According to the Stuart Papers, the Duchess died "convinced and reconciled" to the Catholic Church, and having received all the Sacraments of that faith, expired with "great devotion and resignation." Shortly before she breathed her last, she requested the Duke, her husband, not to stir from her bed-side till life had departed. She further enjoined him, should any of the bishops demand entrance to her sick chamber, to impart to them candidly the fact of her conversion, adding, that if they would carefully refrain from disturbing her with controversial discussions, she had no objection to their being admitted.

When the Duchess was almost in the agonies of death, Dr. Blandford, Bishop of Worcester, came to pay her a visit. He was previously received in the drawing-room by the Duke, who acquainted him with the state of the Duchess's mind, and of the solemn injunctions which he had received from her. The bishop, according to the Stuart Papers, expressed his belief that she was in a fair way to salvation, since the change in her opinions, erroneous as it might be, had its origin, not from any worldly motives, but from a full and laudable conviction that she was pursuing the right path. "He afterwards," we are told, "went into the room to her, and made her a

short Christian exhortation, suitable to the condition she was in, and then departed."

It appears by Burnet's account, that on entering the apartment, the Bishop discovered the Queen, Catherine of Braganza, seated by the bedside of the dying woman. "Blandford," says Burnet, "was so modest and humble that he had not presence of mind enough to begin prayers, which probably would have driven the Queen out of the room; but that not being done, she pretended kindness, and would not leave her. He happened to say, 'I hope you continue still in the truth:' upon which she asked,—'*What is truth?*' And then her agony increasing, she repeated the word, Truth, Truth, Truth, often:" a few minutes afterwards she expired.

The death of the Duchess took place at St. James's 31st March 1671, in her thirty-fourth year. She had been ill many months; and according to a letter from the Earl of Arlington to the English Ambassador in Spain, was afflicted with a complication of diseases. Her remains were privately interred in the vault of Mary Queen of Scots, in Henry the Seventh's chapel at Westminster.

MARY OF MODENA,

QUEEN OF JAMES II.

Lineage of this Princess—married by Proxy to James, Duke of York — her Youth and Beauty. — Character of Mary — her Uneasiness at her Husband's Amours — her Conduct on her Elevation to the Throne — General Dalziel's Rebuke to her. —Character drawn of her by the Princess Anne—her Flight from England at the Revolution — laments the Imprudence and Bigotry of her Husband — her strong Attachment to him — The Princess Louisa — her charming Character and lamented Death — her interesting Epitaph at Paris — Death of the exiled Queen.

Mary Beatrix Eleonora, descended from the ancient house of Este, was the daughter of Alphonso the Fourth, Duke of Modena. She was born 5th October 1658, and was early adopted by Louis the Fourteenth as his daughter. When in her fifteenth year, she was married at Modena by proxy to James, then Duke of York, and by her mother, and Henry Mordaunt Earl of Peterborough, was conducted to England.

The acceptance of the Duke's proposals by the house of Este, and the fact of his having been actually married (through his representative the Lord Peterborough), appear to have been announced to James at the same moment. Lady

Vaughan writes to Mr. William Russell, 23rd September 1672,—"The news came on Sunday night to the Duke of York, that he was a married man: he was talking in the drawing-room, when the French Ambassador brought the letters in, and told the news: the Duke turned about and said,—'Then I am a married man.' It proved to be the Princess of Modena; for it was rather expected to be Canaples' niece.* She is to have 100,000 francs: and now we may say she has more wit than ever woman had before; as much beauty and greater youth than is necessary. He sent his daughter, Lady Mary,† word, the same night, he had provided a play-fellow for her."‡

James, shortly after her landing, met his young bride at Dover, where the nuptials were solemnized and consummated the same day, 21st November 1673. So unpopular was the marriage at the time, —from the fact of the Princess being a Roman Catholic,—that Dr. Crew, Bishop of Oxford, was the only prelate who could be prevailed upon to accompany the Duke of York to Dover, for the purpose of performing the ceremony:—"The Duke and Duchess of York," say the Stuart Papers, "with the Duchess of Modena her mother, being together

* A daughter of the Duc de Crequi: M. de Canaples, here mentioned, was a younger brother of that nobleman.

† Daughter of the Duke of York, by his first wife, Anne Hyde. She afterwards married the Prince of Orange, and became Queen of England.

‡ Lady Russell's Letters, p. 6. 4to.

in a room where all the company was present, as also was my Lord Peterborough, the Bishop asked the Duchess of Modena and the Earl of Peterborough, 'Whether the said Earl had married the Duchess of York, as Proxy of the Duke?' Which they both affirming, the Bishop then declared it was a lawful marriage. After this, their Royal Highnesses arrived at Whitehall the 26th of November, having been met by the King, attended by the principal nobility, on the river." According to Oldmixon, her marriage portion, amounting to about two hundred thousand pounds, was paid by the munificent Louis.

Youth, beauty, innocence, and good-nature, naturally rendered Mary of Modena a favourite at the court of Charles. Her exquisite symmetry, her fair complexion, and especially her dark and lustrous eyes, are dwelt upon enthusiastically by her contemporaries. Lord Lansdown, in his Epistle to the Earl of Peterborough, thus celebrates their brilliancy.

> Our future hopes all from thy womb arise;
> Our present joy and safety from your eyes;
> Those charming eyes which shine to reconcile
> To harmony and peace our stubborn isle.

And again:—

> Those radiant eyes whose irresistless flame
> Strikes envy dumb, and keeps sedition tame.

In his allusions to her in "The Progress of Beauty," Lord Lansdown grows still warmer in

her praise. With reference to her subsequent misfortunes, Mary of Modena was poetically spoken of by her contemporaries as the "Queen of Tears."

On the arrival of the Duchess in England, the malevolent affected to sympathise with her extreme youth, and to deplore her union with a man, alike fickle in his affections, cold in his feelings, and ruined in constitution. In Andrew Marvell's "Advice to a Painter," there is a passage, too gross to be inserted at length, but which concludes with the following lines:—

> Poor Princess! born beneath a sullen star,
> To find such welcome when you came so far!
> Better some jealous neighbour of your own,
> Had called you to a sound though petty throne:
> Where, 'twixt a wholesome husband and a page,
> You might have linger'd out a lazy age;
> Than, on dull hopes of being here a Queen,
> Ere twenty die, and rot before fifteen.

As long as the young Princess continued Duchess of York, her obliging manners, and her apparent innocence and goodness endeared her to all who knew her, though Burnet, with his usual maliciousness, insinuates that these pleasing and popular qualities were all assumed. "So artfully," he says, "did the young Italian behave herself, that she deceived even the oldest and most jealous persons, both in the Court and country: only sometimes a satirical temper broke out too much, which was imputed to youth and wit, not enough practised to the world. She avoided the appearance

of a zealot or a meddler with business, and gave herself up to innocent cheerfulness, and was universally esteemed and beloved so long as she was Duchess."

Notwithstanding the cheerfulness ascribed to her in the above passage, the profligate amours of her husband appear, not unnaturally, to have been a constant source of uneasiness to the young and single-hearted Duchess. In the letters of Lady Sunderland, (the Sacharissa of Waller,) there is more than one allusion to her reputed unhappiness. On the 8th of July 1680, she writes to Lord Halifax:— "The Duchess is not with child: she prays all day almost: she is very melancholy, the women will have it, for Mrs. Sedley: she looks further than that, if she has as much wit as is thought by some." This, and other passages, afford a painful picture of the position of one so young, so apparently friendless, and so inexperienced. Notwithstanding, however, his unfortunate connection with another woman, James appears to have personally treated his wife with the most marked attention and respect. Of this fact we have several evidences in the correspondence of the time. In a letter addressed to John Ellis, Esq. dated 27th July 1686. "His Majesty," says the writer, "as a piece of gallantry, made all his four thousand horse march at two in the morning into Staines' meadow, and attend the Queen from thence to the Heath, where she honoured

Lord Arran with dining with him." And again we find, in a letter dated 19th April 1687: "The King visits Richmond often; makes it his hunting-quarter twice a week, and most commonly attends the Queen thither with great civility." *

That the conduct of Mary of Modena, after her elevation to the throne, in some degree changed,— that her manner assumed something of haughtiness, — that she mingled personally in the stirring events of her husband's brief reign, and partook of his pious ardour, there can indeed be no question. She had been bred, however, in her husband's school from the age of fifteen; he had moulded her to his principles and his prejudices; she regarded him with the most devoted attachment, and in a period, teeming, in an extraordinary degree, with dangers and intrigues, she naturally took the highest interest in whatever was likely to affect either his life or happiness. Regarding her character in social life nothing could be more amiable. Her chastity has never been impugned; she was charitable and pious; and under peculiarly trying circumstances, invariably figures as an affectionate mother, and a devoted and exemplary wife.†

* Ellis' Correspondence, vol. i. pp. 153. 272.

† James speaks very feelingly of her conduct to him when he was banished into Scotland in 1679: "The Duchess, notwithstanding her late illness and vomiting blood at sea, the short time it was designed the Duke should stay in Scotland, and the King's pressing her for that reason to remain at Court, would nevertheless accompany him; and though she was not

The haughtiness, of which her enemies accused her, amounted, probably, but to a proper pride of birth, although the following has occasionally been brought forward to her discredit: — When James, during the reign of his brother Charles, was sent as a kind of state exile into Scotland, he happened one day to invite the famous General Dalziel to dinner. The Duchess, observing three covers laid upon the table, and ascertaining from James the quality of their intended guest, objected, it is said, to sit at dinner with a private gentleman. Dalziel, who happened to enter the room at this particular moment, overheard the spirit of the conversation: "Madam," he said, with proper pride, "I have dined at a table where your father stood behind my back." He alluded to the period when he had served in the Imperial army, when her father, the Duke of Modena, had attended as a vassal of the Emperor, on an occasion when Dalziel happened to dine in state at the Imperial table. Dalrymple attributes to this circumstance, that James, who had previously disgusted the Scotch by his distant manners, entirely changed his demeanour, and gained numbers by his familiarity.

then above twenty years old, chose rather, even with the hazard of her life, to be a constant companion of the Duke her husband's misfortunes and hardships, than to enjoy her ease in any part of the world without him."—*Clarke's Life of James the Second*, vol. i. p. 574.

The following extract of a letter from the Princess of Denmark, afterwards Queen Anne, to her sister the Princess of Orange, is not only curious in itself, but ought not in common candour to be omitted. The portrait she draws of her young mother-in-law is undoubtedly not a pleasing one; Anne, however, was too likely to be prejudiced against those who surrounded her father's hearth, and self-interest was too much concerned, to allow the resemblance to be thought a striking one. It will be seen by the date of the letter, that it was written only a few weeks previous to the Queen's delivery of the Prince of Wales: the acrimony with which Anne alludes to this event in her letters, both before and after it occurred, and the fact that the Queen's delivery of a son would place her at an unwelcome distance from the throne, are additional reasons why she should have viewed the character of her mother-in-law in no very favourable light:—

"Richmond, 9th May, 1688.

"The Queen, you must know, is of a very proud and haughty humour; and though she pretends to hate all form and ceremony, yet one sees that those who make their court that way, are very well thought of. She declares always that she loves sincerity, and hates flattery; but when the grossest flattery in the world is said to her face, she seems exceedingly well pleased with it. It really

is enough to turn one's stomach, to hear what things are said to her of that kind, and to see how mightily she is satisfied with it. All these things Lady Sunderland has in perfection to make her court to her: she is now much oftener with the Queen than she used to be. It is a sad, and a very uneasy thing, to be forced to live civilly, and as it were freely, with a woman that one knows hates one, and does all she can to undo everybody, which she certainly does.

"One thing I must say of the Queen, which is that she is the most hated in the world of all sorts of people; for everybody believes that she presses the King to be more violent than he would be himself; which is not unlikely, for she is a very great bigot in her way, and one may see that she hates all Protestants. All ladies of quality say, that she is proud, that they don't care to come oftener than they must needs, just out of mere duty: and indeed she has not so great court as she used to have. She pretends to have a great deal of kindness for me; but I doubt it is not real, for I never see proofs of it, but rather the contrary." *

We have shown the reasons why this family portrait is, in all probability, distorted. That her Protestant subjects should have been prejudiced against a Princess, whose bigoted regard for her

* Dalrymple's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 174.

religion was well known, is not to be wondered at.

Whatever may have been the conduct and principles of Mary of Modena in prosperity, they at least did not unfit her for the bitter reverse of fortune to which she was afterwards subjected. The period had arrived when her person was no longer secure in England. The public mind was inflamed against her on account of her supposed influence over the King; the mob had already proceeded to the most daring lengths, and were everywhere demolishing the chapels and houses of the Catholics. The King sent for the Mayor and Aldermen of the city, and desired them to put a stop to the tumult; but they told him plainly the rabble were too powerful and too infuriated to be interfered with. He then sent for the Constable of the Tower, and desired him, by firing some cannon, to endeavour to intimidate the offenders: the garrison, however, had mutinied, and even threatened to kill the officer if he obeyed.

In the midst of this lawless out-break was the Queen destined to take her flight. According to Burnet, "She went to Portsmouth, *and from thence in a man of war*, she went over to France, the King resolving to follow her in disguise." This is entirely a mistake, and it is astonishing to find the Bishop so ill-informed on the subject. The Queen, it is true, went to Portsmouth; but Earl Dartmouth objecting to the Prince of Wales quitting the king-

dom "without more positive orders," she immediately returned with the infant to London.*

The particulars of her final escape are as follow:—On the evening of the 6th of December, the King sent for the Count Lauzun; and without intimating his intentions to the Queen, desired him to make instant preparations for her departure, and then retired harassed and miserable to bed. Everything having been duly prepared, at the appointed hour Count Lauzun,† accompanied by Monsieur de St. Victor, entered the King's apartment, and acquainted him with the steps they had taken. James instantly rose from his bed and proceeded

* Macpherson's Original Papers, vol. i. p. 166.

† Antoine Nompar de Caumont, Count de Lauzun. His history is not without interest: sprung from a distinguished family in Gascony, he contrived to become the favourite of Louis the Fourteenth, who distinguished him on all occasions by his favour. The King's ministers and the courtiers he treated with the greatest haughtiness: indeed his insolence rose to such a height, that when Louis consented to his marriage with Mademoiselle de Montpensier,—whom he had already privately espoused, — he insisted that the marriage should be celebrated with honours such as were used at the espousals of the royal family. The Princes of the blood remonstrated, and Louis desired him to think no more of the match. Lauzun, however, had the audacity to show his rage in the royal presence; accusing the King of having forfeited his word, and proceeding to such violent lengths as to break his sword before the King's face, telling him it did not deserve to be drawn in future in his service. In consequence of this outrage, and his refusal to give up Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the King ordered him to the Castle of Pignerol. Here he remained some years, till Mademoiselle de Montpensier

to awake the Queen, who, on being made aware of the plan which was laid for her, fell at her husband's feet, and implored him, in a passion of grief, to allow her to remain with him and share his dangers. James, however, was inflexible, and gave orders that the two nurses of the Prince should be awakened. When the infant was brought into the room, James overcame his usual coldness, and affectionately embraced his child, giving the most particular injunctions to Count Lauzun to watch carefully over his charge.

It was now between three and four o'clock in the morning, in the most inclement season of the year,

gave up the Principality of Dombes to the Duke de Mayenne, in order to obtain his release. He then paid a visit to England, and was shortly afterwards employed by James to conduct the Queen to France, at whose intercession, Louis afterwards promoted him to a Dukedom, while James showed his gratitude by honouring him with the Garter. He was sent to Ireland after the Revolution in command of the auxiliary troops, on which occasion the Duke of Berwick says, that if he ever had any military knowledge, he had by this time forgotten it, though otherwise reported to be a man of great personal courage. The Duke describes him as the model of a courtier, —noble, generous, and sumptuous in his mode of living; fond of high play, yet always playing like a gentleman. He adds, however, that he turned everything to ridicule, and wormed out the secrets of others, merely for his own amusement and to play upon their foibles: "His person," adds the Duke, "was so diminutive, that it was impossible to conceive how he had ever been a favourite with the ladies." After the death of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Lauzun united himself to a daughter of the Maréchal de Lorges. He died in 1723, in the convent des petits Augustins at Paris, at the age of ninety-three.

when the Queen, carrying her infant in her arms, stole in disguise down the privy stairs at Whitehall to the river side. The principal fear of the fugitives was lest the cries of the royal infant should attract the attention of the guards; but fortunately it slept, equally unconscious of the inclemency of the elements, and of the change which was taking place in its own fortunes. At the river side an open boat was in readiness, in which,—in almost total darkness, with the discomforts of a high wind, a heavy rain, and the Thames being unusually swollen, — the unfortunate Queen and her attendants crossed the river to Lambeth. A hired coach had been ordered to wait for her, but by some accident it was delayed. "During the time that she was kept waiting," says Dalrymple, "she took shelter under the walls of an old church at Lambeth, turning her eyes, streaming with tears, sometimes upon the Prince, unconscious of the miseries which attend upon royalty, and who upon that account raised the greater compassion in her breast, and sometimes to the innumerable lights of the city, amidst the glimmerings of which she in vain explored the palace in which her husband was left, and started at every sound she heard from thence." While in this situation the party had a narrow escape from discovery. "The Queen," says Father Orleans, "waiting in the rain under the church wall, for a coach that was making ready, the curiosity of

a man, who happened to come out of a neighbouring inn with a light, gave considerable cause of alarm. He was making towards the spot where she was standing, when Riva, one of her attendants, suddenly rushed forward and jostled him, so that they both fell into the mire. It was a happy diversion, as the stranger believing it to be the result of accident, they both apologized, and so the matter ended." From Lambeth, the Queen proceeded by land to Gravesend, where a vessel was waiting for her, in which, after a safe and expeditious voyage, she arrived at Calais about four o'clock on the following afternoon.

Nothing could exceed the kindness with which she was received by the French King. Several vessels had already been sent to cruise in the Channel, for the purpose of securing her escape; the Duke de Charost, Governor of Calais, received her on landing and conducted her into the town; and the Marquis de Beringhen was sent with the royal carriages, to conduct her honourably to St. Germains. Her thoughts, however, seem to have dwelt entirely on her absent husband. He had promised to rejoin her in twenty-four hours; but instead of his coming, a report reached her ears that he had been seized and ill-treated by the mob. She immediately made up her mind to return to the dangers from which she had only just escaped, and to share his misfortunes, and it was with the greatest difficulty that she could be per-

suaded to relinquish the idea. She is said also to have addressed an affecting letter to Louis; appealing powerfully to his feelings, and imploring him to allow her to remain at Boulogne, in order that she might be nearer to her husband.*

Some years afterwards, the House of Lords passed a bill for the attainder of the exiled Queen, but it was not pressed in the Commons. The Parliament even affected to regard her in the light of a Queen Dowager, and her jointure of 50,000*l.* a year was ordered to be regularly paid. This sum, though it annually passed the accounts as having been sent to her, was never remitted by King William. It was argued by that monarch, that were the measure suffered to take effect, it might be used as an argument against his own authority; nevertheless, he allowed the money to be paid into his coffers, and it was quietly appropriated by the Dutchman to his own purposes.

During the life-time of her husband, Mary of Modena resided with him at St. Germains, interesting herself in the various plots which were contrived for his re-instatement on the throne, and apparently more anxious for their success than was James himself. So far, however, from having hurried on her husband to his most violent measures, she is said, in her conversation with the English

* Clarke's Life of James the Second, vol. ii. p. 246. Dalrymple's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 212. Life of the Duke of Berwick, p. 21.

Ambassador, Lord Stair, to have deeply lamented the egregious imprudence of his unhappy reign. It is well-known, moreover, that no one opposed with more sensible arguments, or with greater earnestness, the introduction of the dangerous Jesuit, Father Petre, to the Privy Council. Her devotion to her husband continued to the last. She appears to have hung about his dying bed, to have attended to his slightest wants, and to have anticipated his approaching dissolution with the most distressing grief. After his decease, she retired for a period from the world, and indulged her sorrow uninterruptedly in a convent at Chaliot.

" Lord Hailes," says Horace Walpole, " is very rich in anecdote. He told me that the Earl of Stair, when ambassador in France, showed marks of respect to the exiled Queen of James the Second. She sent to thank him, and to say that she had received less attention where she had reason to expect more." Lord Hailes has himself published this account, adding that at the approach of Queen Mary's equipage, Lord Stair always made his own stop, showing her the same attention as if she had been Queen of England.

A misfortune, almost as insupportable as the death of her husband, awaited the exiled Queen. In the year 1692, about four years after her banishment, she had become the mother of the Princess Louisa, a princess, who, as she increased in years,

presented a character so feminine and faultless, as to have won the love and admiration of all who moved within her sphere. This excellent young Princess died of the small-pox in 1712, when only in her twenty-first year. It is difficult to read, without emotion, the brief and passing notices of her, which have been handed down to us by her contemporaries. Madame de Maintenon writes in one of her letters, — "I had the honour of passing two hours with the Queen of England, who is the very image of desolation. The Princess had become her friend and only consolation. The French at St. Germains are as disconsolate at her loss as the English, and indeed all who knew her loved her most sincerely. She was truly amiable, cheerful, affable, anxious to please; attached to her duties, and fulfilling them all without a murmur; docile to her governess as at the age of six, having a real affection for the Queen, her mother. Her chief happiness consisted in pleasing her: she was affectionately devoted to the King her brother, and thought only of preventing his leaving the Queen, which he is sometimes apt to do in his little court: it was in the exercise of these virtues that God has taken her to himself."

Even Louis the Fourteenth, in his old age, appears to have been deeply affected by the loss of this young and virtuous Princess. "The Queen," says Lord Dartmouth, "showed me a letter wrote in the King of France's own hand, upon the death

of her sister; in which there was the highest character that ever was given to any Princess of her age."—"She was admired," says Burnet, "by all that knew her, as in all respects a most extraordinary person." As she was the daughter of parents whom he detested, the praise of Burnet is in this instance as valuable as it is honest.

The entrails of the Princess Louisa were interred in the Scotch College, at Paris. Over them is a plain slab, inscribed with the following interesting memorial: —

D. O. M.
Hic sita sunt
Viscera Puellæ Regiæ
Ludovicæ Mariæ
Quæ Jacobo II. Majoris Britanniæ Regi
Et Mariæ Reginæ divinitùs data fuerat,
Ut et parentibus optimis perpetui exilii
Molestiam levaret,
Et fratri dignissimo Regii sanguinis decus,
Quod calumniantium improbitate detrahebatur,
Adsereret.
Omnibus naturæ et gratiæ donis cumulata,
Morum suavitate probata terris,
Sanctitate matura cœlo,
Rapta est ne malitia maturet intellectû
Ejus, eo maximè tempore quo, spe fortunæ
Melioris oblatâ, gravius salutis
Æternæ discrimen videbatur,
Aditura
XIV. Kal. Maii MDCCXII.
Ætat. an. XIX.

From this period little is known of the exiled Queen. She continued to reside at St. Germains,

and lived to see the failure of her son's expedition to Scotland in 1715. Her death took place in the Castle of St. Germains, 7th May 1718, in the thirtieth year of her exile, and the sixtieth of her age. In the chapel of the Scots College, at Paris, is the following hitherto unnoticed inscription :—

D. O. M.
Sub hoc marmore
Condita sunt
Viscera Mariæ Beatricis Reginæ Mag. Britan.
Uxoris Jacobi II. Regis.
Rarissimi exempli princeps fuit
Fide et pietate in Deum, in conjugem, liberos eximia,
Caritate in suos, liberalitate in pauperes, singulari.
In supremo regni fastigio Christianam humilitatem,
Regno pulsa dignitatem, majestatemque
Retinuit.
In utrâque fortunâ semper eadem;
Nec aulæ deliciis emollita,
Nec triginta annorum exilio, calamitatibus,
Omnium prope carorum amissione
Fracta.
Quæ vitam in Domino VII. Maii. an. MDCCXVIII.
Ætatis anno LX°.

JAMES FITZ-JAMES,

DUKE OF BERWICK.

Birth and Education of the Duke of Berwick — his extraordinary Character and early Piety — distinguishes himself at the Battle of Sedgmoor — joins the Imperial Army. — Anecdote. — The Duke's military Services — his first and second Marriage—killed at the Siege of Philipsburgh — his Children and their Descendants.

This admirable person and gallant soldier, was the natural son of James the Second, by Arabella Churchill, sister to the celebrated Duke of Marlborough. He was born, according to his own account, 21st August 1670, at Moulins, in the Bourbonnois, whither his unfortunate mother appears to have retired, for the purpose of concealing her frailty and her shame.

The Duke further informs us, in his curious Memoirs, that at the age of seven he was sent to France, with the express object of being educated in the Roman Catholic faith. He was, in the first instance, intrusted to the care of Father Gough, priest of the Oratoire, by whom he was placed in a college of the Jesuits, at Jully, the same seminary in which his unfortunate cousin, the Duke of Monmouth, had been previously educated. On

the death of Father Gough, he was removed to the College of Plessis.

The extraordinary character of the Duke of Berwick was early displayed. He entertained visions of future glory when a mere child, and shunned the natural amusements and pursuits of boyhood, for such studies and manly sports, as were more likely to pave the way to future celebrity. His early piety, and more especially his marked predilection for the Romish faith, rendered him an especial favourite with his bigoted father.

About the period of James's accession he returned to England, and on the landing of the Duke of Monmouth, entreated his father to allow him to serve under Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, against his unhappy cousin. As he was only fourteen years of age, the King was naturally unwilling to grant his request; but his importunities eventually prevailing, the Duke of Albemarle was directed to receive him as his aide-de-camp, but with strict orders to watch over his safety, and guard him from unnecessary peril. In the early part of the battle of Sedgmoor, he was entrusted by the general to convey an order to a detached body of five hundred horse, to make a charge against the enemy's cavalry. Not content with merely executing his commission, the gallant boy placed himself at their head, and entirely defeated his opponents.

He was still only fifteen, when he obtained the King's reluctant consent to serve in the Imperial

army against the Turks. Accordingly, in 1686, he set out for Vienna, where, on his arrival, he was kindly and graciously received by the Emperor. On his introduction, his Imperial Majesty made the most minute inquiries respecting the details of Monmouth's rebellion, and the manner in which the Duke had demeaned himself at the last; they were subjects naturally interesting to a despot.

A characteristic anecdote is related of the Duke at this period. Count Stralman, the Imperial minister of state, had despatched a gentleman belonging to his household to invite the Duke of Berwick to dinner. This person, from information which he received at the Duke's lodgings, had followed him to the church of Capuchin Friars, which it was the habit of the young soldier daily to frequent. On entering the sacred edifice, he discovered the future hero prostrate at the altar, and so completely wrapt in his devotions, that he at first mistook him for some zealous proselyte, desirous of being admitted into the Order. The story was repeated by the messenger, and appears to have been a subject of much raillery to the Imperial minister.

The camp of the Emperor was at this period rendered unusually brilliant, from the number of the young French nobility who flocked to his standard, and who were eager to prove their valour against the infidels. The Duke of Berwick, however, seems invariably to have kept aloof from their wild fri-

volity. His manners and behaviour, indeed, were rather those of a young divine, than of a youth educated in a court, and just entering the gay field of pleasure and the allurements natural to his age. His, however, was neither a modesty nor a forbearance to be ridiculed. At the siege of Buda in 1686, his daring gallantry was so remarkable, that the Elector of Bavaria, who commanded the Imperial army, was obliged to send a message to him in the heat of the engagement, desiring him to be more sparing of his person, lest the King of England might hereafter have reason to impute to the Elector the loss of his son. James was so gratified with his conduct in this campaign, that he created him, 19th March 1687, Baron of Bosworth, Earl of Tinmouth, and Duke of Berwick; besides conferring upon him the Earl of Oxford's regiment of horse. The year following he invested him with the Order of the Garter, but the outbreak of the Revolution preventing his regular instalment, his election was afterwards declared void by King William.

The history of the Duke of Berwick is from henceforward comprised in the military history of the period. His conduct as a general in after life was fully answerable to the promise of his boyhood. His reputation, indeed, and genius as a soldier require no comment. He accompanied King James in his attempt upon Ireland, in which country, on the departure of the Count de Lauzun, though only

nineteen years of age, he was appointed to the temporary command of the forces. After the failure of the Irish expedition, he entered the service of the King of France, and served in his army in Flanders. In the engagement near Liege, in 1693, although on the victorious side, he fell into the enemy's hands, and became the prisoner of his uncle the Duke of Marlborough. How little could he have imagined, when he first quitted his father's court, that in a few short years he should become the antagonist of his own uncle, and his father's *then* most trusted friend. President Montesquieu says, in his panegyric of the Duke of Berwick,— "Such indeed, was the fate of the house of Churchill, that it gave birth to two men, who were destined, at the same time, each of them to shake and support the two greatest monarchies of Europe."

After enduring a brief captivity, the Duke, in 1696, was despatched on a secret mission to England, for the purpose of conferring with the leaders of the Jacobin party, on the most feasible means of restoring James to the throne. Montesquieu dryly observes, that it was a strange kind of commission, of which the object was to induce persons to act against common sense.

During a series of campaigns, the Duke of Berwick contended against the arms of his half-sister Queen Anne, and of the House of Hanover, and in person against his illustrious uncle the Duke of Marlborough. His conduct at the bat-

tle of Almanza, in 1707,—in which he defeated the combined forces of England and Portugal, — and indeed his brilliant services in half the countries of Europe, are sufficiently known. The honours which he reaped were well deserved. He was created Duke of Fitz-James by the French monarch, and rose to be a Marshal of France. By the Spanish King he was created Duke of Liria and Xerica, a grandee of Spain, and a knight of the Golden Fleece.

The Duke was twice married. In 1694, at his father's desire, he united himself to Honora de Burgh, daughter of William Earl of Clanricarde, and widow of Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, a lady who survived their union only two years. The Duke is described as inconsolable at her loss, and his health is said to have been seriously affected. Relinquishing for a time the pursuit of glory, he retired to Pezenas, the place of her interment, where he passed several hours every day in praying beside her tomb. Her heart he preserved in a silver box, which he constantly kept in his possession, and regarded as a sacred relic. His second wife, whom he married in 1700, about two years after the loss of his first, was Sophia, daughter of Henry Bulkely, a brother of Lord Bulkely, described as a person of beauty and merit. By her mother, Sophia Stuart, a daughter of Lord Blantyre, she was related to King James, to whose

wife, Mary of Modena, she was sometime lady of the bed-chamber.

The manner of the Duke of Berwick's death was probably such as he himself would have chosen. He fell in the trenches at the siege of Philipsburgh, 12th June 1734, at the age of sixty-three. Count Daun, who conducted the defence of the town, had ascertained by means of a spy, that the Duke was about to reconnoitre the works, and that in all probability he would present himself on a certain hour at a neigbouring post. Daun instantly directed a battery to be erected which should command the spot in question; giving a discretionary power to the engineer to fire whenever he considered himself secure of his aim. The expertness of this person proved fatal to the Duke. He was in the act of mounting his horse,— the Duke de Duras being on one side of him and one of his sons on the other,— when he was struck in the neck by a cannon-ball which carried away his head. The son is said to have been covered with the blood of his father. Daun was among the first to express his regret at an event, which, notwithstanding, he had so eagerly plotted and fatally achieved.

By his first wife, the Duke of Berwick had only one son, James-Francis, to whom, in his life-time, he transferred his Spanish titles of Liria and Xerica. This nobleman married Catherine, daughter of Pierre, Duke of Veraguez, by whom he had

several children. His descendants, we believe, are still grandees of Spain.

The Duke, by his second wife, Sophia Stuart, was the father of five children: — James, who died without issue in the life-time of his father,— Francis, who rose to eminence in the church,— Henry, who also entered into holy orders,—Charles, who succeeded to the Dukedom of Fitz-James in France, and from whom the present Duke is descended, — and Maria, married to the Duke of Mirandola, a Spanish grandee of the first class. The English Dukedom of Berwick, had been forfeited in 1695, and though the title was retained in his life-time by the great Duke, it was dropped by his children and their descendants.

CATHERINE SEDLEY,

COUNTESS OF DORCHESTER.

Her Wit and Want of Beauty — becomes the acknowledged Mistress of James the Second — their temporary Separation — she wages a War of Wit with the Roman Catholic Priests — Lord Dorset's Ode to her — marries Sir David Colyear. — Anecdotes. — The Countess's Children by James the Second. — Her death.

Catherine Sedley, a lady of more wit than beauty, and more indelicacy than either, was the only daughter of Sir Charles Sedley, baronet, the celebrated poet and wit, and was for many years the acknowledged mistress of James. On his accession to the throne, the King, from conscientious motives, determined to break off the connexion. To soften, however, as much as possible the bitterness of separation or the unwelcomeness of disgrace, he created her (2nd of January 1686) Baroness of Darlington, and Countess of Dorchester, *for life*. The fact of the King so publicly distinguishing his mistress, appears to have caused the greatest uneasiness to the Queen and to her troop of confessors. Her Majesty, according to Burnet, was deeply offended, and Evelyn, who, about this period, was present on two different occasions when the Queen dined in state, observes that she would

hardly eat a morsel, and even refused to enter into conversation with her husband.

James, however, had fully determined on a separation from his mistress, and accordingly, about three weeks after her elevation to the peerage, Lady Dorchester removed from her apartments at Whitehall, to a house which had been taken for her in St. James's Square. Here she remained till the following month (February 1686), when we find her journeying towards Ireland, which had been fixed upon by her royal lover as the scene of her exile. She had proceeded, however, only three miles beyond St. Albans, when she was taken in labour, and suffered a miscarriage. A long illness followed, which nearly proved fatal; and whether commiseration for her sufferings touched the heart of James; whether it was reviving attachment, or the force of habit, certain it is that the unfortunate connection was again renewed, and about the month of April following, Lady Dorchester was once more installed in her splendid mansion in St. James's Square.

This renewed intimacy, however, was of short duration. The tears and entreaties of the Queen, and the threats of the father confessors, finally proved too powerful for Lady Dorchester's influence over her bigoted lover. She had for some time waged a war of wit with the holy fathers; amusing the Court by her open ridicule of their sanctity, and even showing her contempt of them to their faces: her final expulsion, therefore, must

have been equally grateful to the priests, as it was mortifying to the lady. According to Reresby, the King settled on her a pension of four thousand a-year, on the express condition that she should retire to France.

Lady Dorchester had little to boast of on the score of beauty; indeed her own remark on the subject is a sufficient proof of the fact. "I wonder," she said, "for what qualities James chooses his mistresses. We are none of us handsome, and if we have wit, he has not enough himself to find it out." She is said to have made as much amends as possible for the want of personal advantages, by the extravagant costliness of her dress, a circumstance to which Lord Dorset alludes in the following well-known ode, which he addressed to her in 1680:—

TO DORINDA.

Tell me, Dorinda, why so gay,
  Why such embroidery, fringe, and lace?
Can any dresses find a way
To stop the approaches of decay,
  And mend a ruined face?

Wilt thou still sparkle in the box,
  And ogle in the ring?
Canst thou forget thy age and p—?
Can all that shines on shells and rocks
  Make thee a fine young thing?

So have I seen in larder dark
  Of veal a lucid loin;
Replete with many a brilliant spark,
(As wise philosophers remark)
  At once both stink and shine.

Her wit, which was hereditary, as often shocked

by its indelicacy as it diverted by its sprightliness. Neither time nor place, however unseasonable they might have been, could restrain the unhallowed license of her tongue. The first Earl of Dartmouth, who was probably well acquainted with her, observes, — "Her wit was rather surprising than pleasing, for there was no restraint in what she said of or to anybody: most of her remarkable sayings were what nobody else would in modesty or discretion have said." According to Lord Dartmouth her mother died in a mad-house; and probably the affliction was inherited by her offspring.

One would have thought, that a woman who even in her youth had possessed few claims to beauty, and who had now passed the meridian of life—one, moreover, who had been for years the mistress of another, and the mother of his children—on being discarded by her first lover, would have had some difficulty in finding a man sufficiently infatuated to make her his wife. Sir David Colyear, however, afterwards first Earl of Portmore, made her an offer of his hand, and was accepted. It was the victory of wit over beauty. The Earl of Dorset, who appears to have entertained a natural and invincible abhorrence of Lady Dorchester's character, in another of his gay and scattered trifles, alludes to the projected alliance:—

Proud with the spoils of royal cully,
With false pretence to wit and parts;
She swaggers like a battered bully,
To try the tempers of men's hearts.

Though she appears as glittering fine,
As gems, and jests, and paint can make her,
She ne'er can win a breast like mine,
The devil and Sir David take her!

By her husband, Lady Dorchester became the mother of two sons, of whom Charles, the only one who survived her, was the grandfather of the present Lord Portmore. When her two sons were taken from her to be sent to school;—"If anybody," she said, "call either of you a son of a ——, you must bear it; for you are so: but if they call you bastards, fight till you die; for you are an honest man's sons."

Though received with a certain degree of coldness by Queen Mary, she presented herself at the court of William the Third, and even figured at the drawing-rooms of the first George. In the latter reign, meeting the Duchess of Portsmouth, the French mistress of Charles the Second, and Lady Orkney, the favourite of William, at one of the assemblies at St. James's,—"God," she said, "who would have thought that we three ——s should have met here!"

According both to Burnet and Reresby, Lady Dorchester was the mother of several children by King James, of whom, however, only one daughter survived her. This person, to whom James gave the name of Catherine Darnley, was married first to James Annesley, third Earl of Anglesey; and, on being divorced from that nobleman, to John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. Her likeness to

Colonel Graham, a witty and fashionable lounger at the Courts of Charles and James, and her mother's well-known partiality for that person, caused a question to be raised whether she were in fact the daughter of King James. Her mother is reported to have one day said to her :—"You need not be so vain, daughter, you are not the King's child, but Colonel Graham's." Graham was himself not unwilling to have the story believed. The Duchess of Buckingham, and Graham's legitimate daughter the Countess of Berkshire, were thought to be extremely alike ; — "Well, well," said Graham, "kings are all powerful, and one must not complain ; but certainly the same man begot those two women." The Memoir of the Duchess of Buckingham, a silly, conceited, but extraordinary woman, belongs rather to the reign of Queen Anne, and would be anticipated in these pages.

The following couplet, in Dr. Johnson's fine poem, the Vanity of Human Wishes, would lead us to suppose, either that Lady Dorchester became a penitent in the close of life, or that she latterly encountered misfortunes which were in some measure attributable to her early frailty :—

> Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,
> And Sedley cursed the charms which pleased a King.

There is nothing, however, in what we know of her history to prove that such was the case ;—on the contrary, her life appears to have been a long career of undeserved prosperity. The name was

probably selected incidentally by Dr. Johnson for the sake of the metre, or the want of a better. Boswell, we believe it is, who suggests that the substitution of the names of Shore and Valiére would have made the illustration happier, and the couplet more effective.

Lady Dorchester died at Bath,—under what circumstances is not known,—on the 26th of October 1717. She seems, like many of the royal mistresses both of Charles and James, to have affected an interest in religion, as soon as wrinkles and paint took the place of youth and comeliness. In a letter of the period, dated 6th of April 1686,—"I imagine," says the writer, "your Countess of Dorchester will speedily move hitherward, for her house is furnishing very fine in St. James's Square, and a seat taken for her in the new consecrated St. Anne's Church." Possibly, however, the pew at St. Anne's may have been merely a necessary appendage to a fashionable character of the period.* The portrait of Lady Dorchester was painted by Kneller, and there is another of her by Dahl at Strawberry Hill.

* The Ellis' Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 92.

ARABELLA CHURCHILL.

Account of her Family — she becomes the Mistress of James II, then Duke of York—her fortunate Fall from her Horse — her Children by James — she marries Colonel Charles Godfrey—her Death.

Arabella Churchill is the only remaining mistress of James who is known to have borne him children. She is principally remarkable as having been the sister of the great Duke of Marlborough, the mother of the Duke of Berwick, and the paramour of a King. In regard to accomplishments, whether of person or mind, she appears to have been deplorably if not utterly deficient.

Miss Churchill was a daughter of Sir Winston Churchill, of Wotton Basset, in the county of Wilts, a man once famous as an historian, but whose literary merits have long since faded in the eyes of posterity. He suffered, however, for his loyalty during the civil troubles, and, like more than one other person under similar circumstances, was rewarded at the Restoration by the seduction of his daughter.

The young lady herself was born in 1648, and appeared at the Court of Charles, when about the

age of eighteen, in the dangerous capacity of Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York. The description of her in the Mémoires de Grammont is far from flattering; she is there spoken of as "a tall creature, pale-faced, and nothing but skin and bone;"—nor is there anything, which we glean from other writers, to refute these ungallant aspersions. She possessed charms, however, which though imperceptible to others, contrived to captivate the heart of the Duke of York. An attachment, formed in the Court of Charles, was not very easy to be concealed; and before Miss Churchill had been many months at Whitehall, the predilection of James became equally a subject of annoyance to his Duchess, and of ridicule to Charles and his merry associates.

The mystery of the Duke's attachment is explained in a passage in De Grammont's Memoirs. The adventure, which is there detailed, occurred during a gay progress which was made by the Duke and Duchess into Yorkshire in 1665. A coursing-match had been got up for the amusement of the Duchess, at which the maids of honour, and among others Miss Churchill, were compelled of necessity to present themselves on horseback. "The Duke," says Count Hamilton, "attended Miss Churchill, not for the sake of besieging her with soft tales of love, but on the contrary, to chide her for sitting so ill on horseback. She was one of the most indolent creatures in the world;

and although the maids of honour are generally the worst mounted of the whole court, yet, in order to distinguish her, on account of the favour she enjoyed, they had given her a very pretty, though rather a high-spirited horse: a distinction she would very willingly have dispensed with. The embarrassment and fear she was under, had added to her natural paleness: in this situation her countenance had almost completed the Duke's disgust, when her horse, desirous of keeping pace with the others, set off at full gallop, in spite of all her efforts to prevent him; and her endeavours to hold him in firing his mettle, he at length set off at full speed, as if he was running a race against the Duke's horse.

"Miss Churchill lost her seat, screamed out, and fell from her horse; a fall, while the horse was going at so quick a pace, must have been violent, and yet it proved favourable to her in every respect; for without receiving any hurt, she gave the lie to all the unfavourable ideas that had been formed of her person, in judging from her face. The Duke alighted in order to assist her; and those who first crowded around her found her rather in a negligent posture: they could hardly believe that limbs of such exquisite beauty could belong to Miss Churchill's face. After this accident it was remarked that the Duke's tenderness and affection for her increased every day; and towards the end of the winter it appeared that she

had not tyrannized over his passion, nor made him languish with impatience."

Considering the conspicuous position of Miss Churchill, not only from her connexion with James, but from her close relationship with the two most illustrious men of their time, the fact is not a little remarkable, how scattered and uninteresting are the particulars respecting her. The want, indeed, of all stirring interest in her story and character, regarded in a negative sense, may be considered as in her favour : it certainly proves, that though she unfortunately strayed from the paths of virtue, she neither attempted to dazzle the world by impertinent wit, nor insulted it by shameless effrontery.

Besides the Duke of Berwick, Miss Churchill had three children by her royal lover. Henry Fitz-James, her second son, was born in 1673. He followed his father's fortunes and was in consequence outlawed in 1695. He afterwards became a Lieutenant-general in the French service, Admiral of the French galleys, and subsequently Grand Prior of France. He died on the 7th of December 1702, leaving by his wife, Mary-Gabrielle, daughter of the Marquis of Lussau, an infant daughter who died without children. Miss Churchill's remaining children by James, were Henrietta, born in 1670, who became the wife of Sir Henry Waldegrave, afterwards created Baron Waldegrave,—the ancestor of the present

Earl; and a younger daughter, whose name has not been preserved, who died a nun. Lady Waldegrave appears to have been a considerable favourite with her unfortunate father, and in Ellis's Original Letters are preserved several very interesting ones which he addressed to her.

After her connexion with James was at an end, Miss Churchill united herself to Colonel Charles Godfrey, Comptroller of the Household and Master of the Jewel Office. By this gentleman she had two daughters, — Charlotte married to Hugh Boscawen, first Viscount Falmouth, and Elizabeth who became the wife of Edmund Dunch, Esq. Their unfortunate mother died in May 1730, at the advanced age of eighty-two.

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